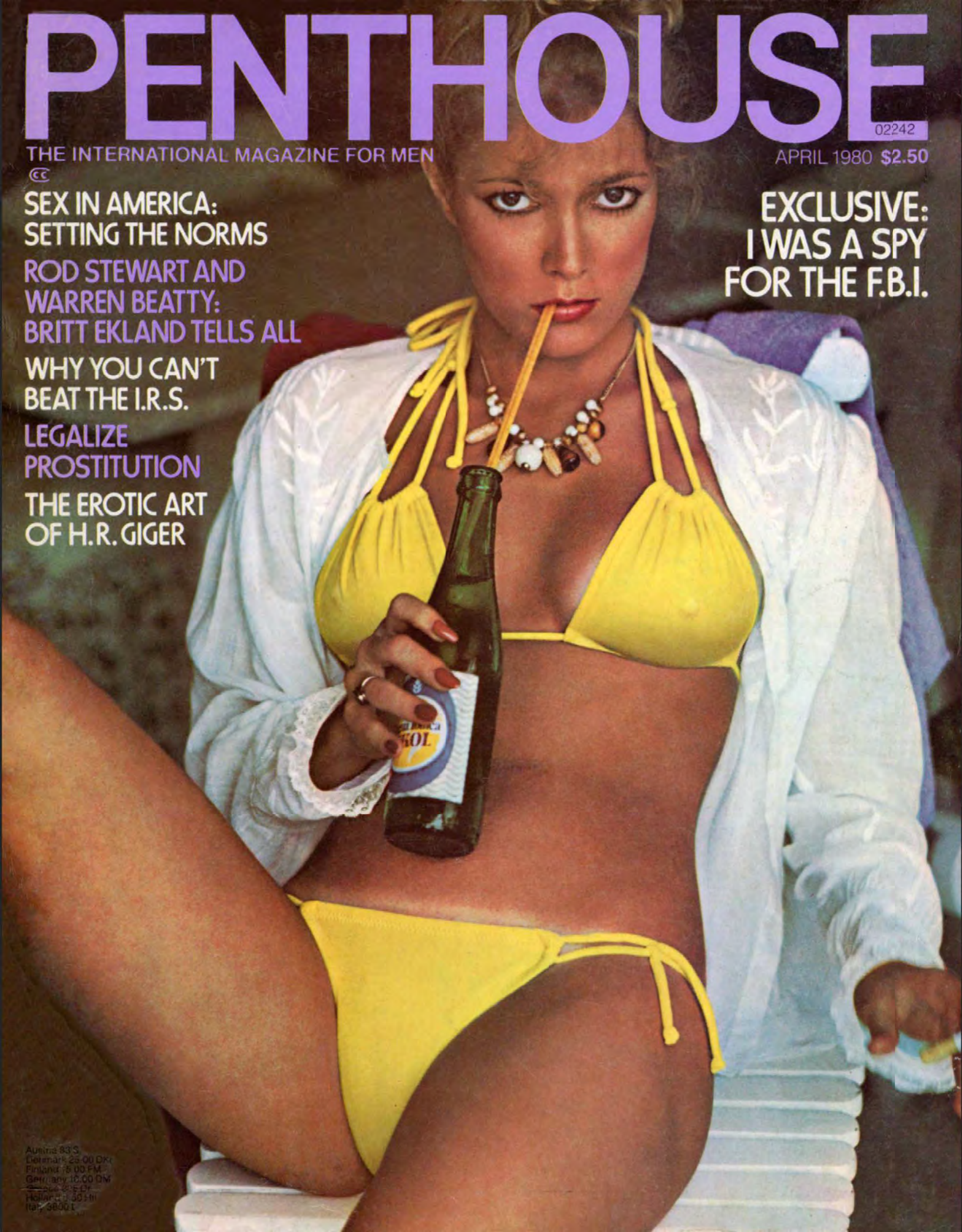
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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
APRIL 1980 $2.50
SEX IN AMERICA: SETTING THE NORMS
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WHY YOU CAN'T BEAT THE I.R.S.
LEGALIZE PROSTITUTION
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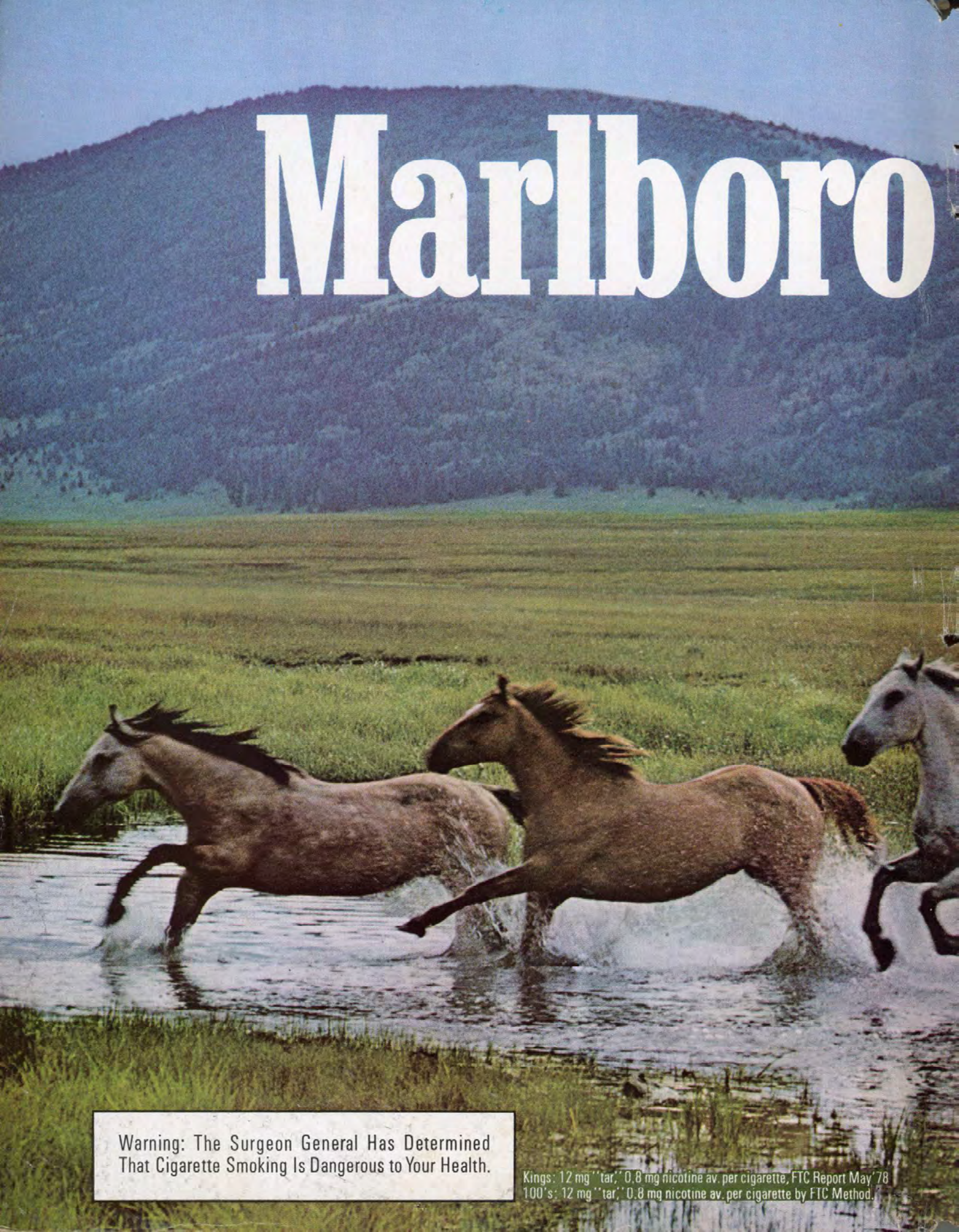
EXCLUSIVE: I WAS A SPY FOR THE F.B.I.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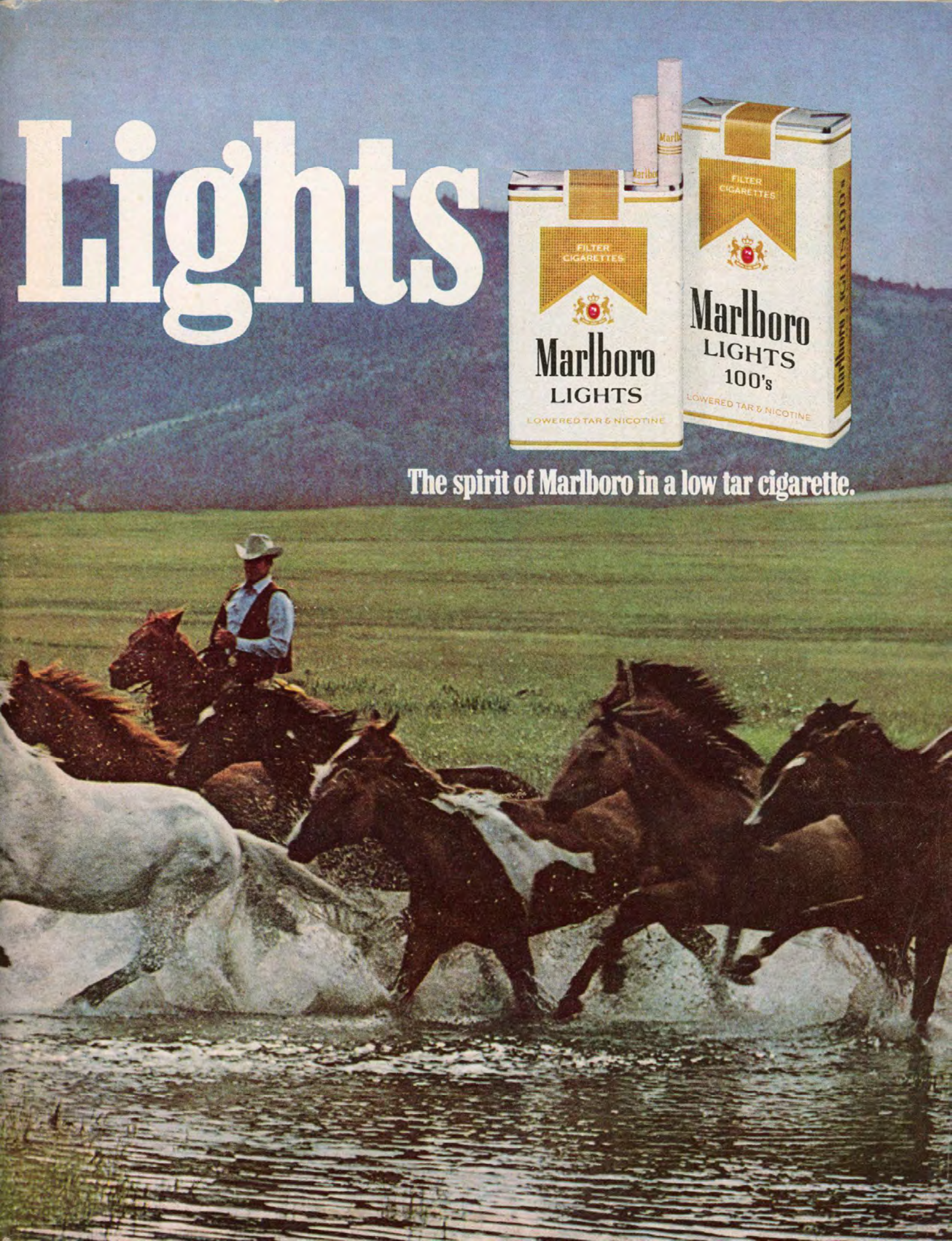
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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/April 1980

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$8295*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GS Model shown. S Model $7495. Slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown $275-$295.) All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-spd. trans. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

Why does Miss Cusick warn her girls about guys who want to show them all the features on the new KZ750/4 LTD?

Because she knows what kind of equipment they're really interested in.

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HOUSECALL

Many years ago, when stories began to surface about the FBI's misuse of power, many Americans thought that they were paranoid fantasies at best, or Russian propaganda at worst. But by 1974 the stories were too numerous to ignore, and the Justice Department was forced to issue a report that acknowledged the fact that the FBI had, under orders, attempted to destroy many legitimate social and political organizations. Americans were assured that all this was past history. Congress, as usual, investigated and, as usual, accepted the FBI's word that it had reformed. Then, a few months ago, *Penthouse* investigative reporter **Ernest Volkman** got a telephone call: "Forget what everybody's been told—that the bureau quit messing around with domestic groups in 1971. I *know* it continued for years after that, and I think it still continues to this day." The speaker identified himself only as "Othello," a code name given to him by the FBI in 1968. Until 1975, he said, he had been a paid undercover agent for the FBI and had committed many of the crimes that Congress and the Justice Department had failed to uncover. He said that he was ready to tell his whole story and that he had selected *Penthouse* because he had admired its investigative journalism over the years. "The two of you [Volkman and *Penthouse*] have always told the truth about the bureau and the CIA," he told Volkman. Volkman, however, was not about to accept Othello's story without a full-scale investigation. Over several months Volkman held many long meetings with Othello at various hideouts around the country and sought corroboration of his story. Othello's incredible tale of treachery starts on page 68.

Most citizens, fortunately, are immune from such grotesque and horrifying misuses of government power. But no one, unfortunately, is immune from the largest and most widespread abusers of power: the Internal Revenue System. Before you file your tax return, you'd do well to read **James Dale Davidson**'s "The Squeeze" (page 86). Davidson, a frequent contributor to *Penthouse*, is the chairman of the National Taxpayers Union, which monitors from Washington what America's 490,802 elected politicians are doing with your tax money. "You should be scared," Davidson writes. "Your way of life depends upon a sound economy and a sound America. But politicians are destroying the basis of your prosperity and the future of your children. . . . They've seized every cent of yours they could lay their hands on, wasted exorbitant sums, rewarded themselves with automatic pay raises and royal privileges." Davidson, whose new book, also entitled *The Squeeze*, is hoping to change this Kafkaesque situation.

"Kafkaesque" would be a mild description for the plight of an innocent black or Puerto Rican accused of a crime—even in a city as "liberal" as New York. Our interview subject this month, New York Civil Court Judge **Bruce Wright**, is doing more than his share to remedy this injustice, even though his actions have earned him the hatred of the policemen's union and of thousands of white citizens. "I'm extremely conservative," Wright told interviewer **Richard Ballad**. "I am a strict constructionist. . . . Our Constitution is the only constitution we've got." Because Wright can read the Constitution, he believes that bail should not be used as a way to lock up accused citizens before they have been tried. This belief drives Wright's enemies into racist fury—especially when his decisions to give little or no bail turn out to be correct, as they usually are. But not all whites dislike him. A partner in a huge New York law firm once heard Wright discussing law at a party and told him: "If we ever have slavery again, I'd like to own *you*." "The gentleman was not kidding," Wright said. "He *meant* it."

The artistic creations of **H. R. Giger** (page 142) often startle people viewing them for the first time . . . and for good reason. The Swiss erotic artist believes in the liberation of our darkest urges, a liberation to be accomplished by the artistic expression of the psychic demons that plague us. His fantasies often find expression as terrifying, machinelike humans, or "biomechanoids." Giger, who became widely known in this country through his frequent contributions to *Omni* magazine, designed the sets and creatures for the movie *Alien*.

It wouldn't be entirely inappropriate to refer to Kenny Roberts as a biomechanoid, especially if you were in competition with him. Roberts, probably the best and certainly the highest-paid motorcycle racer America has ever produced, is profiled by *New York Times* reporter **Joseph B. Treaster** on page 90. Treaster, who has been a motorcycle racer himself, spent a week with Roberts to learn why Kenny "has a presence and a manner on the bike that sets him apart from the others." The answer is most likely Roberts's dedication: "I don't get excited about too many things," he told Treaster. "I get excited about going through a corner perfect at one hundred fifty. That's exciting to me. Getting married didn't excite me."

Even Kenny Roberts might get excited by the second part of **Britt Ekland**'s memoirs, "Warren and Rod: Love in Tinsel Land" (page 126). Having recovered from her marriage to Peter Sellers (which she described last month), the lovely Swedish star recounts her adventures with Warren Beatty and then Rod Stewart. "When I give myself to a man," she writes, "I am at his command. Whatever he desires, I will do." The story of these three international sex symbols makes fascinating and compelling reading and proves that the inventions of Hollywood's lurid fan magazines don't compare with the true-life stories of its stars.

And speaking of international sex symbols, you'll find our Pet of the Month (page 97) and other pictorial beauties—perfect accompanists for the arrival of spring.

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APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Extra, extra

I would like to relate to you an experience that I had during this past summer.

I am a 21-year-old woman, attending college in New York State. My sister, a year and a half older than I, married a man from a wealthy family a year ago and moved to a wealthy area of New Jersey. This summer she and her husband went to Europe for two months, and they asked me whether I'd like to look after the house while they were away. I loved the thought of having the house all to myself for the summer; so I jumped at the chance.

My sister and I both look alike: very tall, blonde, and sexy. In fact, my sister was the first person ever to make love to me, and we carried on a lesbian relationship for a while, although it cooled down a lot after she was married. I flew back to New Jersey on a Thursday, and my sister met me at the airport and drove me back to the house, where she showed me all the things I'd have to know during the summer. While her husband was at work, we put on our bikinis and went for a swim in the pool in the secluded backyard.

At about three, the paper boy came to the door to collect. My sister smiled at me and said, "I drive this poor kid crazy." I saw what she meant. She met him at the door in her wet, clingy bikini (which didn't really cover too much of her). She told the paper boy that she'd be away for the summer, but that I'd be watching the house, and that he should continue delivering the paper.

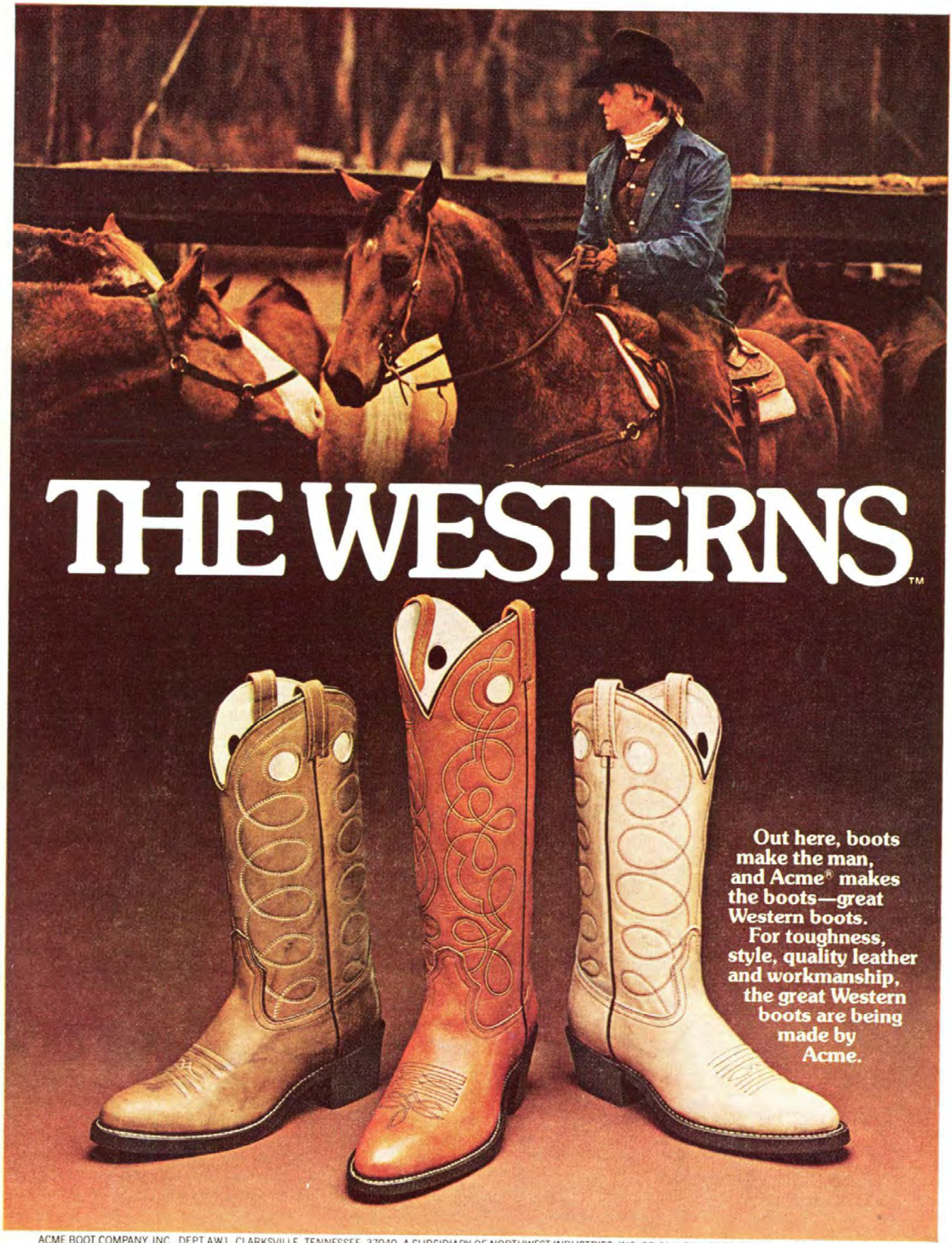
I had put on a terry cloth robe and said that if there was no answer when he rang the bell, he should come around the back, because I'd probably be around the pool. She went to get her purse to get the two dollars to pay him, and she "accidentally" let the money fall to the floor when she got back. The kid bent down to pick it up, but she bent down, too, and really let him have an eyeful of her breasts. She handed him the money and smiled; I could see his cock getting hard in his pants as he turned to walk away. He was about 18 and really a good-looking kid. I then decided that maybe I'd play around with him some during the summer.

The next week I was swimming in the pool, wearing a skimpy bikini bottom and a T-shirt, when he came around to the pool; he said that there had been no answer when he rang the bell. I slowly and seductively got out of the pool, the wet fabric clinging to me so that he had a really good view of my breasts. I thought his eyes were going to pop out of his head when I saw him staring at my tits. I decided that I'd really tease him. I walked into the house, and he followed, staring at my ass the whole time. I made believe I didn't know where my purse was; so he followed me through the house. I knew what was on his mind, and we walked from room to room, and I finally found my purse on the television in the den. I opened it, facing him, and bent over to look through it, letting him feast his eyes on my body. I was starting to get a little turned on. I found the two dollars and looked at him to give them to him, but he was staring straight at my tits.

Then I looked down and saw his cock standing straight up, and I had to muster up a lot of courage then, but I grabbed the bottom of the T-shirt and, with one swift motion, pulled it over my head and threw it on the floor. He looked at me and then stared back at my tits, and I put my arms around him and kissed him, shoving my tongue into his mouth. He put his hands on my tits and started to fondle them. I was really getting turned on by the whole scene—standing there kissing a kid younger than me, with his hands on my tits, his tongue in my mouth, and I didn't even know his name! But one thing I did know—I wanted him to fuck me.

I started rubbing my thigh against his hard cock, and I was moaning loudly. He dropped his hands to my bikini bottom and quickly stripped it off me, and I was completely nude in front of him. I broke the contact between our bodies long enough to take his shirt off him. He kicked off his sneakers and pulled his pants off and then pulled off his underwear. Then his cock sprang out. It was seven inches long, very hard, and very beautiful. There was a drop of come seeping out of the hole on the top, and I flung myself at him, both of us falling to the floor. He began to suck my tits, and I went crazy as he flicked his tongue over my nipples. I stroked his cock with my hand, moaning, "Fuck me! Shove that thing up my fucking cunt!"

He rolled me onto my back, I spread my legs wide apart, and he positioned himself between them and pointed his cock at my hole. I grabbed it and guided it into me, gasping when it entered. I wrapped my arms and legs around him, shoving my tongue into his mouth and meeting every thrust of his cock with a thrust of my own. Soon I felt an incredible orgasm building up inside me, more in-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tense than I'd ever felt before. I'd never been this horny in my entire life. Just as I felt myself ready to come, he started pumping into me hard and violently, grunting, "Oh, you fucking bitch, I'm coming into your fuck hole. I'm coming . . . I'm coming!" Hearing him say that and feeling the first spasm as he shot his hot sperm into my cunt really intensified my orgasm. I grabbed him, dug my nails into his back, and screamed.

My orgasm must have lasted for a full minute while I moaned, grunted, and screamed in ecstasy. When it finished, I relaxed, drained, and slumped into a lifeless state, his shriveling cock still inside me. I fell asleep, and when I awoke half an hour later, he was gone. He had left a note on my stomach. It said, "Thank you."

The next week I was lying on a blanket in the backyard, completely nude, when he walked into the yard. His cock was already hard, and I met him with a kiss, took his hand, led him into the house. We fucked again.

We fucked at least three times a week for the rest of the summer, and I became the sexy, tempting, loose bitch I'd always fantasized about being but never had the nerve to be. I did stripteases in front of four of his friends one night, sucked them all off in turn, and masturbated with a vibrator on the floor in front of them. One of them had a lesbian sister, I was told. So we invited her over to the house a couple of times, and I made it with her while the boys watched. I have never been more turned on in my life than I was all that summer.

It's over now, at least for a while. I told my sister what had happened; she said that she had thought of seducing him for a long time but never had had the nerve. She and her husband are planning to go to Europe again this summer. I can't wait!—*Name and address withheld*

Moan for it

Both my friend and I are avid readers of *Penthouse* and fraternity brothers at a small midwestern university. Last summer we enjoyed a fantastic experience.

After school had let out, we had not seen each other for a couple of months. My frat brother invited me up to his hometown to visit, which is the same town where we go to school. I arrived at his apartment around three o'clock in the afternoon, and we proceeded to head out to the bars in search of older women.

We went to a local disco and started drinking martinis at four. By early evening, needless to say, we were feeling pretty good and weren't having much luck with the ladies. Therefore, my fraternity brother, whom I shall call Tim, suggested that we pick up his girl friend and that maybe she would have a friend for me. When we arrived at her house, she was alone. I asked her what had happened to her friend, and she said not to worry because I would not have any trouble picking up a girl. I was not optimistic.

The three of us made our way to a well-known local bar. By this time it was approaching six o'clock, and as we continued to drink, we became hornier. Finally I could not stand it any longer. I noticed a shapely brunette sitting at a table across from us. Immediately I asked her to dance, and she graciously accepted. After a few slow dances I felt my member begin to throb. As the night grew longer, I wanted her more.

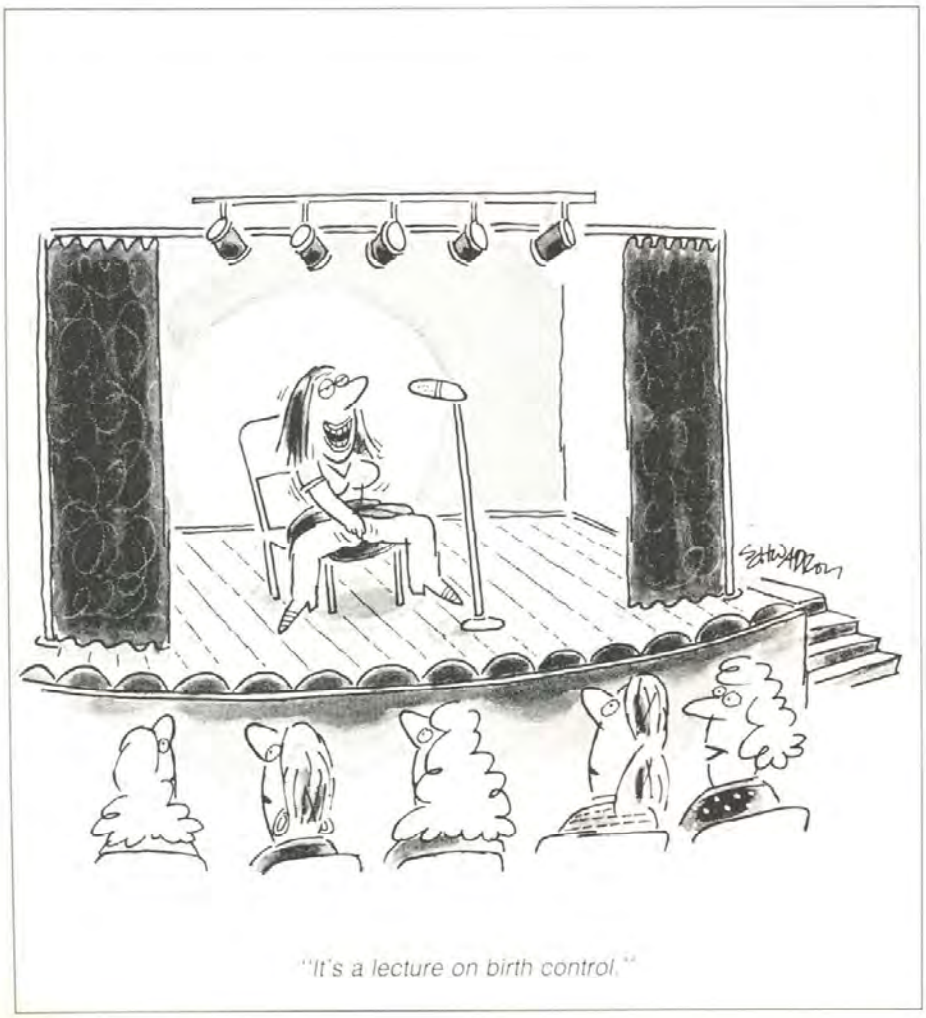
Eventually, I invited her (I'll call her Doris) to go for a drive with me, Tim, and Tim's girl friend. While in the car we were beginning to get a little "licky-face." I started to feel the movement of Doris's left hand pushing up my thigh. As her fingers came nearer my now already hard cock, I thought I would come right then and there, but I held back. I frantically tried to think where I could take her, and then it hit me. I turned to Tim and said, "Hey, I bet these girls would love to see our fraternity house!"

When we arrived, we woke up our housemother, who had been asleep for a couple of hours. As she started to unlock the front door, I realized that this was the beginning of my next sexual encounter. We ascended the front staircase, which we had climbed so many times before. The memories of past encounters flew through my mind, but now my attention was quickly reinstated with the situation at hand; her now clenching fingers were rubbing my throbbing member. At the top of the stairs, Tim and I paired off into separate rooms with our girls, he in room 2 and I in room 3. We proceeded to live out our wildest sexual fantasies.

It was a very hot and humid summer night, and I was getting quite hot myself. I led Doris quickly to the couch, and we began kissing each other very passionately all over. In a matter of minutes I had her blouse off, and my groping hands were furiously fondling her firm, upright breasts. She began to breathe heavier and heavier. I quickly went for her pants. The next thing that she knew, they were dangling around about her knees. I tore her lacy panties from her trim waist and buried my face in her boiling honeypot.

As I licked the sweet dew from her pussy, I knew it would be a night for quick action. I then had her sit on my face as she licked the come droplets from my swollen glans. While her tongue moved up and down my pulsating organ, I could feel her now wet box grow even wetter with desire. My balls were growing tighter and my cock growing larger—I know that I could not last much longer. I quickly returned to the missionary position and proceeded to spread her angelic thighs. I then summed up the situation at hand.

Since she was in a very vulnerable position, I decided to have a little fun. I, being mildly into S&M, decided to make her



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work for what she apparently needed so badly. As I lay on top of her, I said quietly in a very deep voice, "Baby, do you want it? Do you want it bad?" She groaned and replied, "Yes, yes!" I then said, "Are you sure you really want it?" She again replied, "Yes, I'm sure. I'm sure!" Finally I said, "If you really want it, you're going to have to moan for it, and I mean loud!"

At that precise moment she began wailing like a bitch in heat. I could stand it no longer! I plunged deeply into her hot, wet crevice, which made her moan louder and louder. She was practically screaming! I moved my member in fast, short, jetting strokes as she wailed for me to push deep and hard. I fucked with greater ferocity, pushing deeper and deeper. I could feel her wet love box grasp my cock with the power of a vise. Before I came, I pulled out of her and she started moaning louder and deeper yet! I then proceeded to shoot my love cream all over her face and lily-white breasts. After a few moments she started cleaning me by tonguing my satisfied cock. I turned to her, looked her straight in the eye, and said, "Baby, was it as good for you as it was for me?"—*Name and address withheld*

Life in the fast lane

I am a 25-year-old secretary and have been reading "Forum" for the last year. Some letters I read two or three times on my evenings alone while bringing myself to some very satisfying climaxes. My roommate-lover is a city cop. Every three months or so he pulls the late shift, 4:00 P.M. to midnight, six weeks at a time. Since I get out of work at 5:00 P.M., I miss him. Boy, do I miss him!

We met as a routine traffic stop. I was in a hurry to get to a gentleman friend's house for dinner when he flashed on the blue lights. As he approached my car, I was angry, but I thought that if I could offer him a sexy smile and unbutton my satin blouse just one more button, I could beat the rap. He was certainly handsome. He asked for my license and registration, very businesslike. After examining the documents, he asked if my husband would be very upset with me if I got a $35 ticket for speeding. (Ah, the proverbial loaded question!) I told him I no longer had a husband but that I would be very upset. That was all he needed to hear. "Well, you can see me tonight after I get off duty or see me in court." I didn't care much for being given such an alternative or for getting "involved" with the law, but I stated I would rather see him alone.

"About 12:30 then," he said. He handed me my license and strolled back to his cruiser. But as I drove away, the tingle between my legs was undeniably put there by my blue knight and by anticipation of the evening's coming events.

Now, as I neared my date's house, a sudden impulse made me head home. I called my friend, made my apologies, and then proceeded to prepare myself for midnight. I took a long, hot bubble bath, and as the warm water lapped over my firm and extremely hard nipples, I pictured my new cop friend gently tonguing them. My trembling fingers found my soapy clit and proceeded to tease it lovingly. I didn't want to bring myself off at this time—I would let him do that later. I started thinking that a cop that handsome that displayed such a large, appetizing bulge must be fucking women who didn't want to pay a $35 ticket all over town. But what the hell, I was going to get my money's worth!

I was casually dressed when he arrived, but he was still in uniform. That lasted about 20 minutes. He had brought wine, and to break the ice we sipped it. After the quickly consumed second glass, he took my hand and raised me to my feet. He held me close to his strong chest and devoured my lips with his open mouth. He plunged his tongue deep into my waiting openness. No man has ever turned me on so by a single kiss. I was overcome by the thought that flashed through my mind: what lay behind the bulging zipper? I reached down to find out, and "it" met me halfway. He had slipped it out before he stood to hold me, and it had grown stone stiff. As I wrapped both my sweaty palms around his pulsing dick, he unzipped my top and grasped my braless, heaving breasts. With his knowing thumbs, he flicked my nipples to attention. I had to have him in me one way or another *now!* I dropped to my knees and pulled his regulation grays down to his ankles.

His 11 inches of hot "gun" slapped against my forehead, just begging to be thrust down my throat. I had to squat, clinging to his ass cheeks, to push him into my mouth. The head of his cock was dripping and almost the size of a small apple. I had never seen a cock that size. I worked along his dick with my slippery, spit-covered tongue and hot inner mouth. I dribbled some saliva down onto his hairy testes and gently sucked one into my mouth—one was all I could fit in. I rolled it around and juiced it while flicking it over and over with the sharp point of my horny tongue. He grasped the base of his pole, and as I took him between my lips, he helped me with a gently push. It gradually eased its way down my tight throat. I gagged at first, but exhaled and took him to the root. He let out a howl and shouted, "Suck me off, woman!" I squeezed my lips and teeth hard around his dork and, moving my spit-covered hands all the way back up to the base, nibbled at the half-inch long slit.

It took two hands to handle that whopper! He was holding my head, and I had to hold on to his ass to stop from being slammed to the floor. I sucked him as hard and deep as I could while he rocked

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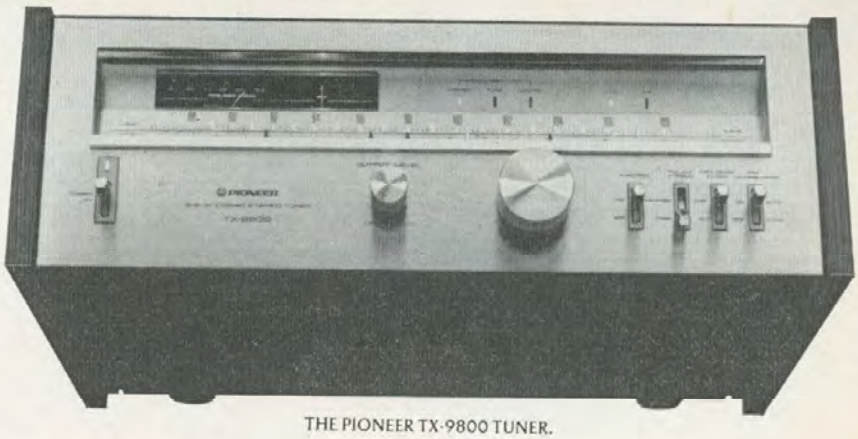

THE PIONEER TX-9800 TUNER.

At one time the struggle between amplifiers was won by the amp that had the most muscle. And the tuner that brought in the most stations also brought in the most acclaim.

Today, there's one series of amplifiers whose technology has put it in a class by itself. And only one series of tuners that is its match.

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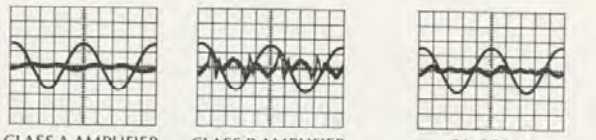

CLASS A AMPLIFIER. LEAST DISTORTION BUT MOST HEAT.

CLASS B AMPLIFIER. MOST DISTORTION BUT LESS HEAT.

SA-9800. LESS DISTORTION, LESS HEAT, AND MORE POWER.

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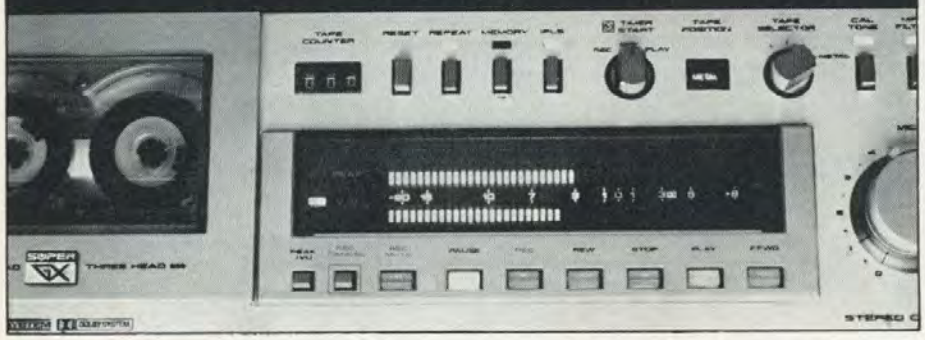

and moaned. The sound of wet sucking and the feeling of the saliva dripping off my chin nearly brought me to a nontouch orgasm. Then he gave one last thrust, pushed my nose to his belly, and filled my mouth with hot, sweet jism. I held him deep in my throat until I couldn't breathe and "chewed" him out of my mouth with one last poking, deep into his slit.

The rest of the evening was spent satisfying me—ending with a mutual masturbation session. Watching him beat that side of beef over my face and tits was the most thrilling sexual experience I have ever had.

My blue knight moved in that weekend and has been here ever since. I don't know where he keeps "it" during working hours, but I know at all times where "it" is when he's home! So, ladies, it pays to settle out of court and really enjoy the long arm of the law.—*D. T., Portland, Maine*

Fighting for fellatio

All of us men on our third-floor dorm enjoy reading "Forum." Upon the arrival of each month's issue of *Penthouse*, we have one of our floor members (whom we call Uncle Jerry) read selected excerpts from "Forum" while the other members fill in with appropriate sound effects. If you haven't attended our all-male, private, liberal-arts college located in west-central Indiana, you cannot fully appreciate the reasons behind our writing this letter.

One recent night during fall "bash" weekend, we were having our usual Uncle Jerry recitation when we heard a soft knock at the door. Barry opened the door and nearly creamed in his jeans at the sight of Dana, a voluptuous, tall, slender brunette wearing tight black pants and a yellow tube top. After the initial shock wore off, we invited her into the room and politely asked if there was anything we could do for her (although each of us had his own idea). She asked if we knew where Dave was, and even though no Dave lives on our floor (in fact, we don't know any Dave), we told her that he would return shortly and asked if she would like to wait. Standing there, she noticed Uncle Jerry holding the latest issue of *Penthouse* and asked us if we were reading "Forum." We answered yes; so she requested that we not let her interrupt our "meeting" and took a seat in the middle of the room.

The room was filled with an aura of sexual excitement as Uncle Jerry smiled and began to relate the story of a weekend orgy. All eyes were fixed on our mysterious visitor while she in turn glanced at our bulging crotches with a mischievous smile on her beautiful face. As the story progressed, we noticed that she began breathing a little heavily, and we could see her firm, erect nipples pushing against her tube top. Needless to say, all this increased our sexual desires for her. At the conclusion of the story, however, she coyly commented that she did not believe these things ever happened. Steve remarked that he thought we could make a believer out of her. Her only remark was "I would like to see you try." We all smiled and knew our wildest fantasies would soon be fulfilled.

Willingly, I was the first to get the ball rolling. I quickly unzipped my pants, revealing my big, eight-inch cock. She snickered only for a moment before realizing what I had in store for her. Wrapping both of my hands around her head, I slowly guided her sensuous, moist lips to my pulsating penis. Her tongue began to make slow circles around the tip of my prick. She then proceeded to take my whole shaft into her eager mouth. It didn't take long for the remaining seven men to remove their clothing and strip her of hers. Soon everyone began to get in on the excitement. Joe lay down on the floor behind our kneeling guest and prepared to enter her tight little ass. Fred handed Joe a tub of margarine from the compact refrigerator. Joe began to lubricate his cock and waited for me to lower her ass onto it.

However, before releasing her talented tongue from my palpitating erection, I exploded in a furious orgasm, leaving my hot juice dripping out the side of her mouth. Uncle Jerry immediately mounted her in the missionary style while I lay back and viewed the proceedings. Fred, seeing her mouth unoccupied, began to choke her with his massive dong. Steve and Barry, finding no other openings, found her groping hands and led them to their throbbing pricks as she began to masturbate them expertly. Paul and Lyle, seeing her gorgeous 38-inch breasts vacant, leaned over and began to suck her tits to a scarlet red. After what seemed like hours of endless ecstasy, we all exploded in simultaneous orgasms, finally collapsing in complete exhaustion.

Later that night three of Dana's girl friends, Lisa, Janet, and Kim, arrived on the scene, evidently worried about her whereabouts. Seeing the possibility of a mass orgy and trying to be gentlemen at all times, we requested that they join in the festivities. They agreed.

Throughout the night we all explored numerous positions of lovemaking that surpassed all of our wildest sexual expectations. We are confident that before this letter is published, our four visitors will make several trips north to visit our exceptional campus. Needless to say, our mysterious visitors are now believers in our college motto, "We always fight." —*Name and address withheld*

Girls will be girls

I've been reading "Forum" for about two years. I get turned on by some of the letters, but I never thought they were for real until an experience about a year ago.

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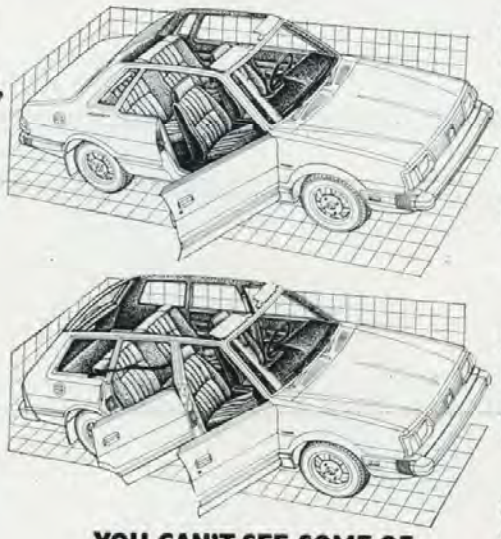

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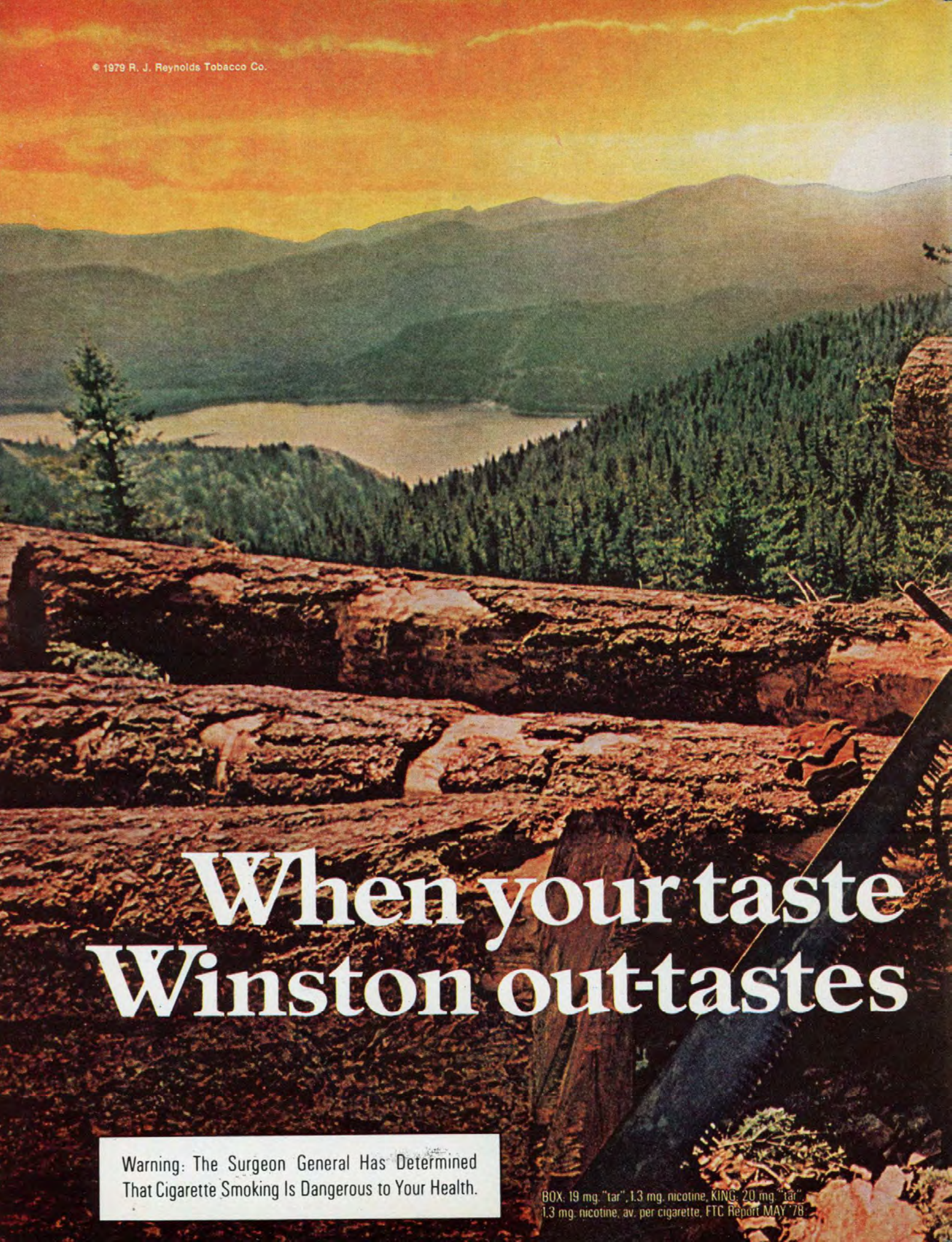

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I didn't want to mention it to anyone but had to tell someone; so I told my husband last year, before I married him. He's the only one I've told—until now.

About a year ago my girl friend and I came home from a bar. We lived together off and on, and Dee and I were comfortable with each other. Dee was pretty loose, and so was I. We usually ended up with a couple of guys, but this particular night we didn't run into any luck.

I got into bed while Dee was getting her pajamas on. She kept complaining that it was so cold. So I told her to jump in bed with me. She usually slept on the couch, since it was an efficiency apartment.

As we got settled down in bed together, Dee started talking. We chatted for a while. I toss and turn a lot, and I accidently brushed my hand against her breasts. I excused myself, but Dee said, "That kind of felt good" and laughed. We started to tease and giggle, and she pinched me on my breast. I tried tickling her, and somehow I started rubbing her thigh. I then broached going down on her. She hesitated at first, but I was able to talk her into it. I pulled off her nightie and French-kissed her for the first time. Our tongues were in a deep kiss. I gradually went to her neck, shoulders, and her chest. I licked, nibbled, and tongued her.

Dee has nice, big nipples. With the tips sticking straight out, each looked like the nipple on a baby bottle. I sucked and licked her tender breasts. I fondled them as I was gradually kissing and licking her tummy. Dee has very soft and smooth skin.

I gently tweaked her clit a couple of times with my finger. She went crazy! She became even more crazed when I tongued her, laying my face right on her clit. As I was nibbling and sucking on her clit, she was pushing my head harder into her honeypot, saying my name over and over as she started to come. She finally came, and I could taste her love juices. The taste was very sweet. I kept flicking her clit until she couldn't take it anymore.

I told her I had enjoyed it. I didn't expect anything from her, but she decided she wanted to finger me. She wasn't as aggressive as I am, but she was still able to make me come.

I love sex with a woman as well as with a man. If the opportunity ever arises again, you bet I will pursue it!—*Name and address withheld*

Who dunnit!

A recent occurrence took place that I feel was at least partly prompted by your outstanding magazine. My wife and I read *Penthouse* monthly and really enjoy it, cover to cover.

This letter is about our babysitter, Bobbie, a young vixen with blonde hair, green eyes, and an outstanding figure. Recently, as I picked her up before taking my wife out to dinner, she just floored me when she got into the car wearing gym shorts and the sheerest body stocking I had ever seen. Her nipples were clearly visible, and just the sight caused my prick to swell. When we got to my house, Bobbie produced another top which I hadn't even noticed and said, "I better put this on before Jan sees me." Calmly stretching her body stocking and giving me an unobstructed view of her boobs, she arranged herself and put on the top. As we walked into the house, Jan, my wife, noticed Bobbie's attire and casually brushed into me.

Later, on the way to dinner, she mentioned that Bobbie was certainly a good-looking young girl. I merely nodded. At dinner with the other couple, the conversation was standard until the other girl said how hard it was to get a good sitter anymore. Then Jan, with an enormous grin, described how Bobbie looked as I brought her into the house and said that I had certainly been "hard" after getting the sitter. I ordered another bottle of wine, and we finished dinner. Upon returning home, Jan took Bobbie back home. We talked later and had a dynamite time in the bedroom.

A few weeks later, Jan announced that she had to go out of town for four days and that the kids would spend this time with Grandma. To give me a break, she said that she had arranged for Bobbie to clean the house while she was away. I told her this was not necessary, but she smiled and said I should relax and have a good time while she was gone.

Jan left, and I had soon forgotten all about cleaning the house, as I decided to spend the extra time organizing my office and catching up on the piles of paperwork. One drawer of the desk was filled with old *Penthouses*. Thumbing through the December 1977 issue, I found Cheryl Rixon, who looked like an older version of Bobbie. Written in pen under one sensual shot was the inscription, "Me in a few years." Since I had only recently brought the magazines home, I knew that Bobbie had also been enjoying them.

The thought of Bobbie and *Penthouse* turned me on so much that I forgot about work and spent the morning fantasizing to the point of jacking off. I spent the whole day this way and finally, late in the afternoon, got back to work. I stayed in the office until midnight and stopped off for a few drinks before heading home at three o'clock in the morning. Once at home, I took a shower and hopped into bed, where Bobbie came to mind again. My last conscious thought as I lay naked was her boobs, and I fell asleep with a hard-on.

When I awoke, the sun was working its way toward noon; so I closed the drapes and fell back to sleep. In my dreams, Bobbie entered the room and, seeing me nude, started to suck on my cock. The dream was so real that I reached for my

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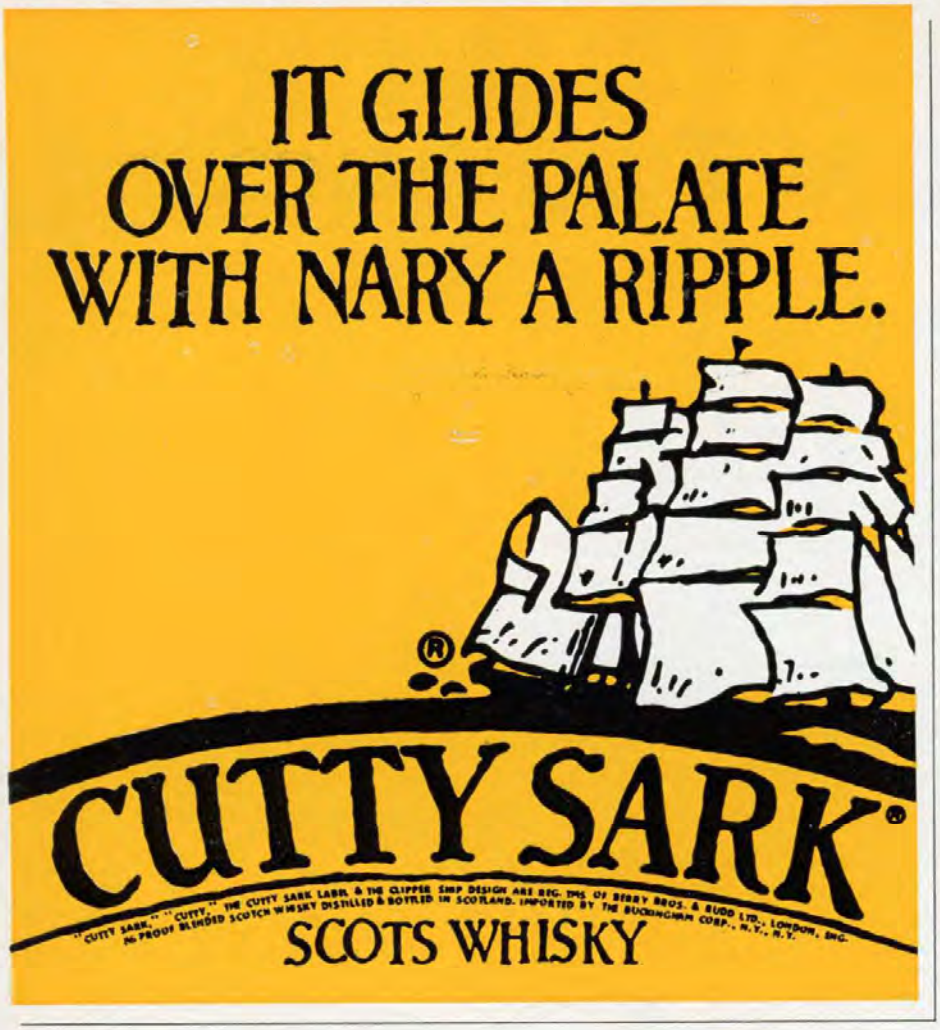

prick only to feel a soft head of hair covering it. I opened my eyes and there was Bobbie, smiling at me, while she held my cock in her hand. Neither of us said a word, and she proceeded to give me one of the best blowjobs I have ever had. She sucked my balls and fondled my cock and finally swallowed my whole load, licking my prick clean. Then she stood up and started taking her clothes off. First, she took off her blouse and fondled her bare tits, grinning as she played with her pink nipples. After a few minutes she slid her shorts off, displaying a pussy with hair so blonde that it seemed almost shaven. Sliding her hands from her tits to her pussy, she started fingering herself while watching my face. Without a word she went to the dresser and opened the drawer where my wife and I keep our vibrators and other toys. Withdrawing one of the thinner vibrators, she started stroking her pussy, slipping it in and out of her pink cunt. The whole time she did this, she stared straight at me. Finally she sat on the bed next to me.

Reaching out, she stroked my chest and then my stomach, finally sliding her hand to my dick, which was making a comeback. I started to speak, but she put her hand over my mouth and motioned me to lay back. Returning to the dresser, she got another vibrator and a jar of Vaseline. Getting back on the bed, she positioned herself between my legs and lifted them onto her shoulders. Leaning forward, she started on my dick while continuing to work on herself. Soon I felt her Vaseline-covered hands massaging my ass, and she began working her fingers into my anus. Then she stuck the vibrator into me, and my prick seemed about to burst as she fucked us both.

Throughout this whole time, she hadn't let me touch her, and I feasted my eyes on those pink nipples while my dick throbbed in rhythm with the vibrator's strokes in and out of my ass hole. Suddenly I came, covering my chest with come as her grinning face watched. She continued to vibrate us both for a few more minutes. Then, leaving the vibrator in me, she lowered my legs and started licking the come off my chest.

When she finished this, she went to the bathroom and returned with a warm washcloth and washed my whole body. Finishing, she took the washcloth back to the bathroom and returned to the bedroom. She picked up her clothes and started dressing, every bit as sensual as when she undressed. Reaching down, she slid the vibrator—still in my ass—in and out a few times, then removed it. She cleaned both vibrators, returned them to their drawer, and, with a bright smile, walked out of the bedroom.

I lay there speechless, and in a few minutes I heard the vacuum running in the living room. I lay back and was asleep in a couple of minutes.

The dream returned, but when I opened my eyes, it was my wife between my legs. We made love and as we lay there later, she explained that the meeting had been a bore; so she had come home early so that we could have some time to ourselves and really pleasure each other.

I'll never forget her smile as she asked, "Wasn't it pleasant with no kids around?" What could I say?—*Name and address withheld*

Lights, camera, action

I have been reading about the exploits of various college students in "Forum" for a few years. It was not until this past year that I was able to share in a college exploit like the ones that appear in your pages.

As a member of the school's concert committee, I had responsibility for many aspects of the upcoming Kinks concert. The days before the event were exhausting and hectic. Finally, on the night of the concert, as Ray Davies and the band took to the stage, the house lights went dim and I could finally relax. I thoroughly enjoyed the show, especially from my perch behind the stage. A young, nubile lass had found the conventional seating arrangements a bit too crowded and was trying to convince me to allow her to watch the concert from my vantage point. Being a bit worn out and in admiration of her healthy lungs, I acquiesced.

Because of the stage lights, my perch was in the dark and unseen by the crowd. As the young lass and I began to enjoy the concert, we found ourselves in a mutually appreciative hug. She was groping at my thigh, and my arm went from her shoulder to her full chest. When she moaned, I slid my hands under her tight sweater until I found her plump breasts. Meanwhile, she had freed my turgid member and was stroking away. I had her full breasts exposed at this point, and in the darkness I began to undo her well-fitting jeans. She broke away long enough to shed her jeans and bikini panties. I hastily slid my pants to my ankles. She continued to work my rod with her hands and then lowered her lips to my cock.

By this time, the combined surge of the live music and the young lady's technique nearly drove me into sensory overload. But I maintained my cool long enough to position my head between her warm thighs. We brought ourselves to a frenzied climax, but neither she nor I was satiated. With her tongue she teased my schlong to full turgidity. Pushing me onto my back, she proceeded to straddle her moist lovebox above my hips. She lowered herself and began gyrating her hips as I kneaded her breasts. It was at the height of a particularly hot guitar solo that I felt myself draining loads of come deep inside her. She came shortly thereafter in an equally satisfying manner. We eventu-

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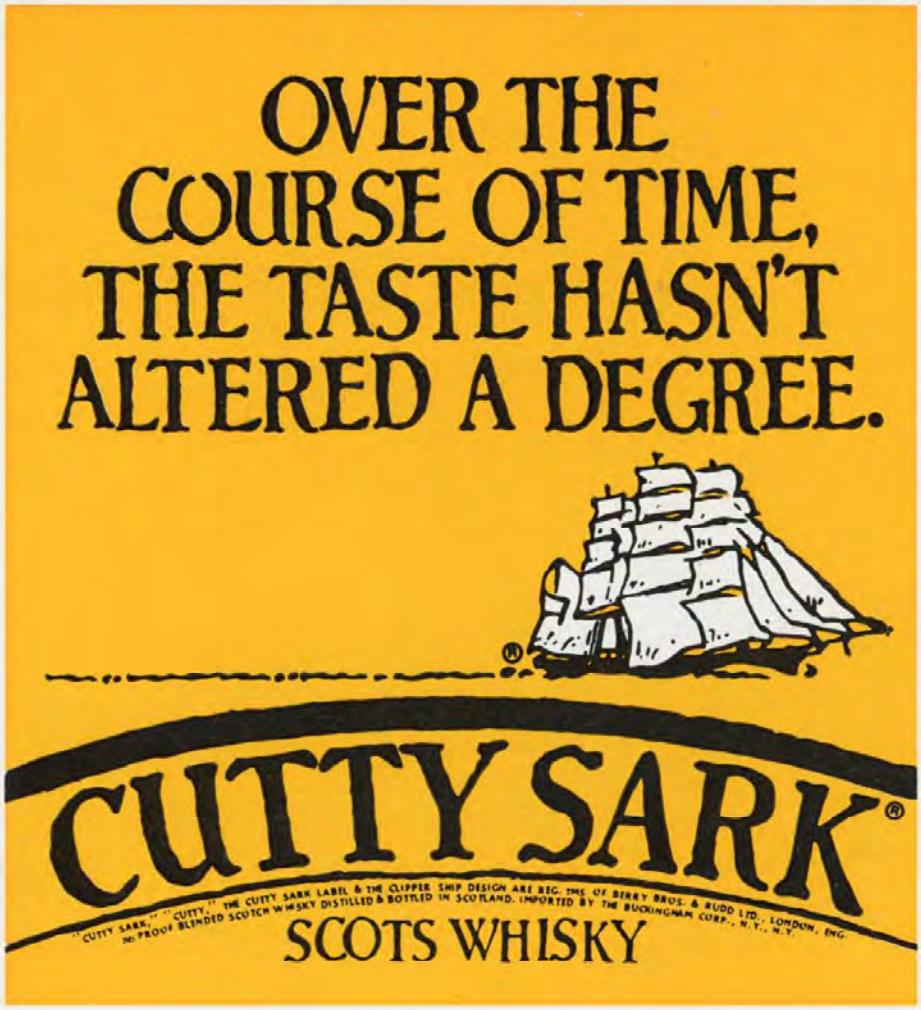

ally collected ourselves, got dressed, and enjoyed the remainder of the best concert the school has ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

The happy hacker

My friends and I play golf every Sunday. Having just taken up the game, I am not very good at it. After a bad day today, I decided to play a practice round. I called a friend of mine, Larry, and he said he would meet me at the course.

While we were at the cashier's counter, a girl I knew from school walked in. After talking with us for a few minutes, she asked if she could play with us. Now, Robin is about five feet seven inches tall, has large, firm-looking tits, a dark complexion, long legs, and the greatest-looking ass I have ever seen on a woman. From the look on Larry's face I could tell he didn't mind.

It was late in the evening, and there weren't many people on the course; so we could take our time playing. Robin and I started talking about school, and she said she had had a crush on me then. While watching her swing, I couldn't keep my eyes off those tits straining against her blouse and those long legs, and I got a huge hard-on, and I was sure Robin noticed it. On the fourth hole, Larry and I hit good tee shots, and Robin hit hers in the woods. Larry went on to his ball while I went to help Robin.

After a few minutes, Robin said she had found some balls I could help her get. We walked to a little clearing, and she turned and gave me one of the hottest kisses I have ever had. She told me that she wanted *my* balls, and who was I to argue? She dropped to her knees and undid my pants, and my cock sprang out at her. She ran her tongue around the head, then up and down the shaft, and finally took the whole thing in her mouth. Robin started giving me the best head, and I knew if I didn't stop her, I would shoot my wad too soon. I pulled her up and unbuttoned her blouse so I could see those tits.

Her nipples had to be three inches long, and I couldn't wait to get my mouth on one of them. I started to suck on one tit while my hand was busy on the other. They were so soft it was hard to believe. Robin said her legs were getting weak, and she slid to the ground. I undid her shorts and pulled them down to her ankles. I just about flipped when I saw that she had shaved all the hair off her pussy. I buried my face in her cunt and started to suck on her clit. I moved around so she could suck my cock at the same time. After what seemed like forever, I knew I was going to come. I tried to pull away, but Robin held me deep in her throat and swallowed all of my come.

We heard a noise behind us and looked to see Larry standing there with his cock in his hand. He said that he had seen the whole thing and asked if he could join the fun. Robin said that since he was kind enough to let her play, she would return the favor. Larry and I took all of our clothes off and attacked Robin. Larry lay on the ground on his back, and Robin got on her knees between his legs and started to suck his cock while I was behind her, running my tongue from her clit all the way up to her ass hole. She started to groan and move her ass back and forth. It wasn't long before she yelled that she was coming, and I ran my tongue as far up her cunt as I could get it and licked out what I could.

By this time my cock was hard again, and I placed the head of it at Robin's cunt and started to push just as Larry screamed—I could see that Robin had given him the same great head job she had me. I shoved my cock in her hairless pussy all the way to the hilt, which made her yelp. I then started a slow, steady pumping that made Robin's ass red from my hips hitting her buttocks. Fucking her this way, I had a great view of that lovely ass hole. Having never tried anal sex before, I decided now was the time. I put my finger in my mouth to get it wet and placed it on her bunghole. I pushed, and my finger just slid in up to the first knuckle. Robin stopped moving her ass while I pushed it all the way in. I pulled it back and forth a few times to get it loose and pulled my cock from her pussy and placed the head at her asshole. Just then she said she wanted to do something she had never tried but heard was great.

She made Larry get on his back, crawled up, and put his cock in her cunt. Then she told me to place the head of my cock at her ass hole and push very slowly. I stared pushing, and I didn't think my cock would fit, because her ass hole was so tight. All of a sudden, Robin pushed back with her ass, and my cock slid in. I pushed it in farther until I felt my balls slapping her cunt.

Robin started to move back and forth so that neither Larry nor I had to move. She said that she had never felt so filled up before and was ready to come again. I thought I was going to faint from the tightness of her ass hole and the idea of what was happening to me. I grabbed Robin's hips and started thrusting as hard as I could. Robin started screaming and yelling for us to fuck her harder and faster. I looked down at Larry and could tell that he was in another place and time. All of a sudden Larry arched his back and almost threw Robin and me off as he came in her pussy. The excitement from Larry screaming and Robin yelling was too much for me: I shoved my cock in as far as I could and filled her ass with my come.

After lying there for a few minutes, I pulled my cock from her ass and lay back. I felt something under me and looked, and there was the ball that Robin had hit into the woods. We all started

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Specifications	SA-101	SA-202	SA-303	SA-404	SA-505
Suggested Retail Price.*	$180	$220	$280	$350	$420
RMS Power Per Channel (rated bandwidth)	18 watts (40 to 20,000 Hz)	30 watts (30 to 20,000 Hz)	40 watts (20 to 20,000 Hz)	50 watts (20 to 20,000 Hz)	63 watts (20 to 20,000 Hz)
Rated THD	0.04%	0.04%	0.04%	0.04%	0.04%
FM Sensitivity (50 dB, stereo)	38.3 dBf	38.3 dBf	37.2 dBf	37.2 dBf	37.2 dBf
FM Selectivity	65 dB	68 dB	70 dB	70 dB	70 dB

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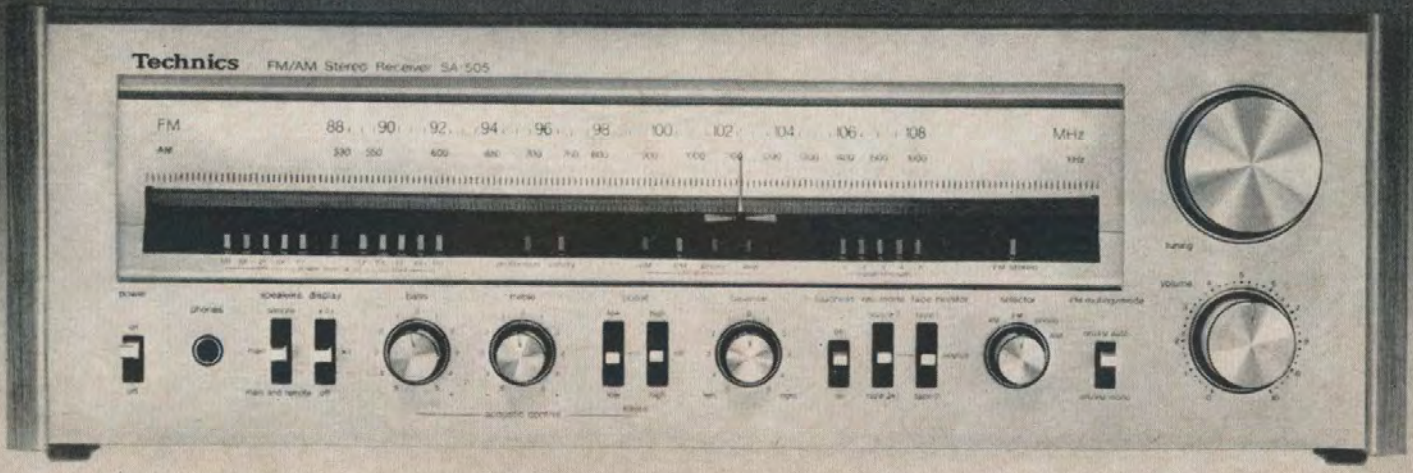


laughing and got dressed.

I have fucked Robin a few times since then. But although it is always a great pleasure, I can't help remembering the time at the golf course. And every time I play and come to the fourth hole, I always want to go into the woods and look for golf balls.—*R.W., Middletown, Ohio*

Heads I win

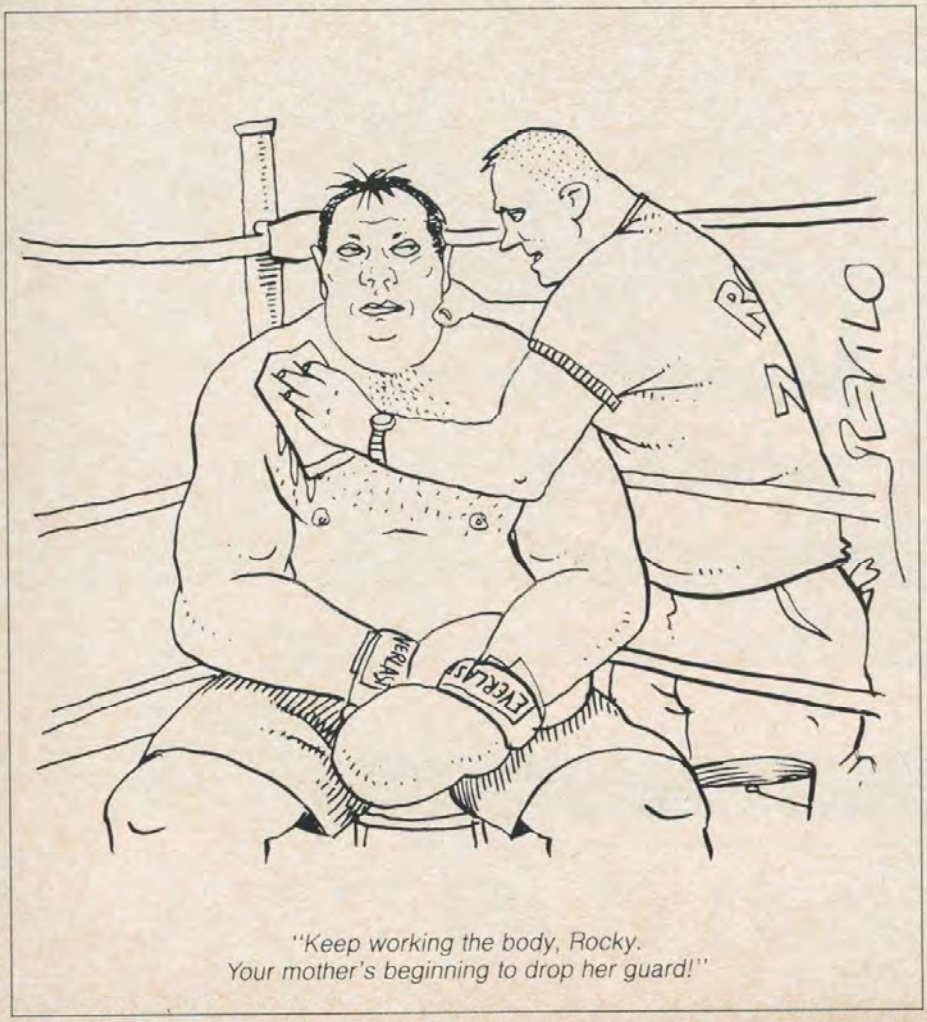
As a regular reader of *Penthouse*, I would like to relate an experience I had about a year ago. I am a 20-year-old male, and I work in a local shipyard. My roommate, Sue, is a very shapely 21-year-old student attending one of the local universities.

We had gone down to the French Quarter one day to do some shopping for some lingerie. I love the feel of women's clothes and have been wearing them for a while now. Anyway, it had started to rain; so we ducked into a local tavern and ordered a couple of drinks. The barmaid, a very fine lady named Lisa, brought our drinks and sat down to talk to us. As we talked, we found out that Lisa was attending the same school as Sue and was married. Her husband would be there to pick her up soon, and she suggested that we stay and meet him. She offered us each a Quaalude, which we gladly accepted.

After a couple of more drinks, her husband came in, a big guy of six feet six inches and 200 pounds. We talked and drank until Lisa got off from work, and they invited us over to watch films and smoke some pot. I could tell Sue was all for it, and so was I.

When we arrived, Jim set up the films, and Lisa and Sue fixed drinks and twisted up some joints. When the films started, Lisa and Sue came back with the drinks. Sue had only her shirt on, and Lisa had on just bra and panties—and had a vibrator going in and out of Sue's pussy! Lisa then came over and sat down by me to undo my slacks. I stood up and obliged. Jim was so big that Sue didn't even have to bother to tug on his pants—she just pulled it out and started licking and sucking. Meanwhile, Lisa and I had gotten into a 69 position and licked and sucked each other silly. Lisa got hold of some Vaseline and greased me up good, then stuck the vibrator in my ass, turned it on, and worked it in and out. About that time, Jim and Sue came over. Sue immediately lay on the floor, pushed her cunt up in my face, and told me to lick it clean. I did, knowing full well Jim had just come there. It tasted good. Jim now had control of the vibrator sticking in my ass, and Lisa had come around to sit on Sue's mouth. Sue was going at that pussy as madly as I was with her, and Jim had taken the vibrator out and inserted his rod into me. It hurt like hell, but he kept on pumping away. Then he reached around and grabbed my dick and started working it. I don't know what happened to the girls after that. It felt so good I didn't care. I came all over the place. I went to sleep that night with the head of Jim's dick in my mouth.

Sue and I have since moved in with them, and when we go out, they make sure I'm dressed right. I have my own makeup kit and nail polish and my own panties, stockings, garter belt, skirts, and dresses. I have to keep my legs shaved. Jim knows that whenever he wants some head or some tail, he has three of us that will give it to him anytime. The other night we were down on Bourbon Street in one of the gay bars. It was very crowded, and Jim told me he wanted some head. So I undid his pants and did him.—*Name and address withheld*



"Keep working the body, Rocky. Your mother's beginning to drop her guard!"

Catherine the Great

One of the most erotic dreams of my life came true this summer—the theft of my virginity by a sensual European. Our family hosted an 18-year-old French girl during the month of August. Her name was Catherine, and while mere words do a disservice to her beauty, let me say that she was tall and slim, packed in the right places, with long, brown hair, alluring dark eyes, and a gorgeous set of tits. She spoke fluent English with an innocent and sexy British accent. As she was to spend most of her time with my 16-year-old sister (I'm 20), our encounters were distant and discreet for the first week or two, but every night I'd dream about her. My excitement and anticipation grew when I accidentally noticed her birth-control pills in the bathroom.

One evening the rest of the family went to see relatives, and Catherine and I were finally alone for an extended period. I was showing her my paintings and drawings in the basement, and we were both sipping beer. When I jokingly suggested that she pose for a few figure studies, she gave me a sly smile and we began to eye each other from that point on. After a few games of Ping-Pong and several more beers, we were both getting high and engaging in a constant stream of double entendres. Using an old line, I asked her if she wanted to see some more of my paintings in my attic bedroom. She said, "Of course."

When we got up to my room, she immediately sat down and leaned back on my bed. She got up and came over next to me for a closer look at some of the paintings. I couldn't resist staring at her intensely, her hair and face set off in the blue light of dusk and the focused beams of the track lamp; her French cigarette and her perfume enhanced the atmosphere, and my cock was straining the seams of my pants. Since we were looking at paintings, neither of us said anything, but after I leaned over and blew in her ear, we were soon embracing and eagerly French-kissing each other.

Although we were both bilingual, there

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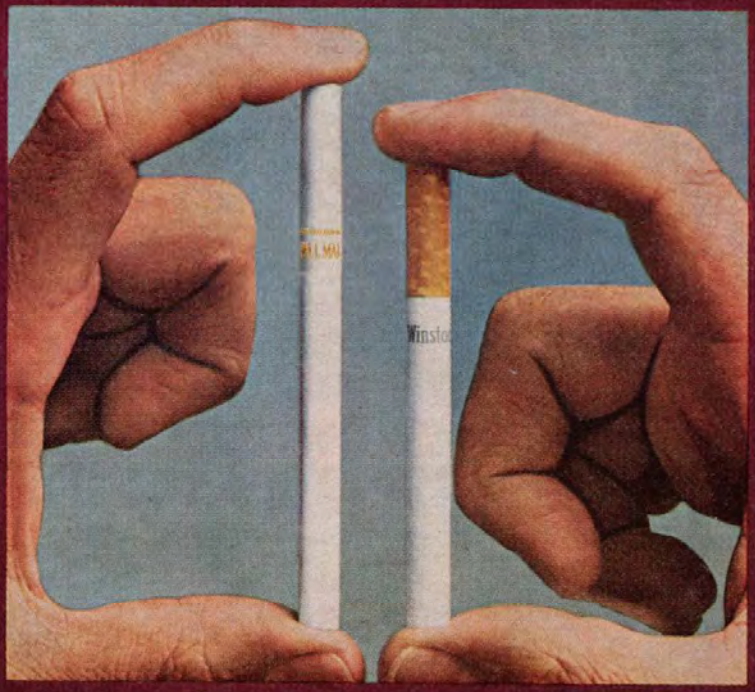

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was no translation needed for the "tongues" we were about to speak. The stereo began belting out some tunes as I unbuttoned her plaid shirt and drew it back over her bare and soft shoulders. Then I undid her bra, revealing her large, glistening breasts. When her fingertips wandered down to my waist and slowly began to lift off my T-shirt, the feel of our topless embrace sent my hard cock into turgid pulsations.

Then we fell back onto the bed, she kicked her clogs off, and I pulled her down on me. My hands went under her jeans and panties, squeezing her broad ass, our nipples rubbing against each other and the heat of the room driving me crazy. I got up to take off my pants, and she did the same. She had a really big bush, and when she caught sight of my seven-inch cock flapping to attention, she got on her knees on the bed and began to give me a blowjob. First, she spread my legs so that my balls hung open and then squeezed my ass with her fingers and ran her hot tongue up and down the shaft. She took my whole length into her mouth like a Popsicle. She played with my balls and ran her fingers into the crevice of my ass.

Finally, she pushed back the foreskin of my uncircumcised cock with her lips, and with her fingers tickling the sensitive area at the base of my cock, my pulsating steel rod was ready to explode. My pelvis jerked forward, pressing my full length into the steaming cup of her lips, and I shot a rapid stream of come into her mouth. Before my cock could slow down, Catherine's tongue danced once more on the twitching glans and literally milked another burning drop of love lava, which she rubbed upon my stomach.

Then I told her it was my turn for dinner, and as she was still licking semen from her lips, I lifted her creamy soft thighs and laid her ass back on a pillow. She leaned back and brought her legs to her chin, exposing her whole vaginal-anal pit to me. As I played with her tits, my head descended into her moist love nest. I parted her outer lips, which were swollen and pink, and she let out a sweet cry when I thrust my tongue into her cunt as far as I could.

My tongue played all sorts of games with her stiffened clitoris, and as I stuck my finger into her hairy anus, her sphincter squeezed it again and again. Soon her whole crotch was twitching, and she was coming, hyperventilating and gyrating her pelvis and kicking her legs with wild abandon. Finally, she started giggling, and her body slowly relaxed in bliss. But my cock was hard again, and I lunged up on her chest, planting my stick between those beautiful orbs and immediately exploding love cream on her chin and chest. Then we collapsed into each other's arms, and amidst the music you could hear us nibbling each other's shoulders and cooing sweet nothings into each other's ears.

We lay exhausted on the sheets for what seemed like forever. I told Catherine that I was a virgin and that I'd like nothing more than to consummate everything tonight. She said that she'd had sex a few times before but never anything like this. I told her we should make love outside, under the stars, because my parents could come home at any time. So we started to get dressed. We quickly grabbed a bottle of wine and headed into the cool night air, both anticipating a good fuck. I couldn't believe what was happening, but we soon walked, barefoot, to a farm near my house, where we sat down in a field of grass and started drinking, kissing, and undressing.

Finally, we both were naked and on our knees. Catherine guided my erect member into her lubricated bush and cunt; she lifted one leg and slid down on my tool, sheathing it into her tight and burning-hot twat. I began pumping slowly, getting more vigorous as she lay back and wrapped her powerful legs tightly around my back, her toes digging into my rear. We were both coming and were breathing harder and holding each other tighter. Then we began rolling over and over in the grass. I reached around and put one finger up her anus, and to my pleasure, she did the same. Just after that, we both came together, and I shot a full load into her.

I pulled out my limp cock, and her juices were oozing from her soaked cunt, down her leg, onto my cock, and over my balls. Then Catherine climbed on top of me and, without saying a word, started to urinate on my genitals. In no way was I shocked; we were like one single body now, and this sharing of bodily functions seemed both normal and truly erotic for both of us. Watching and feeling that gurgling, golden warmth flow onto my penis, into my pubic hair, and into my anus was enough to occasion another erection, and I guided Catherine onto all fours. After pouring the rest of the wine into the crease of her ass, I lubricated her tight asshole.

She then spread her legs as much as she could to accommodate me. I entered her slowly from the rear, pushing more and more on each thrust. Catherine screamed at one point but told me to go on, saying that it didn't hurt. But it was almost hurting me. I never felt anything like having my seven-inch cock engulfed in a woman's ass—her anal contractions drove me wild. Finally, I started a long series of uncontrollable jerks, as if my cock were dry-heaving. I'm sure Catherine had another orgasm as well. Once again we lay down in the grass, staring up at the stars, still caressing each other's body, each of us savoring the wildness we'd just experienced.

Needless to say, the rest of her stay was highlighted by secret, late-night ren-

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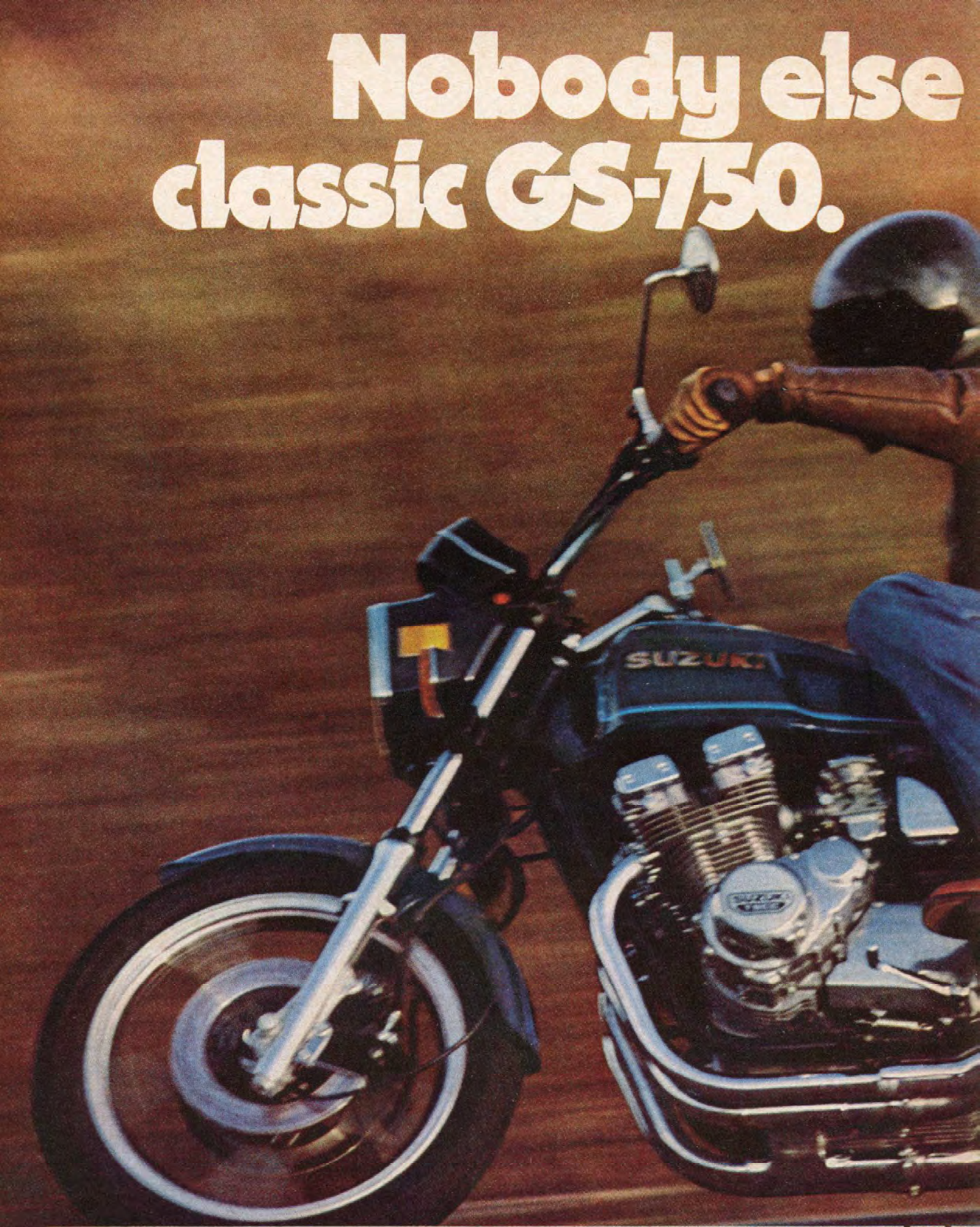

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dezvous and further sexual explorations. We still write to each other. I'll never forget how that French beauty opened up a whole new world to me.—*Name and address withheld*

Surprise! Surprise!

One Friday night, when I came home from work, I noticed that the lights were off in the house. I walked in the door, and suddenly the lights went on: it was a surprise party for me. Everyone had a few drinks, and after a while someone suggested playing Spin the Bottle. My friend and I decided not to play; so we just watched. After a while everyone was rolling around the floor naked, having the time of their lives. My friend noticed my blonde wife was looking extra-sexy and suggested we take her to the bedroom. I called her over, and we took her to the room. And then the fun began.

Her figure is 40-25-35, which is good, as I've always been a big tit man. I told her to go upstairs and put on a sexy outfit for us to look at.

She walked in wearing an ivory-satin string bikini with matching nylon-net underwear. I had real difficulty concealing my erection, which nearly ripped my pants off. When she disrobed, all she had on was a little patch covering her snatch, which she modeled for us. Jokingly we examined the little garment, during which time my friend had a little peek inside. I put my hand up to her tits and said that their good form was due to the fine care I gave them. I started kissing and nibbling her nipples until they stood up as if they were going to burst. I pulled out my cock, which was already jerking, with clear juice dripping out of the delicately rounded, circumcised cap. I walked over and stuck my eight-inch tool into her cunt. Then we fucked in every way imaginable. It really caused me to come and come as if I were having one continuous orgasm.

By this time, her cunt was burning hot, open and soaking. After a small break I attacked her cute muff with renewed vigor. My fingers took the slippery lips and pulled them wide apart. I dipped my cock into her soaking box and gave her the wildest and hardest fuck she had ever had. That beautiful cunt of hers was soaking with her love juices, and I had two shattering orgasms.

I hope I have another surprise party next year. That was the best gift my wife could have given me.—*Name and address withheld*

Entrance exam

I am a freshman at a small university, and until now I had very limited sexual experiences. I was no virgin, but on the other hand, I had never experienced any sex outside the missionary position. Luckily, a recent adventure changed all that.

At my school, fraternities are banned; so social clubs have to form on some other premise. The most prestigious yet infamous organization is the Rugby Club. Because I was lonely, a little shy, and very horny, I wanted to join. To my chagrin, I discovered that I would have to go through a hazing, much in the fashion of a frat house at most other colleges. The first part of my initiation went smoothly, but then came the finale.

To finalize my membership in the club, I was told that I would have to "moon" a certain girl on campus. I'll call her Ellen. She is the most beautiful girl on campus, but, unfortunately, she is also the most aloof and downright bitchy. I had gone too far to back out now; so at the appointed time, with some of the ruggers peeping around the corner down the hall, I stood outside her dorm room, pants unbuckled and fly down. I knocked on the door and turned my back to it. As she opened the door, I bent over, as the incumbent ruggers had demanded. As I watched her expression from upside down, looking between my own legs, I first saw a startled gasp, then a grimace, and finally a sly smile. To my surprise, she looked down both sides of the hall and then stepped forward, reached between my legs, and cupped my dangling balls. I just froze in that stupid position until she gently tapped my shoulder and asked me to come into her room.

As soon as I was inside, I apologized

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and started to explain the purpose of my indecent act. My explanation was cut short when she wrapped her arms around my neck, gave me the kiss of my life, and then pulled away, saying, "Let's not talk, okay?" She stepped back and started to unbutton her blouse. I took the hint and started tearing out of my clothes. As I was doing so, I looked up and saw her reveal the two most beautiful breasts I had ever seen. Now I'm a tit man by inclination, and I can tell you that this pair belonged in the Mammary Hall of Fame. They were pure white, as though they had never been exposed to the sun. They were not particularly large, about a 34 B or 34 C, but their shape was flawless. The areolas were a deep red and very pronounced. At the peak of each breast were nipples so divine that they nearly brought tears to my eyes. They were long, plump, and already swollen in anticipation.

Ellen beat me in taking her clothes off and went over and stretched out on her bed, ready for anything. I freed myself of my clothes and pounced on her. Before I could ram my eight inches into her, she pushed me off, eased my head toward her bush, and said, "First things first." Who was I to complain? I eagerly plunged my mouth into her gorgeous cunt, the lips of which were tender, fleshy, and moist. I moved my tongue over and around them, occasionally darting it in and out of her oozing honeypot. Then I slowly started to flick her engorged clit, finally taking the throbbing bud into my mouth and nibbling it. I attempted to alternate this with sliding my tongue into her dripping love hole until she went wild and began to grind her pelvis into my face, smearing it with moisture all the while and screaming like an Indian.

It was all I could do to hang on and try to catch her delicious cunt juice on my tongue. While she was recovering from this first orgasm, I climbed up on top of her and started in with those great tits of hers. I took one of the nipples in my mouth and sucked on it fiercely. Then I held it gently between my teeth and flicked it with my tongue. At the same time, I rolled and pinched Ellen's other nipple with my thumb and forefinger. She just kept cooing and moaning. When I thought her chest was sufficiently slick with my saliva, I straddled her rib cage and slid my pulsating cock between her tits. Squeezing her glorious orbs together, I began to pump my rod back and forth in the soft, warm furrow created by her pushed-together tits.

After a few minutes, Ellen suddenly leaned her head forward and took me in her mouth. She may have been aloof, but she was no stranger to giving head. She started by washing her tongue over my cockhead, wriggling the tip of her tongue delicately into the slit and then tickling the sensitive area under the head. Finally, she engulfed the full length, and I thought I would go crazy. She then stopped abruptly before I could come and jumped down to the floor, got on her stomach, raised her ass, and beckoned for me to mount her. I spread the smoothly rounded cheeks of her ass and slammed my dick into her dripping pussy. She threw her head back and squealed in pleasure.

I rammed in and out of her furiously, heading for my overdue climax as Ellen moaned and shrieked. Then she crawled forward and stood up, telling me to lie down on my back, and straddled my hips and eased her juicy cunt lips over and around my cock as I screamed for her to hurry. As she dipped her pelvis up and down, she also tweaked her clit. I, in the meantime, mauled her tits.

After a few moments, Ellen's eyes rolled back in her head, her body began to quake, and she started screaming again. She was having one hell of an orgasm, while I was on the final approach to one. About two-fifths of a second before I could shoot my wad in her, she stood up. I was hysterical! My heart was about to burst, and my dick was about to explode, but I was so drained that I could not move to do anything about it. Ellen seemed to know this. She was now straddling my face, and I thought that she must want to be eaten again, but as I found the strength to move my face forward, I was blinded by a sudden warm shower of liquid into my eyes. Ellen was peeing on me!

The hot stream splattered over my face and into my mouth, tasting sour and awful. She hosed me down pretty good before I found the strength to roll away. I turned on my side and spat out all the pee that I could. When I looked up, I saw her standing over me, holding my clothes. All of a sudden, she started yelling at me, saying, "That's what you get for trying to pull a stunt like that on me. If you and those crummy rugger bastards think you can go around treating people like that, then you have another think coming! Tell the rest of them I said that if they bother me, I'll piss on every one of them! Now get out!"

And with that she started kicking me. Afraid that she might scream, I took my clothes and ran out the door nude, right into a bunch of girls returning from the library. There I stood, clothes in hand, pee dripping from my face, and my unsatisfied prick still standing at attention. They all started laughing, as did my rugger brothers down the hall, but I couldn't complain. I now belonged to the most elite group on campus, had gained a wealth of sexual experience, and had sampled the hottest piece of ass in the school.—*K.T.C., New Jersey*

"Why can't he move his bowels on our side of the river?"

Farmer's wife

Living in a small town in Iowa, I never thought that I would ever encounter any-

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thing out of the norm as far as my own sex life is concerned. The women around here are still somewhat dull and puritanical, sexually speaking, even in this day and age.

Being single and very much a loner, I am not overly choosy when it comes to getting pussy. I find possessive girls to be a nuisance and avoid them religiously. Therefore I must get my rocks off by either masturbation or infrequent one-night stands, usually with unattractive single girls. But something happened to me not long ago that changed all that and has made me a much happier person.

Until recently I had been working for a chemical distributor, delivering agrichemicals to many of the farm supply stores in northern Iowa, where I live. I met a lot of people in my work, mostly farmers and other truck drivers. But one person whom I met—a beautiful 35-year-old woman, whom I will call Connie—did things with me that I thought I would never be lucky enough to experience. Connie's husband is a successful farmer who buys his chemicals directly from the warehouse (because he also runs a crop-dusting business on the side). I became informally acquainted with Connie through my deliveries to her husband.

One Friday in early June, I was on my way to make my last delivery of the day. It was to Connie's husband. I always liked to make deliveries there because Connie was nearly always hanging around and always wore something very sexy. I watched her every chance I got unless her husband were nearby. Then I would pretend I didn't notice her.

I pulled the truck into their lane at about five o'clock. Nobody was around, and so I began unloading the truck myself. When I was through, I was still alone. So I walked up to their house to get the sales slip signed. I went to the back and knocked on the kitchen door. It was Connie who answered the door. She was gorgeous, as usual. Her ultrablack hair, which she usually had in a bun, was now combed straight and hanging down her back, almost reaching her ass.

She said, "Hi," and asked me to come inside and rest awhile. Unloading the truck all by myself had been hard, and I felt a little foolish standing there, sweating onto the floor, but the air conditioning was on and I began to cool down. She took my clipboard from me and signed the sales slip and took her receipt, then asked me if I would like a can of cold Pepsi to drink. I was going to say no, but something inside me made me say yes. She went to the refrigerator and got my cola, then put it on the table and motioned for me to sit down. I watched her like a hawk while she was doing all of this, my dick getting harder every second. She was wearing a pair of cutoff bluejeans that were so short that at least a fourth of her ass was hanging out. And in front I could see black, glossy pubic hairs poking out at her crotch. The tank top she was wearing had been shortened so that her breasts peeked out from the bottom. Her nipples were erect and were more than a little distinguishable through the thin material. She had given me a tremendous hard-on that I would have had trouble hiding if I had not sat down at the table. While I sat, drinking my cola, I gazed at her body over the top of the can. She came closer to the table and stood about one foot in front of me, and I could smell her. She had a clean, washed fragrance, with a hint of female musk, not the strong, artificial, perfumed smell most women have.

She asked me how old I was, and I told her that I was 22. Then she started to turn around slowly and asked me how old I thought she was. I truthfully told her she looked about 27 or 28. She smiled and told me that she was 35. Standing so close and acting so strange, she was making me feel uncomfortable. Then, out of the blue, she told me that she thought I was cute and asked me if I would like to screw her.

I almost creamed in my pants when she said that. I didn't know what to do. I just sat there like an idiot, holding my can of pop and not able to talk. She told me that she had seen me staring at her and decided that I would probably like to fuck her. Saying that, she began to take her clothes off right in front of me. Being barefoot and not having any underwear on, she was soon totally naked. She said her husband was in Des Moines over the weekend—there was nothing to worry about.

She took me by the hand and led me upstairs to the master bedroom. All the way up I just kept watching that beautiful body of hers as it moved so sensuously at every step she took. Her milky white skin and her jet-black hair made a very erotic contrast. We stood in the middle of the room, and I let Connie slowly undress me. When she was done, she planted a wet kiss on my ass and told me to go into the bathroom and take a shower. I was covered with the smell of chemicals and was happy to clean up.

I was in the shower for about a half hour, and when I came out I got a very pleasant surprise. While I was washing, Connie had shaved her pussy as clean as a whistle. Her bare vagina made her look almost like a little girl. She held up a can of shaving cream and a razor and told me it was my turn. The prospect of having Connie shave me was very inviting and made my dick even harder than it already was. I lay down on the big double bed and made myself comfortable while Connie put lather on my legs and proceeded to shave me. I wasn't sure I wanted to have my legs shaved, but her hands felt so good on me that I wasn't about to protest. When she was through with the front of my legs, she made me

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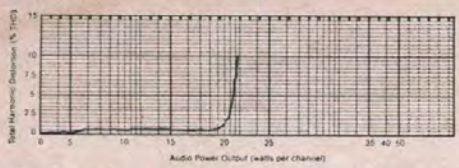

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turn over onto my stomach, and she shaved the backs of my legs and my ass. Then I turned back over on my back, and she delicately shaved my cock and my balls. She did it very slowly, bending over every once in a while to kiss and lick the end of my cock.

Starting at her well-manicured feet and working my way up her body, I managed to cover every bit of her with my tongue. I played with her beautiful ass for a long time, kissing and caressing those silken cheeks and licking her ass hole and sometimes entering her anus with my tongue. She was beginning to moan and was slithering on her stomach like a snake. I easily slipped three of my fingers into her dripping pussy. It felt as though it were on fire. With my tongue in her ass and one hand at her pussy, I knew it would not be long before she came. I made occasional, light passes over her swollen clit that made her jerk and moan even louder. She pulled my hand out of her pussy and then sat up, facing me. Then she took my arm in both her hands and jammed my fingers into her cunt once again. She pumped my hand in and out of herself, and when she finally came, she grabbed herself by her ankles and crossed her legs, drawing her thighs together and trapping my hand in the process. When it was all over, she hugged me and pulled me down onto the floor with her. We just lay on the floor for a long time, kissing and enjoying the feel of each other's body.

After a while we went down to the kitchen—still naked as jaybirds—to get something to eat, or so Connie said. The kitchen was very large. It was covered with smooth tile and looked clean enough to eat off of. Connie rummaged through the cupboards and fetched out a large bottle of cooking oil. She sat down on the floor with it, and I then realized why she had shaved us. I lay down on the floor next to Connie and let her rub the oil over every part of my body. I was soon as slick and glistening as a wet catfish. Then it was my turn to oil down Connie. I oiled her down as thoroughly as she had done to me. She was slippery and hot, and she cupped my balls in her hand as I glided my own hands up and down every inch of her slick, hot flesh. The feeling I got from doing this was sensational, and I never wanted to stop. We slithered and swam over each other's bodies—like fighting eels—for what seemed like hours. Later I found myself between her thighs, licking her beautiful, hairless vagina. Her hot juices were flowing hard, and much of my face was wet from her as I attacked her honey pot like a hungry bear. Connie raised her legs and dangled them loosely in the air as her hands flew from her breasts to her thighs to her ass, rubbing and squeezing herself as though she were bread dough.

She came like before; screaming and moaning. She grabbed me by the hair and pushed my face into her sex, pumping and grinding against my nose and chin. I never wanted my cock to be in her vagina more than I did right then. Connie was still spasming from her orgasm when I grabbed her hips and lifted her ass off the floor. I was on my knees now. I entered her and began thrusting myself in and out of her savagely. Being guided by blind lust had made me forget about everything except coming. There was a loud slapping sound as I hit Connie's body again and again and again. Her whole body rocked from the force of my thrusts.

I came. It felt as though my guts and my brains and everything in my body was shooting out of my cock. I felt deflated, but I also felt very good. Sex with Connie had been the best I've ever had. After it was over, we filled the big bathtub in the master bedroom with hot water and washed each other off. We kissed and fondled, but neither of us had another orgasm that night.

I see Connie in town every once in a while, and we say hello, but I get the feeling that she doesn't want a repeat performance of what we did. I don't pressure her, and I think she appreciates it. Maybe she is just waiting for her husband to take another trip out of town. I hope so.—*Name and address withheld*

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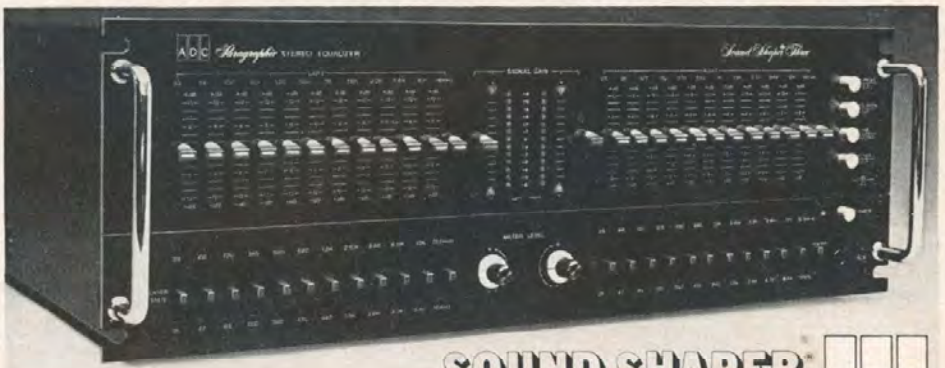

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Score one for the home team

I'm a freshman at a large Pennsylvania university in the center of the state and have just started reading your fantastic magazine. My roommate buys it every month. My sex life had been pretty active in high school, to say the least. I thought I'd tried everything, but I was wrong.

My erotic story begins at a tailgate party before a football game one Saturday morning. There were two half-kegs of beer, and we had with us an ounce of Hawaiian. (I always buy the best!) To add to our little party, we had invited about 15 real foxes. One chick I was particularly interested in had blonde hair, a nice pair of tight designer jeans to show off her tight ass, and small but pert tits.

Her erect nipples popped through her T-shirt, which nearly popped my zipper. I wanted to fuck her right there, but being my macho self, I wanted to play a little bit. I went over to that blonde bombshell and introduced myself. She said her name was Danielle. I told her she had a sexy name and a body to go with it. She blushed a little but replied with a very suggestive smile. I could feel my manhood bulge already.

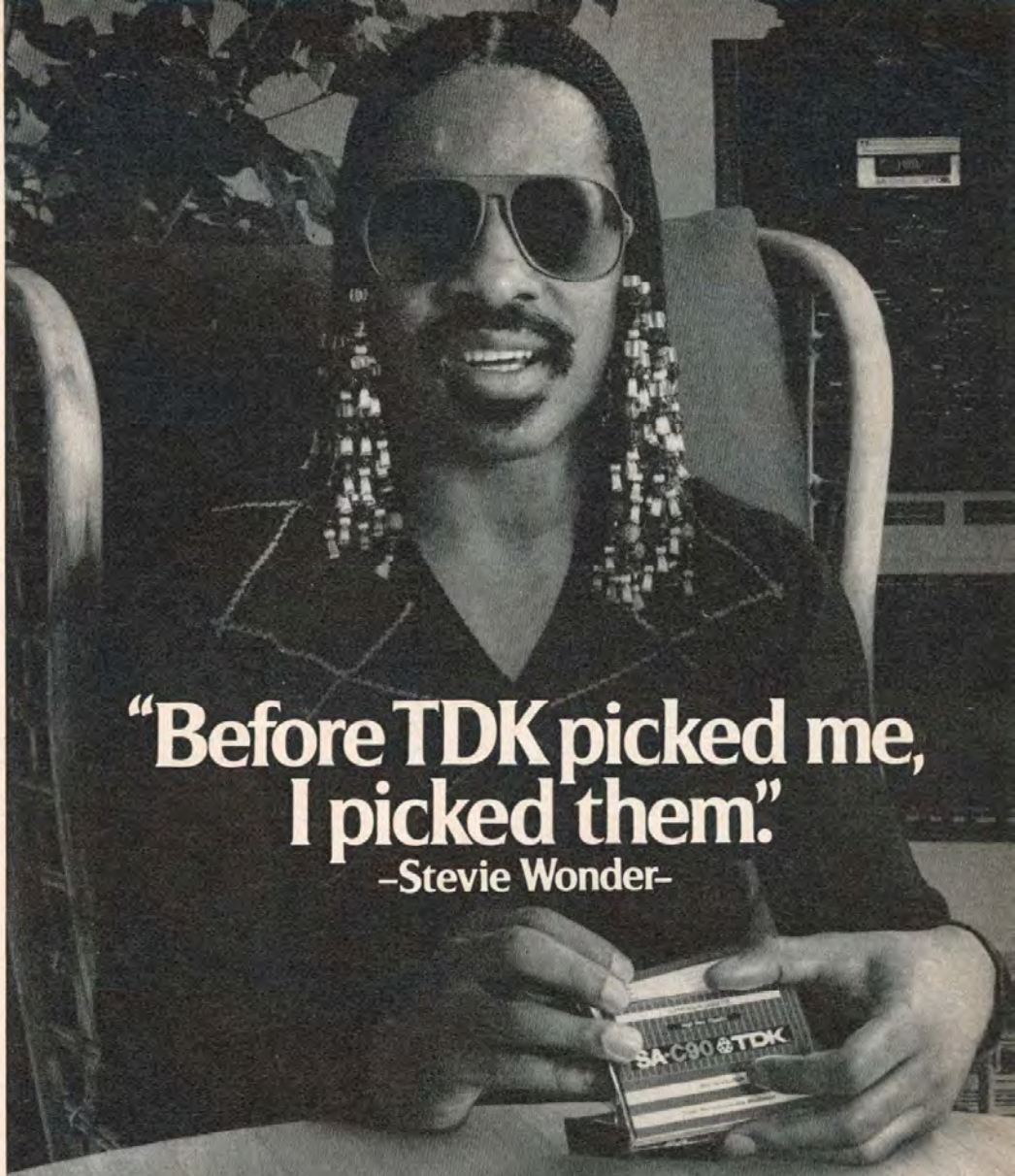
Well, we smoked a joint or two and then finally went to the game with the rest of our friends. As we were walking, I could see that my roommate, Tim, who is a great-looking guy, had picked up a real cute Italian girl with big boobs. Danielle and I waited for them. We made the appropriate introductions. The Italian girl's name was Marie.

We finally got to the stadium and found some seats at the top of the stands below the scoreboard. "I knew it was my day!" I said. They laughed. Tim and I had some rum to mix with the Cokes we bought, and I lit up a joint and passed it around. We snuggled up to keep warm as a cool breeze passed over. Luckily enough, Marie brought along a blanket and wrapped it around us. We just looked at each other and smiled. The football game was the last thing we had on our minds.

We coupled up and started messing around. I looked at Danielle, who had her eyes shut and her wet lips parted ever so slightly. I gladly accepted her invitation and thrust my tongue deep into her mouth. She sucked gently on my tongue as I made my way inside her shirt. She moaned softly as I played with her hardened nipples. She pulled the blanket up to hide my roving hands as I grabbed both tits and started to bite her small, brown nipples. Suddenly, she pushed my head away and said that she had to go to the rest room.

I looked up at Tim and saw that he hadn't gone very far with Marie. Danielle then asked her to go with her, and they left. Tim and I were comparing notes. I asked him why he wasn't getting anywhere, and he said that he felt somewhat inhibited in front of 70,000 people. I scolded him, saying, "Why not? Everyone is so high and drunk that nobody will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212



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The cancer solution

Many thanks for your article "Alternative Cancer Therapies," by Gary Null with Anne Pitrone (November 1979). You do the public a service by reporting on the quiet revolution occurring under the upturned noses of much of the medical profession. May I, however, add one point to the worthy discussion your authors have already presented on the subject?

The relative effectiveness of the many therapies for cancer is difficult to establish even when carefully controlled studies are conducted. One reason for this may be a phenomenon called the "placebo effect." In literally hundreds of studies it has been shown that people given a tablet they are told will "help them" will, in a high percentage of cases, show improvement. This occurs even when the tablet contains nothing but common sugar, and it has been noted with ailments ranging from headaches to some forms of cancer. The percentage of people who show improvement varies with the circumstances, but it is rarely less than 25 percent of those receiving the "placebo."

It is easy to ignore this statistic as an example of so-called psychosomatic medicine. But something is happening in these cases that deserves greater concern. People get better, or at least they get relief, because they *expect* to. It seems possible that some mechanism of the mind is operating in such cases to promote healing and lessen pain. There is also evidence of some mechanism in what might be called the "spirit" of man, tapped in the experience of prayer, to promote healing.

The possibility of mind operating to heal body is real enough that serious investigators are now examining the use of psychotherapy as one element of a holistic treatment program. Results here are also "promising," as in other nonconventional programs. At least a few prolonged remissions have been observed in cases that were considered terminal and untreatable by other means.

I encourage readers who are interested in exploring psychotherapy as one element of cancer treatment to correspond with The Center for the Healing Arts, 11081 Missouri Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90025. The center has an established cancer-therapy program, administered by qualified mental-health professionals in conjunction with medical doctors. Members of the center staff will also be aware of other similar programs on the U.S. West Coast. Once again, thanks for the article.—*Richard A. Lawhern, Ph.D., Wiesbaden, Germany*

Many thanks for the reprints of your September and October cancer articles and the November article "Alternative Cancer Therapies." The powers that run everything will no doubt be after you; so I'm glad you had the guts to tell it like it is.

I myself had cancer last year and feel that had I gone for conventional therapy, I would now be dead, and the doctors would be richer. I had heard about Laetrile and also about radiation and chemotherapy (I was advised by my surgeon that I needed both) but went the Laetrile route. During the past 16 months I have learned a great deal about cancer and the many alternatives to conventional treatment (we call it legalized murder in our family). While in Mexico, I talked to many people.

Some of them were told by their doctors that if they went on Laetrile, they should never come back again, as the doctors would want nothing to do with them. Many were told that they should keep in touch with their doctors when they got home, but that they couldn't be helped. The doctors have been told that if they help anyone on Laetrile, they will risk the loss of their license. I have been told the same by several doctors who were sympathetic to what I was doing. I needed someone to give me my intravenous injections after my return from Mexico, but the doctors I know were afraid to help me. I finally found a nurse to do it but had to keep her identity secret. And they call this a free country.

I have known for quite some time that the FDA and the American Cancer Society have been suppressing everything that comes along that could possibly help people. What gets me is that some of these people must also contract cancer, and I wonder if they believe in their own propaganda and go the conventional route to an agonizing death. When they say that Laetrile doesn't work, they don't mention the fact that most people who go the Laetrile route have tried everything else, and then they take their chemically destroyed bodies to Mexico or wherever they can go to get help and *then* don't survive. My doctor in Mexico and the one I went to first in California were both happy to get a patient who didn't have a body totally destroyed by "conventional treatment." And I am doing fine. I didn't have any pain but almost died last year,

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when I was so toxic from the great American diet—I became detoxified so fast that my body couldn't handle it.

I hope that you continue to run articles such as these. Keep up the good work. Incidentally, I understand that within five years one out of every two people will have some form of cancer.—*M. Bohnet, Auburn, Calif.*

I really applaud the cancer series you have been publishing the last several months on the cover-ups of potential cancer cures by the different medical organizations. It is really a crime what they are doing. Thousands of people will die and have died during each year that those cures were put on the so-called unproven cure list.

The latest cure, "hydrazine sulfate," is definitely the worst case of these cover-ups. The medical associations ignore all the tests except the ones that show no success. The only reason there were no signs of the drug working was that the hospital running the tests did not strictly follow the prescribed treatment schedules that were set up by the doctors who had already had moderate success with the drug.

Unfortunately, as numerous exposés by major newspapers and television investigative shows have proved, improprieties and fraud in business and government will continue despite these exposés. I would suggest that in future exposés you print the names and addresses of government officials who are trying to overcome or hinder investigations into these cover-ups. This way people can take action either against or with these officials.

Keep up the good work.—*Harvey Glassman, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

In the fast lane

Patrick Bedard's essay "The 55 MPH Speed Limit Is a Colossal Farce" (October 1979) couldn't be any closer to my point of view against the 55 mph speed limit, especially since I own a VW Rabbit, which gets 35 mpg at 70 mph.

However, he didn't mention the fact that the federal, state, and local governments cause cars to waste the most gas by antiquated lighting systems in our cities, by tolls on most of our bridges and tunnels causing unnecessary traffic jams, and by the neglect of roads that have become pothole-ridden. Poor roads cause frequent front-end damage to automobiles and a significant decrease in gas mileage and precipitate numerous accidents, many of them serious.

I could go on for hours, but that would be pointless. It seems that the government is telling us to solve the problem of the energy crisis (one which it has caused and could solve, if it really wanted to do so, in proper ways) by using insignificant methods that put the blame on the consumer instead of where it really belongs. Thanks, *Penthouse*, for a very refreshing article.—*Ronald Romano, Yonkers, N.Y.*

Why doesn't the sniveling juvenile Patrick Bedard find a track somewhere where he can blow his ass off at 120 mph? The 55 mph regulation has been proved to be an economical measure in accident damages, fuel consumption, and wear and tear, to say nothing of nerves.

I travel 5,000 miles and make 80 meaningful sales calls a month in an area including New York, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. The slower speed of 55 mph, as opposed to 70, has cost me from 10 to 12 hours a month, but I have never missed them. Running at 55 on the cruise control in my 1979 Buick LeSabre 301 V8, I have made as much as 24.8 miles per gallon on a tankful, and I am getting from 60,000 to 80,000 miles on tires and even more on brakes. Who is this freak who wants to spin his wheels and burn up his money? Lock him up—the sooner the better.—*E. A. Macke, Jr., Bratenahl, Ohio*

Seal slaughter

With regard to Bill Clark's excellent essay, "Stop Killing Seals!" (December 1979), I would like to say that it's about time we saw more information on this totally useless slaughter that occurs regularly. One need only see the very rare television coverage of baby seals having their skulls crushed in, while their mothers look on in terror, to realize how barbaric this practice is.

I hope that other readers will support, as I do, organizations that are attempting to stop these cruel slayings.

Are furs so sweet, or coats so dear, that they must be purchased at the price of destroying the world's seal population? I think not. For God's sake, let's stop the seal killing. We don't *need* to kill to survive. I, for one, will write to Rep. Lester Wolff (Dem.-N.Y.) and tell him that I support H.R. 5033. Thank you, *Penthouse*, for exposing the truth.—*A.R.C., address withheld*

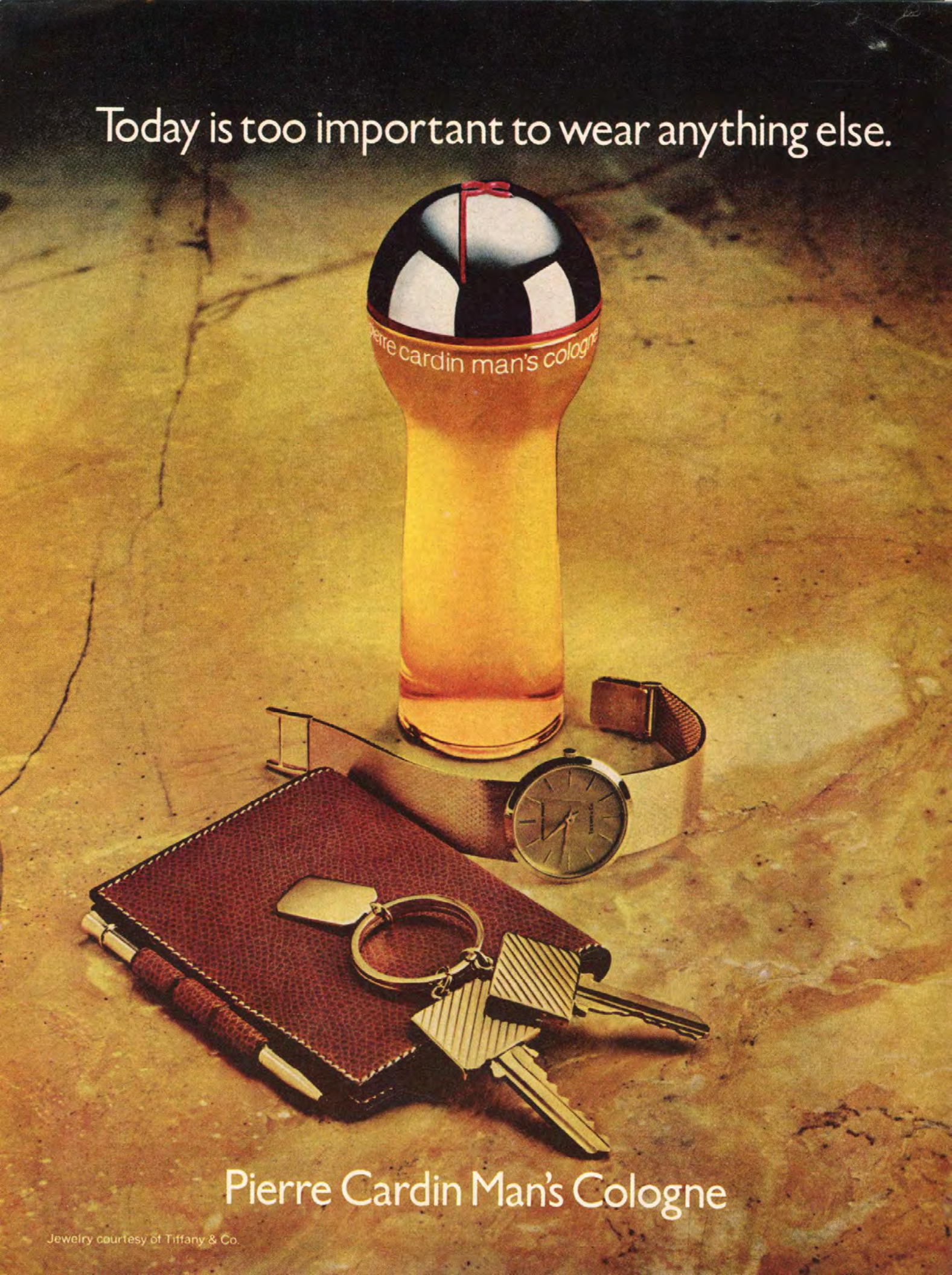
Snow job

The article "Rich Kids," by Ben Stein, in the January 1980 issue is a bunch of bullshit!

First, the first paragraph is almost true. There *is* a quarter car wash at the airport business center, four miles northwest of the Aspen city limits. Second, there is a junkyard about 35 miles down the valley, in a different county.

Aspen is definitely not for the ordinary citizen. Prices are *very high*. I don't care about Beverly Hills, because that's a completely different world from Aspen. As far as making an honest living is concerned, let me say that I do. I'm an aircraft mechanic. In the winter and all year round we inspect, repair, and maintain

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm 65 years old and have been married to the same wonderful woman for 33 years. Although I'm ten years older than my wife, I'm the one who wants sex. Up until two years ago, she was fantastic in bed. She used to take care of all my sex needs, and whenever she was out of commission, she would still give me the best blowjobs one could possibly enjoy. Now it just seems that she has lost all interest in sex—even in kissing. I still love her, and I know that she still loves me, if anything, more each day. We always go places together and love being with one another.

One thing I should mention is that the last few times we had sex together, my cock just plain folded up and got soft, which is really an embarrassing thing for any man. I'll readily admit that it takes a lot more patience and time to get me hard than it used to. When someone takes her time and gives me a good blowjob, without making me come but teasing my cock until the pressure just about makes the tip turn blue, it stays hard for about 20 minutes, which I consider to be a fantastically pleasing finish.

Up until six months ago I had never cheated on my wife, even though I have always had the opportunity. No other woman ever appealed to me. About six months ago my secretary, Holly, who had been with me for ten years and who is 30 years younger than I am, came into the office one morning and seemed a little edgy. I asked her what was wrong, and she just looked at me and said that she was always very horny immediately after having her monthly period. Also, her husband had gone off fishing with a group of buddies for a week, and she was just a little upset. I might explain that we sort of had a father-daughter relationship, and we were also very frank with each other as to what was bothering us. She said that she would get over her mood after we had our morning coffee.

Holly normally went home at five o'clock, and I usually worked until about seven, but when five came I noticed that she was just cleaning and dusting every little thing around the office. I knew that something was on her mind, and I asked her if there was something she wanted to discuss or if there was anything that I could do. Holly just looked at me intently for what seemed like two minutes before she said, "I know that you and your wife don't have much sex anymore, and you also understand my problem . . . and I was just wondering why you and I couldn't just get some physical relief if we took care of each other. I happen to like you, even though you are a great deal older than I am, and we both like oral sex, and I would like to at least try it with you because I don't like the thought of being with a stranger. As a matter of fact, I enjoy giving fellatio and frequently have an orgasm while doing so, which would certainly bring some relief to me. Please don't get mad at me for wanting to do it with you—regardless of your answer, I'll always think the world of you."

I wasn't quite sure how to respond to that long statement of Holly's, but that first time that she gave me a blowjob was utterly fantastic. I had responded to her question by unzipping my fly and pulling my soft, limp cock out and sitting on the edge of my chair with my legs apart, assuming that if she really meant what she had said, she would do just that. She sat on her haunches on the floor and began eating my cock, swallowing the entire thing and licking it for the longest time before it even began to respond. When it got to about five inches and began to fatten up, she really went to work on it. I had nearly forgotten how good a

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hard-on felt. I know she sucked on my cock for over half an hour before it started spurting loads of come into her mouth—she swallowed every drop and then tucked my cock away inside my trousers. She looked up at me and said, "Thanks, I feel so much better, and I really needed that." A little later we kissed good-night, and she left for home. That was our first day. The next morning she came into work carrying a shopping bag and with a devilish grin on her face. I knew that she had something on her mind, and I asked her what she was up to. She just grinned and said, "I'll show you later."

When five o'clock came, she locked the doors, as was her habit, and got her shopping bag out. She spread a clean sheet over the carpet and placed a small pillow on it. Without a word, she started getting undressed and said, "If we're going to have sex together, let's do it right."

She seemed very pleased when she saw me naked for the first time, saying that I looked better to her than her husband does. Holly is 35, and although she is rather solidly built, she still has a very nice figure and beautiful skin. I had always thought of her as being a little small-breasted, but when she unhooked her bra, I saw two very beautiful boobs standing straight out. I've always loved boobs, and I could hardly wait to feel and kiss them. She had given me so much pleasure the day before that I only hoped I could do the same for her.

I soon had her nipples standing up hard and erect. Her boobs were so large and firm! Then I moved down to the beautiful mound of hair between her legs. I knew as soon as I was close that she had douched herself out just a few minutes earlier in the hope that I was going to give her cunnilingus. She parted her legs as soon as I placed my hands near her cunt, which was her way of telling me that she wanted me to eat her out. It had been several years since I'd eaten any cunt, and I have to admit that I was hungry for it. I had my mouth and tongue buried inside of her within a few minutes and just kept eating and tonguing and sucking her until I had her holding onto my head and moaning with pleasure. Whenever she said "enough," I just went to work on her even more, until I knew that she had experienced all the orgasms she wanted. After resting a little while, she went down on me and gave me another wonderful blowjob.

During the next several months we stayed mostly with oral sex, including 69. Then one day, when she had me on the verge of coming, she squeezed my cock under the tip and, while still holding onto it, got up on top of me and began sliding her warm, moist, loving cunt down my shaft. My penis remained hard and firm until it was completely buried inside her. Somehow she kept me hard for nearly half an hour, during which time I enjoyed the feeling of two of her orgasms flushing hotly over the tip of my cock. I could feel my cock getting larger than it had in ten years, and she was saying, "We're both going to come. I can't wait—let's do it!" And with that she began riding my cock like she was on a fucking bronco. I was arching my back and pulling her ass back and forth on my cock until we both began shooting gobs and gobs of come. I thought she was going to break my cock off while still inside her. She got off nearly ten minutes later, when my cock had subsided and was no longer throbbing. She looked at me and said that even though I was only good for one time nowadays, that one time was plenty for her and she was glad she had propositioned me when she did.

Since then she rides me several times each week—we alternate with oral sex the other times. She never lets me get on top, because she says that I need to save my energy at my age and that besides that, she loves to have control. I sure won't complain!

Miss Hollander, I've tried every way I know to get my wife interested in sex, but she seems satisfied just the way she is. I don't like to cheat on her, and Holly does not like cheating on her husband. Even though we both love and enjoy our present relationship, we both know that it

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would be better if we were with our respective spouses. I've heard that many women over 55 still love sex; so I can't figure out why my wife doesn't. Nor can Holly understand why her husband, who is only 37, prefers going fishing and golfing with his buddies so often. What do you suggest we do?—B.G.

Who knows what your wife is doing when you are not around? It would not be unusual for a woman, after 33 years of marriage with the same partner (particularly a partner who has a problem maintaining an erection), to take on a younger lover herself. Her so-called frigidity may also be due to the fact that though she still loves you, you might not turn her on sexually. I sympathize with your frustration. But your wife does love you, and maybe you can now show her a firmer edition of your love. Would a word to her about Holly bring her around?

IN LOVE WITH LIPS

I have always had a strong desire to meet a woman who has a nice, plush bush and a cunt with large, protruding inner lips. As destiny would have it, I have not yet met such a woman. It would be very helpful to me if you could answer some questions about this type of pussy.

Are there any general—that is, visible—physical traits that would indicate that a woman has such a cunt? Is it more common among certain nationalities? Could you tell me how common this type of pussy is? If 1,000 women were to stand up, legs spread, how many would have their inner lips clearly visible and dangling between their legs? In days of old, was this considered to be a bad trait? And finally, do women who have this trait find it to be sexually pleasurable, and do they consider themselves lucky to have this characteristic?

I wonder how many women, unknown to anybody else, have a nice, dangling set of lips. If any of you women are reading this, there is a guy looking for you!—D.C.

I have asked around for you during the last week and have found out that most women with dangling lips have an inferiority complex about it, since most girls in magazines like *Penthouse* have small ones. It is similar to guys with small cocks thinking there is something wrong with their penises once they compare them with the big ones in hard-core films or magazines. There are even women who have their dangling lips operated on and made smaller by a surgeon. Usually, it is the big clitoris that turns guys on much more than big lips. Large lips do not seem to affect sensitivity. Sexual pleasure seems to be different for each woman and has little to do with shape or size.

I myself have encountered quite a few women who had long, frilly lips, often because of excessive masturbation. Most probably, through the exercising of the vaginal lips, they simply grew longer. I knew a few girls in England who did a great deal of swinging and were rather exhibitionistic. They were the slave girls of one of England's most famous porno stars, and he had pierced a hole in their vaginal lips as well as in their nipples. Whenever he felt like it, he would hang tiny rings, big loops, or even little bells on their cunts or tits and then take them to swinging parties to see what effect it would have on the onlookers. It sure shocked a waiter in St. Tropez. When he heard the bells ringing, he curiously looked around to see where the sound was coming from. One of the girls spread her legs, lifted her miniskirt and gave the waiter a closeup look at from whom the bell tolled. The poor fellow dropped not only his load but also his tray of cups and saucers.

As you can imagine, the more things you hang on those cunt lips, the longer they get. Maybe you ought to try that with one of your not-yet-long-enough-lipped girls.

LIMP BUT ALIVE!

Six years ago I turned my radio-television repair business over to my son, retired, and moved to Florida. Having been wid-

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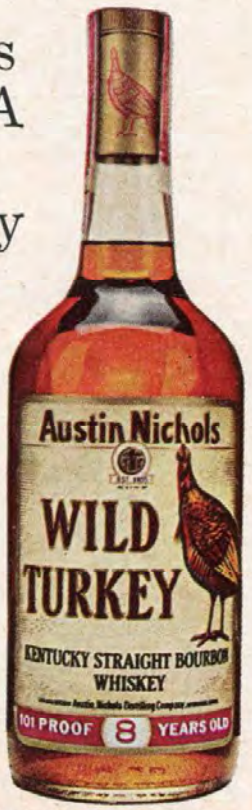

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owed ten years ago, I have no trouble finding companionship in Florida. Nonetheless, I have enjoyed living alone and spend most of my time going to the races, fishing, and playing cards.

I've been up here visiting my son for the past 60 days so that he could take a few weeks off for vacation, and I've had quite an experience during this time. I was taking care of some of the repair calls when I found myself answering one from the western area of town, a very affluent neighborhood. I rang the doorbell, and a very nice-looking woman of about 33 or 34 opened the door. She showed me to the living room and told me that she was having a problem with the set's color. It took me only 15 minutes to fix it, and I thought that was it. Then she told me that the one in the clubroom didn't work either. I checked it out, replaced several parts that didn't work, and packed my tools to leave.

I made out the bill, and she paid me in cash and insisted that I take an extra five-dollar tip. She then insisted that I have a cup of coffee with her. As I was only going to go back to the shop, I was in no hurry.

We had been having a nice conversation for nearly 20 minutes when she told me that she had forgotten about the set in the bedroom. It needed only a minor adjustment and took me less than five minutes to correct. I turned around and was amazed to see that the woman, who had been watching, was sitting there without a stitch of clothing on, only a smile on her face. She just looked at me and said, "Pops, you have something I need." I responded, "Honey, I'm twice your age, but if I was ten years younger, I'd be very pleased to oblige. My tool has a problem of always bending in the middle, and I certainly don't want to leave you frustrated." She started unbuttoning my shirt and said that she loved a challenge, and, besides, she hadn't yet met the cock that she couldn't get hard.

I already knew that her husband was at work and that her two children were visiting their grandparents, and there was no doubt that she was a very attractive woman—a little on the lean side but in excellent physical condition, and she did have extremely beautiful tits. She was about five feet six, 36-24-36, and about 115 pounds. Now, I hadn't been with any woman in about seven or eight years, and I just knew that she didn't stand a chance of getting me hard, but I did like the idea of someone wanting to try, even though I was sure it was going to be a disaster. By the way, although I'm 66, I am still in good shape and most people assume I'm only in my fifties. But I know the truth—you can't fool your body!

As soon as I sat on the bed, she made me lie on my back and began kissing and feeling and massaging me from one end to the other. It must have been 15 minutes before she did anything around my cock. Then she began to kiss it a little, after which she began nibbling at the tip of it, and finally she took the entire little thing into her mouth. I was remembering that when I was younger she would have had seven inches already exploding in her mouth, and now the damn thing was still as soft as a baby's ass. I really felt disgraced at the thought. She was very persistent and kept on licking and tonguing my cock while she had my balls warming up in the palm of her hand. Of course, while she was doing this, I was running my hands lightly over her body and feeling her beautiful tits. Sixty-nining was really invented for older people like me, and when I decided to try to give her some of the pleasure she was trying so hard to give me, I knew that was what she really wanted. I've never been expert at cunnilingus, but she was so firm and smelled so sweet and looked so nice that, maybe from watching her work on my cock, I wanted to eat her also.

It was funny—shortly after I started eating her, my cock began to get harder than it had been in years (even though I had jerked off occasionally to relax myself). But every time it got to where I thought it was going to stay hard, it would get soft again. It didn't deter her one bit, though; she just kept on sucking and licking, and so did I, because her juices were running out of her small cunt—I was surprised at how much I was swallowing. It occurred to me that she had kept my cock hard for nearly five minutes when she stopped, mounted me, and slid my rod all the way up into her in one slow thrust. She rocked back and forth and around a few times to improve positioning for both of us, leaned over and kissed me, and then just sat back and slowly, so very slowly, moved up and down my cock. She was leaning back with her hands on my knees, and her tits were standing out, and I was feeling them and wishing that I could repeat this scene at least once in a while.

I have no idea how many orgasms she had, but I could feel her juices running down over my balls and onto the sheets. It must have been nearly an hour before she had me aching to explode, and when I did, it felt like my toenails were going to disappear through my cock! There was no doubt about it, though: when she'd finished with me, I'd been fucked by one of the most satisfying women I'd ever met. I had been more thoroughly fucked than ever before. When we went to the bathroom and washed all the juices off, she looked at me and said that I'd sure been good to her. I told her that I still wasn't sure this hadn't all been just a wonderful dream, and that if she is ever in Florida I hope she comes to visit me because I would love to take her to dinner, and maybe by then I might be ready again for some more fun!

She kissed me good-bye at the door

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and said that if I were still in town two weeks from then to call her; she knew that she could do it again. I'm thinking about calling her, but I don't know whether I can stand so much wonderful fucking. There have got to be a lot more younger men around to take care of a woman like her.

Miss Hollander, what do you think of older men, and did you have any good experiences with them?—J.G.

I have found that older men have more experience and can really make a woman feel like a woman. At present, I have various steady lovers ranging in age from 24 to 57. The oldest one, a doctor friend, is in no way inferior to my younger, more ardent lovers. The contrary is often true. I should mention that this doctor is a gynecologist. Making love to a man who has seen many thousands of pussies in all different sizes and shapes is slightly different from making love to a man who goes steady with one woman at a time and never even gets a chance to check out anyone else's merchandise!

The main difference between older and younger men is that a young man usually shoots his load quicker. On the other hand, he can recuperate much faster and is often good for a triple-header, whereas older men, usually 40 and older, have more trouble making it a second or third time in the course of one night. There are exceptions, of course. Fortunately, it makes little difference to me—it is the quality that counts and not the quantity. Foreplay is important, and I don't think that anybody's tongue gets worn out as age creeps up.

A soft inch in the middle happens not only to older people like you. Lately, more and more younger men suffer from the inability to maintain a proper hard-on. Age seems to have little to do with staying power. Older men sometimes need a little extra stimulus, such as a sexy striptease or, from time to time, special outfits, while a young man can get an instant hard-on just from looking at a pretty chick. An older man may need that added touch of fantasy. Luckily, you found a good partner who knew how to direct your little bugger and get him to raise his pretty head.

THE COCK CONTROVERSY

We men need the truth! I think you've been insincere on the subject of penis size. Every time a worried male reader asks you how big is big enough, you assure him that it is not the size of his cock that counts but how well he uses it. But is penis size really a minor consideration for women?

Judging from each month's letters and the occasional discussions in your column, you'd have to say that penis size and shape are very important to women. Whenever a woman describes what she considers a "beautiful" cock, invariably that cock is very big in terms of length and/or width. Enormous balls seem to be another favorite among the female readers. One married woman in your June 1978 column had to see another man because his cock was the biggest she had ever seen, and her husband's six-and-one-half-incher just didn't excite her as much. To some women, then, cock size is exceptionally important.

Some men aren't tit men, but most do like them rather large. Likewise, some women aren't cock women, but most do like one that's long and thick (aside from those women with small vaginas, of course). So please ignore the "fragile" male ego, Xaviera, and 'fess up. We men would much rather know what women really want in all areas of sex, including penis size. At least men would no longer be surprised that there are cock-conscious women out there and would know what type of lover they are sized as. Think of how poor Mr. Six-and-One-Half-Incher must have felt, especially if he had read your reassuring words before his wife met Mr. Big.—R.W.

The average guy, or "Mr. Six-and-One-Half-Incher," as you call him, is most probably married or fucking an average girl with average-sized tits and an average body. Of course, in a column where people write merely about their sexual experiences and/or problems, the size of a man's cock is going to be discussed. But do you honestly talk about sex all day under normal circumstances? Don't we have other things to think about than whether our cocks or cunts are big or small enough for our partners? One day we shall realize that what is really important is not what you are fucking but WHO you are fucking!

The point is, a number of factors contribute to excellent lovemaking: technique, rhythm, consideration, love, oral sex, good conversation, petting, a fit body, mutual interests outside of bed, brains, a conducive environment, a wild imagination, masturbation, lack of offensive body odor, and, yes, cock size. If I had the space, I could give you at least a dozen other factors that *also* contribute to great sex. So where do you get off thinking cock size is number one? Let's be realistic. Some guys have big cocks but lose out on every other count. Some guys have big cocks and are also great lovers—because they have big cocks *and* know how to use them. Also, they're intelligent, considerate, have rhythm, and so on. The same goes for guys with small cocks. You learn to work with what you've got—and don't get chicken-hearted about the pecker order.

LOVE WITH THE IN-LAWS

My 64-year-old mother-in-law of 20 years is trying to make out with me and is determined to succeed at it, even if she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

Discover the pleasure first enjoyed in 1795.

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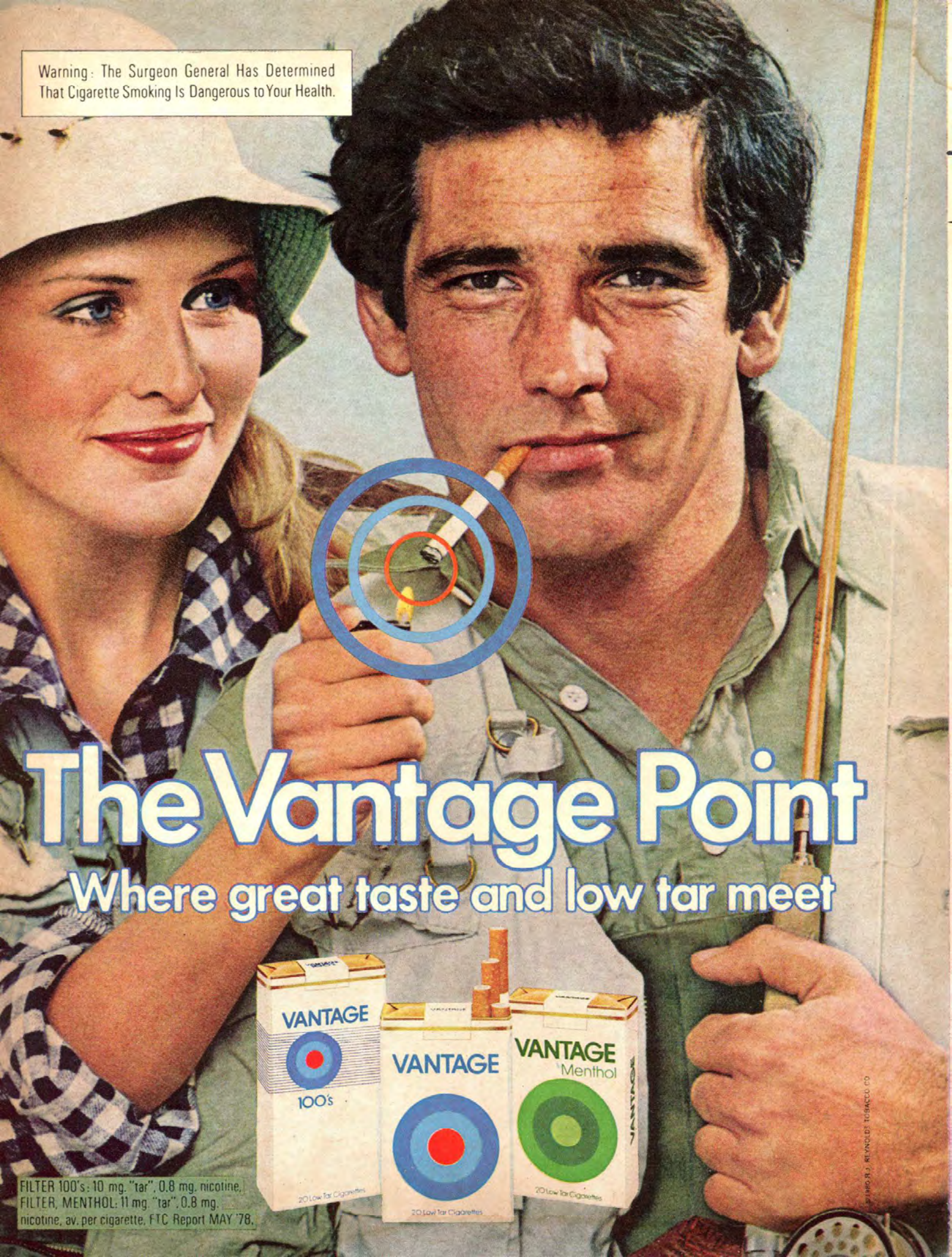
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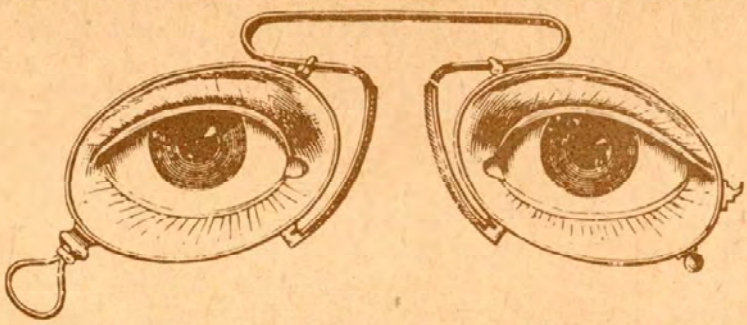


VIEW FROM THE TOP

FREE THE SEX SLAVES

BY EMILY PRAGER

As we limp into the first quarter of 1980, a mere 20 years from the beginning of the twenty-first century, I think it is time we faced a fact of life: prostitution exists in our country. It is a chosen avenue of endeavor, an integral part of American business and government, and a heinous, degrading crime *only* because we define it as such.

What we would do if we didn't have prostitutes to sneer at, God only knows, but it seems to me that our attitude toward prostitution reflects what is clearly our deepest weakness: the great American penchant for hypocrisy, a fearful clinging to outmoded forms and mistaken postures in the hope that we might bogart our way through and no one will notice; in the hope that by not dealing with the flaws, they will somehow fade away; in the fear that if we do take note of the fly in the soup, then everyone will want one.

Prostitution is still viewed in America as some deeply neurotic and self-destructive sexual aberration. And yet, there is no society on this planet that has advanced beyond the tribal state that is without its subculture of prostitutes. To me this indicates two things. First, that as a society advances beyond the tribal state and begins to specialize, one of those specialties will be that of the sexual teacher and artiste. And second, that in any society of human beings there will be some heterosexuals, some asexuals, some homosexuals, and some bisexuals who like to buy sex or to sell it. *Ecce homo.* The buying and selling of sex is the cornerstone of American advertising, and we accept that and find it amusing. But when we are faced with that same principle as a reality, we scorn and revile those involved in it, as if they were the very instruments of the devil.

There was a time in America when homosexuality, abortion, women working, prostitution, and even the enjoyment of sex within accepted bounds were all regarded as insidiously threatening to our family structure. With the exception of prostitution, however, we have defused these threats one by one, realizing, as we have had to do, that you cannot legislate against the absolute realities within a population and hope that that population will thrive and grow. And if our family structure has been threatened in the bargain, it is our sense of future that is to blame, not our sexual differences. Advanced technology enlarges the freedom of choice in a society, and freedom of choice means having the freedom *not* to choose to be part of it, no matter what the reason and no matter what the consequences to the society as a whole. This is, as I see it, the fundamental difference between the various forms of communism and socialism and our democracy.

So, why have we absolved so many "sins" from public and legal censure but persisted in keeping prostitution as our whipping person? FEAR. IGNORANCE. AND HYPOCRISY. If we legalize or decriminalize prostitution:

FEAR NO. 1: *All women will indulge in prostitution.* This is, of course, the height of dumbness, analogous to saying that if we legalize heroin, all people will become heroin addicts. This fear is based on the *male* assumption that being a prostitute is a real easy way for a woman to make money. You know, they just open their legs and . . . Great. Following that logic, any straight guy with a bottle of baby oil and his own hand has all the equipment it takes to step right into a life of prostitution. Or does it have a mind of its own only when it *refuses* to get hard? Catch my drift, guys? Prostitution is not a state of crotch; it's a state of mind.

FEAR NO. 2: *All men will cease to marry or have relationships with "good women" and will go only to prostitutes.* When hell freezes over. Listen, I know everyone likes to think that prostitution is about dirt and sin, but actually it's about buying and selling. Here's what's bought and sold: (a) fantasy; (b) the knowledge that you, the buyer, will not be rejected sexually; (c) the knowledge that you, the seller, will not be rejected sexually; (d) an average of five minutes—that's *five minutes* (based on a year's worth of interviews of streetwalkers, madams, and call girls in New York City) of sexual entertainment; and (e) power—the power to buy a body with money, the power to sell one. Here's what's not bought and sold: (a) reality; (b) love; and (c) the knowledge that the person you have just fucked liked it, liked you, and would be proud to spend an afternoon washing your sweat socks.

Jon Weiman

FEAR NO. 3: *If we condone prostitution, young girls will be drawn into it who otherwise wouldn't be.* Wrong again. There seem, from my research, to be three main reasons why girls are drawn to prostitution: (1) pimps, (2) the fact that it is illegal and dangerous, and (3) because they don't feel they are capable of making as much money any other way. Now, without reorganizing parenthood, education, and advertising, we can't do much about (3). But by making prostitution a licensed business, we can, in one fell swoop, do away with the need for and influence of

Mr. Pimp and the neurotic aspect of rebellion that is so much a part of the illegality of this life.

Thanks to the media and to our vicious, niggling desire to paint prostitutes as pathetic, masochistic nymphomaniacs, the role of Mr. Pimp has been completely misunderstood. Fact: as any member of the vice squad can tell you, the average pimp is not—I repeat, *not*—a brute and a sadist. On the contrary, he is the only male figure in our society who is on the side of the prostitute, who will freely date her and even love her, and who, as her guardian, will spend his days taking the world's onus off her life. In return for being able to have a personal relationship with a man who does not regard her as filth, she will gladly use her money to support him.

Of course, it is true that pimps recruit prostitutes and that they encourage prostitution, and also that, at least in New York, a prostitute cannot work the street without having one. But I believe that this is a direct result of our sniveling and arrogant attitudes toward the life as well as the illegality of it. By accepting prostitution as the societal institution that it clearly is, by allowing women who will be prostitutes (and, I repeat, there are women in every society whose state of mind will propel them into the business of selling sex) to do their work in a pleasant atmosphere and to be proud of it, we will do away with pimps. There will be no more need for these women to confirm the world's opinion of them by paying a group of parasitic men to care for them and show them some human respect. As for the rebellion aspect, if prostitution were legal and the women who engage in it regarded as executives in the sex business instead of as whores, there would be, quite simply, nothing to rebel against.

FEAR NO. 4: *Prostitution attracts criminals and weirdos. It is sick.* Of course it attracts crime. It is a crime. And it is the clandestine conditions under which prostitution must be conducted, because it is a crime, and our dualistic, violent excitement with its sexual criminality that attract weirdos. And yes, it is sick, sick, and sad that children can be brought up in this society to feel that the only thing they have to offer, the only way they can make a mark, is to sell their own bodies. But that is the dreadful emotional legacy assigned these women. Must we, in our smug hypocrisy, compound it? Whom will it hurt to assign these women an accepted place in our society?

By this time in our century, it is widely known that the bulk of the prostitution business in this country services businessmen and politicians, not S&M freaks and weirdos. On the books, prostitution is referred to as an "unbillable expense," and I venture to say that more deals are clinched in this country in the light of a client's happy morning-after glow than anyone would care to admit.

Unfortunately, no one wants to admit that our society is not pristine, that in spite of all our food, money, and freedom we have not solved all the human problems. Not everyone is happy and well-adjusted in the ways we have deemed "normal." But I interviewed many prostitutes who were as well-adjusted to their lives as anyone shunned by an entire society could be. They liked their clients. They liked their work. And they long ago had made their peace with whatever madness had turned them into prostitutes. But what they cannot make peace with, what hampers and confuses their minds is the way our society treats them. They have not murdered, raped, or robbed, and yet we feel free to use them as human spittoons.

Perhaps prostitutes give you the creeps. Well, black people give the Ku Klux Klan the creeps. There is as much bias against prostitutes in this country as toward blacks; and, worse, a whore's very existense is illegal. But it is a question—as any black person can tell you—of more than reversing the illegality. It is getting rid of the myths that reinforce it. We have freed the black slaves in this country. Isn't it time we freed the white slaves as well?

SCENES

WHO'S ON FIRST?

On the night of the Ali-Shavers fight, September 29, 1977, it was my good fortune to be in the company of Don Siegel and Clint Eastwood, the director and the star, respectively, of *Dirty Harry* (and, since then, *Escape from Alcatraz).* While waiting for the telecast of the match to begin, and after emptying several 25-ounce cans of Foster's lager, Siegel, parrying the thrusts of an unseen, half-forgotten enemy, feet fast upon the taut canvas of his living-room carpet, re-created for us the final, glorious round of his Cambridge boxing days. Eastwood and I agreed that our host had, indeed, to be the most dangerous 64-year-old resident of Sherman Oaks, Calif. One thing was certain: Siegel was in the mood to see a good fight.

ABC began the show with a sequence of scenes from Muhammad Ali's previous fights. "Nice montage," commented Siegel, who had gotten his start in the Warner Brothers montage department back in 1933.

But before the end of Round Two, it became obvious that we were watching not a fight but rather a flashy, and quite inappropriate, display of video-camera techniques. The television network was concerned more with camera angles than it was with punches, and the fight was rendered as slick and silly as a commercial for Ban Roll-On. A real-life heavyweight championship boxing match was being recast in the image of the unreal and ludicrous *Rocky*. Siegel grew restless at this disgrace to the crafts of the fist and the camera. An overhead shot reduced the battling arms of Ali and Shavers to a kaleidoscope of droll irrelevance. Our host could bear no more.

"Jesus Christ," he spoke, rising in anger toward the loathsome TV. "This is awful. It's like something out of Busby Berkeley!"

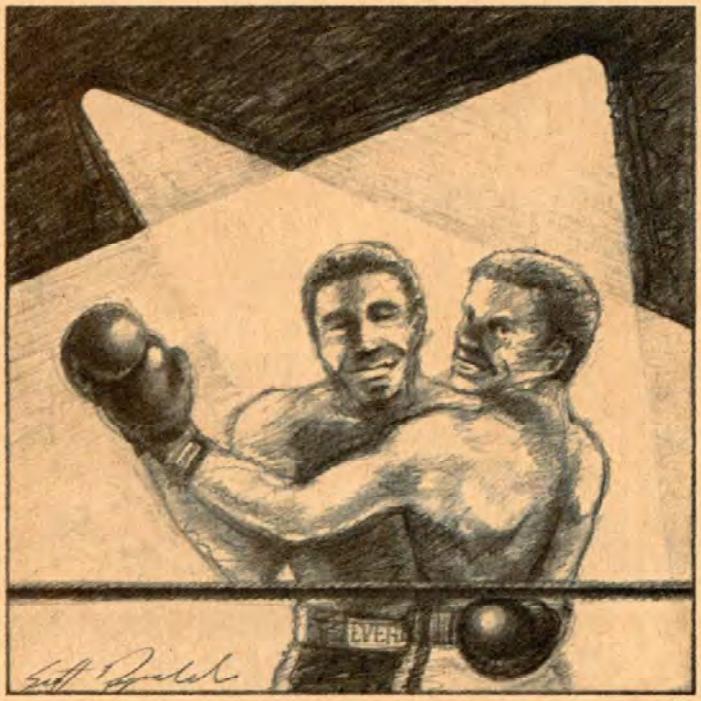
ABC outdid itself a year later, when it used the Ali-Spinks rematch as a means to introduce, at ringside, the stars of "Three's Company," "Starsky and Hutch," and other *oeuvres* in the network's fall lineup.

Who among us foresaw it? Who, curiously turning with the stainless-steel tine of his venality that first ghastly and foreboding pea in that first Birds-Eye TV din-

Howard Cosell: making TV sports meaningful.

ner, sensed that it might come to this? That sports, the final refuge for those who yearn to hide from the tyranny of relevance and trendiness and all things witty, would be swallowed by TV and spewed forth as a *viable concept*?

Consider baseball. When that fine old sportscaster Red Barber forsook the Brooklyn Dodgers for the New York Yankees in 1953, the corporate brilliance of WOR-TV in New York decided to replace him not with another sports announcer but with the host of NBC's "Your Hit Parade," Andre Baruch, a "Continental" pianist with a pencil-thin mustache and



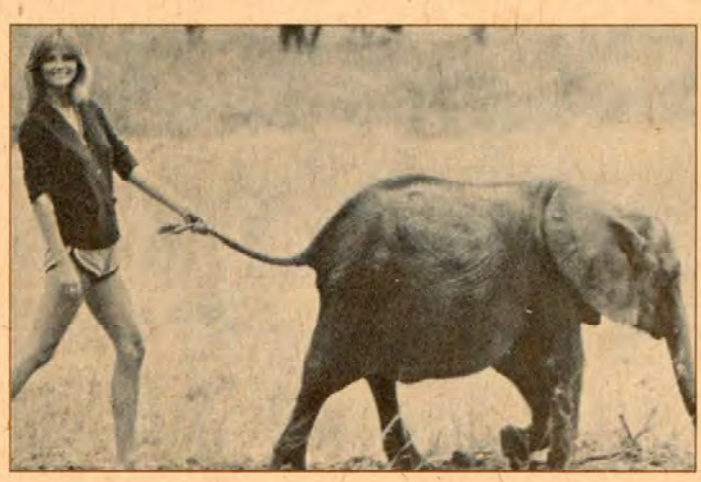
absolutely no excuse whatsoever. Since then it's all been downhill.

Baseball stadiums no longer have centerfield bleachers, because television has replaced them with black walls to achieve a desired visual effect. The tops and bottoms of innings no longer start when the pitcher and batter are ready; they start when the commercials are ended. Most infuriating of all is the TV ruling that quietude is anathema. Sportscasters may no longer, like Red Barber, keep their mouths shut when they have nothing to say. Instead they must vomit forth a never-ending babblement of trivial, dull statistics, supplied by that most ignoble of all God's expendables, the network statistician.

The World Series, television would have us believe, is now a *meaningful event*. During last fall's Pittsburgh-Baltimore series, Howard Cosell, a gentleman whose "constituency," as he has put it, is composed of "intelligent people everywhere," and who is to eloquence what the San Diego Chicken and Chief Nockahoma are to dignity, fairly foamed at the mouth with the depth and grandeur of the occasion.

"This World Series," he explained, "is"—and here he paused for the true and perfect phrase, something original, if you will—"the tale of two cities. Because of magnificent urban-renewal programs, the spirits of the cities themselves are elevated by the enthusiasm of the populations for their respective ball clubs! In the background, Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family'! The signs all over! The fans waving their black-and-yellow pom-poms! It is this way in the Steel City because the Bucs have captured the whole of the people!"

Since 1973, television has demanded that all weekday World Series games be played at night.



Cheryl Tiegs in Africa: playing with the animals for ABC sports.

This makes for greater revenue from sponsors, but it also makes for bad weather and bad playing conditions. We can only hope that the lowly Chicago Cubs win the pennant one of these seasons. Since their stadium, Wrigley Field, is the only professional ball park with no lights, it would be interesting to see whether TV would force a championship Cub team to relinquish its pennant, move to San Diego, or what have you.

Football is for television the ideal sport: a lot of sound, a lot of fury, and very little substance; eight seconds of amphetamine frenzy followed by four minutes of absolutely nothing. Somehow TV has succeeded in rendering even football less substantial and more *meaningful*.

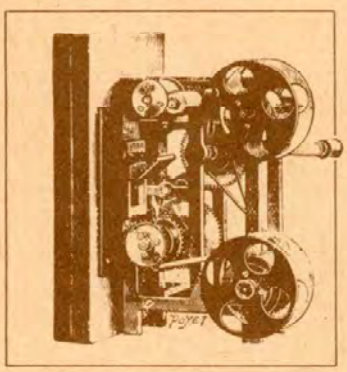
The rules of football originally saw to it that each team was allowed three timeouts per half. But now timeouts—for TV commercials—are frequently called by the referees, who bow to the commands of network technicians. Those rare moments not devoted to commercials or the odd morsel of actual play are filled with countless instant replays. The first instant replay occurred during the live television coverage of the Lee Harvey Oswald murder in 1963. A few weeks later, there it was, smack-dab in the middle of the Army-Navy game: the world's second instant replay.

Perhaps the saddest instance of the telemorphosis of sports is that of "The American Sportsman," the ABC series that began 15 years ago as a program devoted to fishing, hunting, and other plain and pleasurable symptoms of male sexual inadequacy. Last season "The American Sportsman" gave us Richard Hatch of "Battlestar Galactica" sailing aboard a tall ship, Cheryl Tiegs looking at the animals in Africa, Tanya Tucker riding a horse in Wyoming, and similarly rugged doings of the great outdoors.

Television has now gone so far as to invent a few athletic contests of its own. I am sure that there are few among us who have not thrilled to CBS's "Celebrity Battle of the Sexes." When a man has witnessed Pat Harrington and Elke Sommer run an obstacle course, or watched Redd Foxx pit himself against Charo at the mighty air-hockey table, or seen Howard Hesseman and Joan Rivers pedaling neck-and-neck around the bicycle track—as *I* have—he begins to look at his own life differently and feels exactly as Joltin' Joe DiMaggio feels every morning when he plugs in that Mr. Coffee and rinses out that mug that Marilyn gave him in lieu of a son. Yessir.

"Who's on first?" Lou Costello spent his whole life seeking the answer to that question. He died seeking it. More than 20 years after his tragic death, we are still unable to honor his memory with the answer he sought. It is a shame; but then again, these things happen.—*Nick Tosches*

FILMS



GROWING THINGS

For a short while after the Old Man dies and the maid, Louise, has packed her things and gone, Chance the gardener remains in the big old town house, alone behind the high brick wall with his well-tended plants and shrubs and with his brightly colored, ever shifting images on television. But then the lawyer comes and tells Chance he must leave. And so, neatly dressed in the Old Man's finest things, he walks out of the shuttered house in which he has spent his entire conscious life and into the urban blight of modern Washington, and then into the life of Benjamin Rand, husband of Eve and the richest, most powerful businessman in all of America.

How Chance the gardener becomes overnight Chauncey Gardiner, friend of diplomats, confidant of the president, passive lover of the vivacious Eve, is the substance of Hal Ashby's ***Being There***, a social/political/sexual satire of almost heroic understatement and restrained hilarity.

Chance becomes the Rands' houseguest quite by accident, an accident with the rear bumper of Eve's chauffeur-driven car, and both of the Rands are immediately taken with his reserved good manners, his utter lack of pretense, a directness, a refreshing simplicity—that in fact exactly expresses the simplemindedness beneath. Sometimes this resembles the most courageous tactfulness, as when he informs the ancient, ailing Benjamin pointblank that he is dying. Sometimes it approaches the mutely ludicrous, as when he cannot keep from imitating the yoga exercises demonstrated on the television sets everywhere he turns. But it all merely hides a mindless void that nobody seems able to penetrate, because nobody is sufficiently stupid. So, when the president asks him his estimate of the current miserable Wall Street "season" and Chance answers that in the garden there are several seasons, but "as long as the roots are not severed, all is well . . . ," everyone assumes he is making pastoral metaphors about the economy, whereas in fact he is desperately talking about all he knows outside television, which is gardening.

Throughout its more than two hours, *Being There* is a perfectly controlled one-joke movie—or maybe a one-and-one-half joke movie, because after Benjamin dies and the president reads from his writings at the funeral, you begin to understand why Chance's homilies find such ready sympathy in their world. But the joke depends upon certain assumptions.

MacLaine and Douglas: competent sanity, subdued lunacy.

Chance is wholly a literary creation, combining as he does nearly total innocence with intuitive charm and—though he can neither read nor write—a standard American stage diction, presumably learned from listening to announcers on TV. Sometimes the assumptions are pushed too hard. The Washington press corps, for example, seems too willing to interpret the mysterious Chauncy Gardiner's "I can't read" or "I can't write" as the modesty of a too busy executive. And when, confused by his host's wife's amorous advances, he politely says, "I like to watch, Eve," so that for his benefit she throws herself into paroxysms of autoerotic abandon while he sits by, obliviously changing channels with his television space commander—the whole elaborate sequence, funny enough in any case, depends just a little too precariously on sustaining the misunderstanding over what it is Chance likes to watch.

Peter Sellers: an ideal realization of a distinguished cipher.

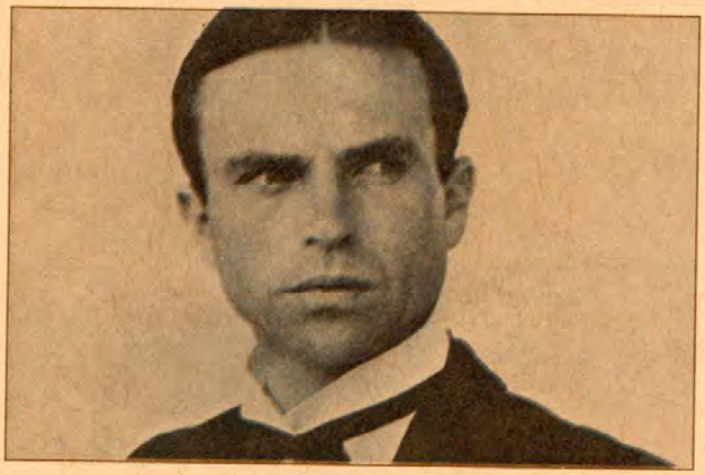
As Chance/Chauncey, Peter Sellers has refined a caricature down to an almost seamless surface of kindly, gentle poise and quiet good taste. I suspect this creature has emerged before in the Sellers repertory, though I can't remember where, but it is the ideal realization of the distinguished cipher at the center of Jerzy Kosinski's tale. Kosinski is credited with writing the screenplay for *Being There* from his own novel, and for once the movie script seems not only better but also a more complete work of fiction. A lot has been added to Chance so as to flesh out the idea—and to everything surrounding Chance so as to make that basic idea live. Shirley MacLaine's Eve, Jack Warden's president, Richard Dysart's Dr. Allenby (Rand's attending physician and the only one to penetrate Chance's unwitting cover)—all promote an aura of more or less competent sanity to balance the subdued lunacy in their midst. And Melvyn Douglas as old Ben-

jamin Rand goes a measure beyond that. It is his trust—more than his wife's lust and everyone else's gullibility—that certifies Chauncey. As the most benign of superrich, superpowerful capitalists, Douglas actually succeeds in making that trust seem reasonable—or, at least, one based on the recognition of a soul common to everybody, including the well-dressed, TV-nurtured plant life standing by his deathbed.

The rich, somber look of *Being There*, much of it shot in a sumptuous old North Carolina mansion supposedly placed down the avenue from the White House, exactly fits the tone of a satire so fiendishly decorous as sometimes hardly to seem satire at all. It also fits the manner of Hal Ashby *(The Last Detail, Shampoo, Bound for Glory, Coming Home)*, a brilliant director who likes a certain depth of vision so as to exploit whatever potential for ambiguity exists in his characters' careers. The typical Ashby hero will ultimately disappear in a maze of contradictory intentions. Chance merely walks off across some water, surely the next stage in his accidental apotheosis, and, as you might expect from *Being There*, a tactful indication that the Beginning is yet to come.

It might be worth distinguishing between an out-and-out feminist cinema and movies simply made by woman filmmakers. There have been some lovely examples of the latter in recent years—from Barbara Kopple's documentary *Harlan County* to Diane Kurys's evocation of a mid-1960s French adolescence in *Peppermint Soda*. But the feminist cinema seems to have concentrated largely on the frustrations of female activism and on rape—on the indignities of being a woman, which in the long run are not so much unreal as unproductive, as if the general history of film had centered on the (perhaps equally horrendous) indignities of being a man.

But now there is a movie both feminine and feminist, forthright but not militant, and certainly not ill-humored. ***My Brilliant Career*** comes from Australia, where a number of good movies come from these days, and was directed by a woman, Gillian Armstrong, and written by a woman, Eleanor Witcombe, after a turn-of-the-century novel of the same name by a woman named Miles Franklin.



Sam Neill as the supremely eligible, and willing, bachelor.

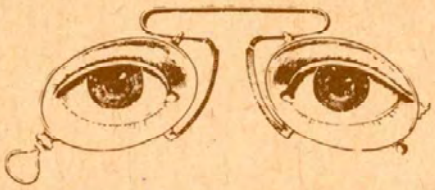
It tells the story of Sybylla Melvyn (Judy Davis), a young woman with meager prospects but rich relations, who chooses not to help out at home and not to marry the supremely eligible, and willing, son (Sam Neill) of wealthy neighboring landowners but rather to devote herself—vaguely—to the arts and to writing a novel, which turns out to be *My Brilliant Career*.

Sybylla is the film's heroine and its point-of-view character, but nothing suggests that her preferences are for those reasons more privileged, or even more correct, than anyone else's. The women around her—the mother and the aunt who married unwisely for love, the grandmother and the aunt who wisely didn't—all have their dignity and their reasons. None of the men, not even the coarsest or the most priggishly dull of them, seems a monster. And the man whom Sybylla would, in a slightly different kind of movie, have married offers almost everything, including spirit, looks, and understanding, that such a woman could ask for. In a way it is the very lack of inevitability that gives *My Brilliant Career* its special quality: looking not for indictments or heroic defiance but simply for the freedom to make real, perhaps mistaken, decisions.

Current Australian movies somewhat resemble 1950s American movies, both in their commitment to straightforward narrative and in their love for wide-open, spectacular locales. In this they are like our own Westerns. *My Brilliant Career* adds another resemblance as well: a society that combines extraordinary extremes of wealth with a social equalitarianism that seems to cover everybody—at least, within the limits of a given class. Thus Sybylla keeps traveling back and forth between rich and poor, all within her own family, with an unsettling rapidity that nevertheless defines the rather breathtaking leaps of her—still not quite brilliant—career. I don't know whether this corresponds to real life in rural Australia 80 years ago, but it does provide a certain offhandedness to the action that is one of the most attractive aspects of the movie.

For a relatively new director, Gillian Armstrong gets wonderfully complete performances from what seems a highly professional company of actors. Judy Davis has the kind of difficult good looks (that is, beautiful without being especially pretty) that are supposed to be anathema but actually are everywhere, in the movies. What is initially a kind of grating willfulness becomes a sympathetic characterization by the time she's through with it. She is, in fact, as vigorously unnerving as the movie about her—one of the most appealing film portraits you are likely to see this year.—*Roger Greenspun*

Judy Davis in My Brilliant Career: *woman as artist.*



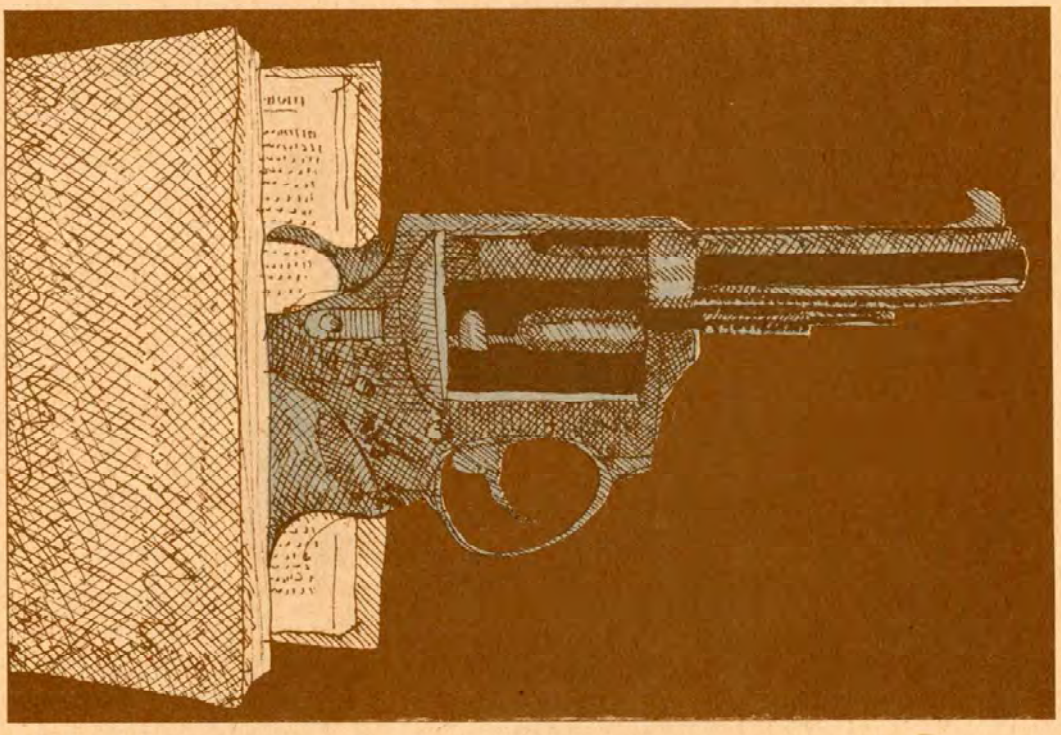
WORDS

CRIME WAVES

If a sequel to *The Graduate* were made today, one of the scenes would probably depict a neighbor poking Dustin Hoffman in the chest and recommending that he pursue a career in crime. Statistics show that crime, like engineering in the sixties and plastics in the seventies, is the number-one growth industry of the future. It's exciting for anyone who wants to freelance, it provides unlimited opportunity, and it's custom-made for self-advancement. The guy who warned you that crime doesn't pay is probably the same one who advised you to invest all you've got in Chrysler.

Of course, you might be the kind who prefers serving mixed doubles to serving a 20-to-life term in Attica. If that's the case, you can just as easily fulfill your criminal fantasies by devouring a few of the better books of the genre, without straying too far outside the law. Crime capers are gritty, unrelenting, and highly addictive. And, as do books in most areas of endeavor, they come tailored to every specification.

For those of you whose interests lie in the traditional sting perpetrated by a resourceful gang of desperadoes, there is Stephen Sheppard's ***The Four Hundred*** (Summit, $11.95), in which four such Americans conspire to swindle the Bank of England out of £400,000. The story is set in the late 1800s, and the events leading up to the heist are salted with enough Victorian humor to take the edge off the suspense—a good thing, indeed, because there's not much in the way of intriguing plot to keep you wondering whether they'll succeed. The same problem also affects ***The Programmer*** (Doubleday, $8.95), Bruce Jackson's revamping of the all-too-familiar Robin Hood theme. Here, Robin's alter ego is a computer bandit who channels the funds of corporate monsters like American Express into bank accounts of poor people. It's a tantalizing idea that never manages to swing into the black. Regardless of Karl Malden's warning, this one you *can* leave home without.



Joe Ciardiello

Familiarity may breed contempt when it comes to the story line, but there's nothing like a crafty old friend to kindle a flame in the hearts of crime fans. Travis McGee, knight errant and rascal-about-town, makes his eighteenth colorful appearance in ***The Green Ripper*** (Lippincott, $9.95)—and a welcome one at that. In this episode, McGee infiltrates a gang of fanatical killers to avenge the death of his luscious Gretel. John MacDonald's sure-handed style is neat and amusing, but the evil in *The Green Ripper* is tame compared with what we find in ***Smiley's People*** (Knopf, $10.95), by John LeCarre. George Smiley, now paunchy and exhausted, is drawn out of retirement to match wits against Karla, his Russian counterpart, in this stunning tale of Cold War espionage. In ***The Devil's Alternative*** (Viking, $12.95), it is the author himself—Frederick Forsyth—who, almost six years after his *last* last novel, resurfaces with yet another masterful thriller. With skill and clarity, Forsyth weaves this tale of terror on the high seas around a game of diplomatic cat and mouse, with World War III hanging in the balance. His genuine talent, however, lies in how realistically he portrays the political crimes that countries like the United States and Russia commit against their own people. It's all too frightening when you consider how close this fiction seems to today's headlines.

Of course, who needs novels anyway, what with all the bona fide crime lurking out there on the streets. ***Zebra*** (Marek, $11.95), by Clark Howard, explicitly recreates every grisly scene of the 23 seemingly motiveless murders that rocked San Francisco during the mid-1970s. Not as provocative, but just as engrossing reading, Robert Lindsey's ***The Falcon and the Snowman*** (Simon & Schuster, $12.95) captures the hapless intrigue of suburban spydom: what transpired when two young Californians passed America's military-industrial secrets to the KGB. Even the cops keep us mildly entertained in ***The Trial of Patrolman Thomas Shea*** (Viking, $10.95), by Thomas Hauser. This is a straightforward, sober account of the celebrated case in which a white New York City cop was accused of murdering a ten-year-old unarmed black boy in 1973—of course, strictly in self-defense! *Riiightt!*

I suspect that most purists prefer the English whodunits popularized by the likes of Agatha Christie and Ngaio Marsh. They're a bit too parochial for my tastes—like eating Chinese takeout off bone china—however, they can be counted on for intricate, airtight plotting, credible characters, a good twist, and an even pace throughout.

Mantis (St. Martin's, $10), by Peter Fox, foregoes the tea and crumpets for an emotional feast of blood and guts, all for the sake of secret missile plans. But there is a good deal more here, and before long an intricate conspiracy involving both Israeli and British intelligence agents will sweep you swiftly into the fold. Geoffrey Watson's ***The Nooriabad File*** (Scribner's, $8.95) is also a nice job, although a bit frantic. It involves the unearthing of a massive financial fraud in a Central Asian hamlet which evolves into a life-and-death flight across the continent. This is an altogether superior caper that should be declared off-limits to anyone with a bad heart. ***Backfire*** (Atheneum, $9.95), by Clive Egleton, however, is a victim of its own gnarled story line, with its protagonist, a British army officer, vacillating between attentiveness and insanity. Midway through the book I found myself doing the same and skipped on to ***Murder Begets Murder*** (St. Martin's, $8.95), by Roderic Jeffries. This somewhat conventional tale of murder draws its strength from the character of one Inspector Alvarez, a cynical old snoop who's as difficult to shake as a head cold, and from the rather lush setting of Majorca. It takes Alvarez a bit longer to figure out who is responsible for poisoning Betty Stevenage, but the ironic outcome is well worth the wait. One will look forward to further adventures featuring this agreeable old tomcat.—*Robert Stephen Spitz*

James Coutts

Forsyth: political crimes.

SOUNDS

THE YOUNG TENORS

There's something about a tenor saxophone, something special. "It is the Freudian symbol, a killer of women," wrote tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp in 1966. Ornette Coleman, who usually plays alto sax, once said that "the best statements Negroes have made, of what their soul is, have been on tenor saxophone. . . . The tenor's got that thing, that honk. You can get to people with it."

Adolphe Sax, a German instrument maker, introduced the saxophone family in 1846, but it was a black American jazz musician, Coleman Hawkins, who for all practical purposes invented the tenor. Before Hawkins it was a kind of bastard instrument, used mostly in military and circus bands; the few classical musicians who played saxophones preferred the soprano or alto, instruments with a higher range and lighter sound. After Hawkins, who was already a mature musician by 1929, the tenor was the aristocrat of jazz instruments, a horn capable of the subtlest, most personal sort of musical expression. It was the instrument of Ben Webster, Lester Young, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane. . . The list is long and distinguished.

For a decade or so, Hawkins's robust, authoritative sound and rhapsodic romanticism (not to mention his awesome technique) held every other jazz tenor in his thrall. In the late thirties Lester Young came swinging out of Kansas City with a light, almost transparent sound and more flowing phrasing, and for the next two decades his was the dominant tenor style. John Coltrane turned things around again beginning in the late fifties and early sixties with his keening, vaguely Eastern sound, his explosive multi-noted flurries, and his sheer stamina. Twenty years later, Coltrane's bristling solo passages, which once amazed every musician who heard them, are being dissected note for note by advanced saxophone students, and the number of musicians who can execute them flawlessly is very large indeed. But until recently, the number of young tenor saxophonists who could improvise convincingly without sounding like Coltrane copycats was very small.

Ray Ross

Ricky Ford: an original with a thorough grounding in the past.

Most of the young tenors who *are* freeing themselves from the still-fashionable Coltrane influence are delving back into the beginnings of the instrument as a jazz voice—into the legacy of Coleman Hawkins. The gruff-old-man-who-has-a-heart-of-gold approach initiated by Hawkins never really disappeared from jazz. It was carried on brilliantly by classic players like Ben Webster and Don Byas; it figured in the hard-driving modern school of Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, and Johnny Griffin; it survived the sixties avant-garde movement in the work of Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler. And all along it was the inspiration for the extroverted rhythm-and-blues and rock-'n'-roll tenors, who were that music's most flamboyant soloists until the ascendancy of the electric guitar in the early sixties. But now an entire generation of younger players is paying explicit homage to the Hawkins lineage; they've decided that the tenor is a big, hefty instrument, a masculine instrument, and ought to sound that way. The best of them aren't copying Hawkins or Rollins or Ayler or other past stylists. Within the classic tenor tradition, they're developing voices of their own.

Ricky Ford is just 25, but he's already worked as a featured soloist with Charles Mingus and Duke Ellington. As these credentials suggest, Ford is one young musician with a thorough grounding in the past, but he's also an original. His recent album *Manhattan Plaza* (Muse) would be at-

tractive if it had only his playing to recommend it. His tone is firmly sinewed, and he improvises attractive melodic ideas with grace and skill. But he's also learned a lot about jazz composition from his work with master composers Ellington and Mingus and his studies at the New England Conservatory, and on *Manhattan Plaza* he's enlisted the services of Jaki Byard, a seasoned pianist-composer who's given more than three decades of service to the art of jazz. The result is an album packed with memorable compositions and memorable solos.

At the age of 33, **Bennie Wallace** has a few more years of playing under his belt, and he sounds appropriately weathered. His first release as a leader, *The Fourteen Bar Blues* (Inner City), finds him working with spare backing, just bass and drums, but he meets the challenge with muscular improvising on original tunes and themes by Ellington and Monk. During the sixties and much of the seventies, most jazz musicians specialized in playing "outside"—that is, free-form—or "inside," using song forms, but Wallace handles both modes of operation with equal authority. In this respect he's typical of a growing number of young players who are using the entire jazz tradition, rather than either confining themselves to classic styles or becoming so abstract they cut themselves off from their roots.

Wallace's principal stylistic reference point seems to be Sonny Rollins, while **Chico Freeman** (age 30) has learned more from Coltrane. But unlike the majority of contemporary Coltrane followers, Freeman has a mind (and a sound) of his own. He comes closest to Coltrane's style when he's playing in front of the rhythmic barrage laid down by Coltrane's former drummer, Elvin Jones, as on his album, *Beyond the Rain* (Contemporary). *Spirit Sensitive* (India Navigation) gives a much better indication of Freeman's originality—his breathy yet forceful tone, his serpentine phrasing, and especially his ear for unusual harmonic choices. In all these areas, he owns something to his father, **Von Freeman**, an immensely talented but little-heard Chicago tenor saxophonist who has subsumed Hawkins, Young, and Charlie Parker influences in a richly personal approach. Von Freeman's *Serenade & Blues* (Nessa) and Chico's *Spirit Sensitive* offer a fascinating opportunity to compare tenors from two generations of the same family playing the same sort of material—standards and jazz ballads.

Ray Ross

Bennie Wallace: tradition.

Ray Ross

Chico Freeman: a Coltrane follower with a mind of his own.

Twenty-five years old, **David Murray** has bypassed Coltrane almost completely, going back to classic players like Hawkins and Webster (and their sixties acolytes Ayler and Shepp) for inspiration. Of all the musicians discussed so far, he's most closely allied with the avant-garde. Yet his albums *Live at the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club* and *Live, Volume Two* (India Navigation), the best introductions to his accomplished, already mature playing, are rife with references to and affection for the jazz of the past. The first album includes a delightful dixieland bounce, dedicated to the grand old man of the jazz sax, soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet. The highlight of the second is a side-long ballad that finds Murray purring like Webster, seducing like Byas, and squealing like Ayler, all in a single, encyclopedic solo. On both albums he is seconded admirably by Lester Bowie, the most distinctive trumpeter of the younger generation and a man who knows his jazz history forward and backward.

George Adams, a 39-year-old veteran of countless blues and soul bands and of combos led by the demanding Charles Mingus and McCoy Tyner, can hardly be considered a young tenor. But he's just now emerging from these past associations with recordings of his own, and his playing is very much of a piece with that of the other artists under discussion. He projects a rousingly big sound, he's a virtuoso on his instrument, and he reveres the traditional as well as the modern. In fact, on his album *Sound Suggestions* (ECM) he sings the blues with knowledgeable grit and emotion. Most of the record, though, is devoted to lyrical, rhythmically alive sextet performances that should delight anyone who's ever responded to the Miles Davis of *Kind of Blue*.

We began this discussion with **Ornette Coleman**, who usually plays alto saxophone but recently recorded, for the second time in his 20-year career, on the tenor. On *Soapsuds, Soapsuds* (Artists House), his only accompanist is bassist Charlie Haden, and while Coleman insists that "I always try to make music my tour de force, not the instrument," he is a formidable tenor saxophonist. His work on alto influenced several important tenor saxophonists during the sixties, including both Rollins and Coltrane. But while he tends to be mercurial and skittish on the smaller horn, on tenor his playing proceeds at a slower pace and, at times, takes on a magisterial, melancholy dignity. Although he was considered a revolutionary 20 years ago, Coleman has always been a melodist, and on *Soapsuds, Soapsuds* his gift for playing pure melody shines as never before.

A note on obtaining these albums may be in order. Independent record labels have been the lifeblood of jazz from the very beginning—without them, we would have few recordings of musicians as seminal as Charlie Parker—but they're not always easy to find. The Chico Freeman, Von Freeman, and David Murray albums are available through New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012, a clearinghouse for a number of small labels, many of them artist-owned. Artists House Records (Ornette Coleman and many other worthy artists record for them) is at 40 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.—*Robert Palmer*

Ray Ross

David Murray: avant-garde.

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OTHELLO

For seven years a man called Othello helped the FBI destroy legitimate political dissent in the United States. This is his story, told exclusively to *Penthouse*.

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

What baseness would you not commit to root out baseness?—Bertolt Brecht

Sometime during the night of March 8, 1971, a leftist group broke into the offices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's resident agency in Media, Pa., and stole a file cabinet of documents. These papers, later made public, revealed that the FBI not only had been carrying out an extensive domestic surveillance program on a wide spectrum of political organizations and black groups but also had been running a top-secret plan to disrupt and destroy these groups.

Many of the papers carried a mysterious heading: COINTELPRO, a now familiar acronym that came to represent a series of abuses unparalleled in American history. (COINTELPRO was shorthand for "Counter Intelligence Program.")

Officially, COINTELPRO died shortly after the Media break-in. Then-FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, fearful of further revelations, ordered an end to the program, and Hoover's successors confessed that it was all a bad mistake. They promised that it would never occur again (although the proposed new charter for the FBI does not prohibit such operations). In 1974 the Justice Department produced a heavily sanitized report about the FBI disruption program—a program that attorneys general called "abhorrent" and "outrageous." Major congressional hearings held a year later outlined the basic scope of the FBI's domestic program, which began in 1956 as an operation designed to disrupt the Communist party and that wound up being directed against American citizens and organizations whose political opinions, the FBI decided, threatened national security. According to what the public was told, the FBI attacked those organizations, most of them so-called extremist black groups, by a variety of dirty tricks designed to discredit or disrupt them.

The tricks—mailing anonymous letters, planting false rumors, and the like—sounded like something out of a perverse fraternity house. They were pretty bad, to be sure, but the worst that the House Intelligence Committee finally could conclude was that the FBI's attempt to stifle political dissent in the United States resulted in this: "Careers were ruined, friendships were severed, reputations sullied, businesses bankrupted, and, in some cases, lives endangered."

"They didn't know the half of it," the man called "Othello" says. He laughs. "Hell, forget about half; they didn't find out a *tenth* of what the bureau was doing—and was still doing long after they said they had stopped." Like what?

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

"Like accessory to murder," he says. "Like arson. Like planting of false evidence. Like supplying weapons and explosives to radical groups. Like violence. Like black-bag jobs [burglaries]. Like frame-ups. Just about anything you can think of and more. And forget what everybody's been told—that the bureau quit messing around with the domestic groups in 1971. I *know* it continued for years after that, and I think it still continues to this day."

Othello should know. From 1968 to 1975 he was a paid undercover operative for the FBI and committed many of the crimes that the congressional committees and the Justice Department failed to uncover. Othello was the code name given to him by the FBI, which ultimately became so pleased with his performance it gave Othello $2,400 a month in cash payments and expenses, making him one of the bureau's highest-paid (and therefore one of its most valued) operatives.

Othello's real name cannot be revealed here. He has been pursued by federal agents and a variety of law-enforcement groups after breaking with the bureau four years ago. Since then he has been on the move, living underground. Over the past several months *Penthouse* has held a series of long interviews with him at various hideouts throughout the country and has carried out an extensive investigation of his career. Not all of what Othello has told *Penthouse* can be verified, but what can be verified—through records, some classified FBI documents, and interviews with witnesses—amounts to a horror story that makes even the admitted excesses by the bureau pale by comparison.

Othello is a defector and an important one. He is one of the few FBI operatives (or "dirty tricksters," as they are sometimes known) ever to have come in out of the cold and been willing to admit a series of self-incriminating actions. His position is untenable: on the one hand, he is being hunted by the law for crimes stemming from his FBI undercover work; on the other hand, a number of groups and individuals he betrayed to the FBI would love to get their hands on him. Their anger is understandable: the damage that Othello caused is difficult to calculate, but a rough accounting would include several organizations completely smashed, at least a dozen people imprisoned, several people murdered, and a legacy of bitterness and anger.

Othello himself is a complex man. Now 30 years old, he is quick and intelligent yet curiously unable to come to grips with his recent past. Often, during his extensive debriefing sessions with *Penthouse*, he became reluctant to admit some of his worst crimes, finding it hard to confess betrayals of people and organizations he had befriended. Those who knew him under various guises cannot pinpoint his character. "He's very hard to figure out," one man whom Othello betrayed said. "To this day, I find it hard to stay mad at him. He's very charming, very bright, really a nice guy. But he's a chameleon: He did whatever the bureau wanted him to do; whatever it took to get what they wanted, he would do. I want to hate him, but I can't, really."

Othello himself says, "I'm not even sure why I did it. The money was one thing; I got to like the money the FBI gave me, got to like the life-style it could give me. After a while I didn't even have feelings about what I was doing. You know, these people I was betraying or the things I was doing just didn't impact on me. I didn't start to think about it until toward the end, and by then it was too late. Maybe I just liked the whole spy game; I don't know."

In the beginning, money was only part of it. After being discharged from the army in 1968, Othello decided to settle in California and began studying television communications at Sacramento State College. At the same time he became vaguely interested in politics (he thought of a television career reporting on black politics) and began visiting several political organizations—many of them black groups—that were flourishing in the political hothouse of the troubled sixties.

> The FBI spent an estimated $7,400,000 for informants and undercover men to wreck the Black Panthers. This was about double what they spent on organized crime.

"One day," Othello says, "I was walking out to the parking lot, and this man stopped me. He identified himself as a special agent of the FBI and then started asking me about a lot of names he read off to me from a little notebook he had. He asked me about Newark, New Jersey, and I said I'd never been there in my life. 'You weren't in Newark a week ago?' he asked me. I said I hadn't. Then he pulled out this manila envelope and showed me a picture. Well, it was a picture of me talking to some people in Newark. Then he said to me, 'Mr. _____, we know you were in military intelligence while you were in the army [that was true], and we'd like you to work for us. We'd make it worth your while.' I told him no; there wasn't enough money to make me a snitch. I knew exactly what he wanted: he wanted me to become a spy, an informant." But the FBI man—who will be referred to as Control One for purposes of this account—was not about to give up that easily, as Othello discovered only a few days later.

"The mistake I made—the worst in my life—was that I needed an oscilloscope for some work I was doing; so I bought one from a guy I didn't know," Othello recounted. "That was stupid. Then I did a second stupid thing: my Veterans Administration check was late, and I needed cash badly; so I decided to hock the oscilloscope. The place I took it to was no problem: an old guy looked at the serial number and said, 'Oh, a very nice instrument.' I was asking only fifty dollars for it, but the guy offered eighty dollars. Then he said he had to go into the back and get the money. I should have realized at that point that something was wrong, but I just stood there, waiting. He gave me the money. I put it in my pocket and walked out—and was met by three guys, who put guns in my face. At first, I thought it was a robbery. 'Go ahead, take the money,' I said. But it was no robbery: it was the police.

"The next thing I knew, I was under arrest for possession of stolen property, burglary, and an assault charge. It turned out that whoever stole the damn thing had knocked out a security guard to get it. I didn't know what the hell to do. The cops were pushing this thing, even though the description of the guy who was supposed to have done it was not even close to what I looked like. But my defense was weak, since I had made the mistake of buying the instrument from somebody I didn't know and he wasn't about to testify for me. I had a lawyer, and finally in court the whole thing was reduced to a charge of possession of stolen property, and I was given summary probation. I decided to leave Sacramento and go down to Los Angeles Community College, which had a good television program."

Shortly after arriving in Los Angeles, Othello again met Control One. As Othello recounts it, Control One said to him, "You need me." Asked why, Control One replied, "To keep you from going to jail for violation of probation." When Othello protested that he had been given a summary probation—requiring that he report his whereabouts every several months—and that he had already reported his move to Los Angeles, Control One said, "No, our records show you have felony probation, which you've now violated. That means you're going to jail for three years, and we'll make sure you go for three years. We better talk."

And so they talked. "He didn't have to tell me what they wanted," Othello says. "He wanted me to spy on the groups I already knew. Also, I knew I was being squeezed. Right after talking with Control One, I called my probation officer and found out that he had suddenly been transferred off my case. The new guy

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knew nothing about any summary probation. Something funny was going on—that's for sure—but what could I do? As a matter of fact, I'll tell you something funny: I didn't even tell my lawyer about any of this until just two years ago, in 1977. He didn't say anything for a while, and then he looked at me and said, 'Well, that's okay; I understand how they set you up. It's strange, because they tried to recruit me, too, but I turned them down.' "

Othello, however, felt he could not. "I had a real fear of jail," he says. "I have terrible claustrophobia, and even the thought of jail puts me in a sweat. Maybe they knew that; I don't know. Whatever, I agreed to work for them."

At the start, it was relatively low-level stuff. Given the code name Othello—apparently a wry reference to his general resemblance to the Shakespearean and operatic Moor—he was instructed to spy on a number of groups, including Socialist and leftist organizations, with special emphasis on black groups. To do so, Othello was to pose as an interested but politically immature *naïf* trying to understand a particular group's program to see whether he wanted to join it.

"Then they started to test me on something a little heavier," Othello says. "They'd tell me to go to some Black Panther office, for example, and steal somebody's phone book. Little stuff like that, just to see if I would follow orders and if I was capable of carrying out such assignments. To start with, they were paying me about fifty dollars a week; later that went to one hundred dollars a week, then to two hundred dollars, and in the later years I was paid six hundred dollars every two weeks, plus a similar amount in expenses. The way it worked was this: your control agent would apply to FBI headquarters for the money you were to be paid. He would get a check; he'd cash that check and give you cash. I had to sign for it, and all expenses they reimbursed me for had to have receipts. They were very strict about money, very careful."

But the bureau was being less careful about the U.S. Constitution. Othello was unaware of it, but right around the time he was recruited to work undercover for the FBI (*dragooned* is possibly a better word), J. Edgar Hoover had sent a memo to his field offices, ordering the enlistment of agents provocateurs to infiltrate radical groups and encourage them to take radical action—the more radical the better, presumably part of Hoover's attempt to discredit domestic dissidents. In particular, Hoover demanded strong action against various black groups, especially the Black Panthers. With that carte blanche, FBI agents went to work, particularly on the West Coast, where nearly all the major dissident political movements had been born. (The Black Panthers had started in Oakland, Calif., and an alphabet soup of various leftist groups had sprung up in Berkeley, Calif.)

"Ah, Miss Tribley, this is my son. I'd like him to start at the bottom."

Othello was also unaware of the fact that he was about to play a key role in this underground war, although he had a sense that the FBI's interest in the organizations on which he was supposed to be spying extended beyond simple information gathering. "Right from the word go," he says, "it was made very clear to me that the bureau was prepared to do *anything* to get the people they really didn't like, the people they felt had to be gotten rid of. Most of the ones they hated were the black extremists; Control One had a real hang-up about blacks. He was a racist sonofabitch, and I had the feeling that things were going to get very nasty."

They did, and even faster than Othello thought. He noticed that an increasing amount of his undercover work was connected with black radicals, primarily the Black Panthers. The Black Panther party, as it was officially known, had been founded in 1966 in Oakland by two junior-college students named Bobby Seale and Huey P. Newton. The party had a ten-point program, including a free breakfast plan for ghetto children and other similar social services, but public attention focused on the party's violent rhetoric, especially its routine reference to police as "pigs" and its insistence that blacks in American ghettos should be armed for what they were certain was a "revolutionary struggle" with the "white ruling class." The Panther philosophy spread like wildfire in the ghettos, and by 1968 the party had 4,000 members in 38 chapters. Summarily, the Panthers became what Hoover considered a major threat, and in memos to his agents, he ordered an all-out war.

"I was told," says Othello, "that the sky was not the limit with the Panthers—it was the whole goddamn universe. At that time my role was basically infiltration; I would work my way into the Panthers and their various headquarters and later do very detailed layouts of the inside for Control One. These were used in various raids and burglaries on the buildings; the idea was to find guns or drugs so Panthers could be busted on those charges. Then it started to get very heavy. There was another organization on the West Coast at that time, called United Slaves (US), run by a maniac named Ron Karenga. He didn't like the Black Panthers; so the FBI started to foment a war between the two groups so they would kill each other off. The bureau began by sending anonymous letters from somebody or other to both groups; one letter from a Panther would say that so-and-so is a police informant; another, from a US member, would claim the opposite. These two groups didn't like each other, but by the time the bureau got finished with them, they wound up hating each other. For example, the bureau was using informants to pose as Panthers who would beat up US members; I did that once myself. That kind of stuff."

That was only part of it. At the same

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

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Our auburn-haired, 22-year-old Eurasian import speaks in a voice as appealingly soft as her cherry-blossom complexion. "My parents nicknamed me 'Haiku,' " Loni Sanders explains with a scrutably sensuous smile, 'because I reminded them so much of that Japanese poetry form: elusive, condensed, delicate, and *very* rich in feeling."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Though Haiku's smoothly shaped five-foot, 34-22-35-inch form is an aesthetic masterpiece, she wonders if her exotically Oriental look will preclude her from fashion modeling.

"Luckily, though," she consoles herself, "men seem to find that my kind of beauty never goes out of style—and I'm the perfect companion for men who prefer to travel light!"

Traveling, in fact, is Haiku's chief passion. "I'll go almost anywhere at the drop of a hat," says she. "I love being pampered by well-traveled men of the world, having breakfast in New York, then arriving in Paris or Rome that evening for a meal in a truly continental restaurant."

Art gallery courtesy of The Art Connection, L.A., Calif.; Hair and makeup by Deborah Tischler, L.A., Calif.

Her peaceful countenance notwithstanding, Haiku describes herself as a war baby. "My American father and Japanese mother met when he was working as a reconnaissance pilot during the Korean War," she explains. "It was love at first flight—and I was the happy result!" If our sweet and stunning Haiku is any indication, she makes us wish that all present-day East-West tensions could have such a rapturous resolution!

THE SQUEEZE

Read this article before you allow 490,802 politicians to extract more than $250 billion from your vanishing bank account.

BY JAMES DALE DAVIDSON

Item: The $659,000 question was, Which is the best way to alert people to the dangers of an imminent earthquake? Television? Letter? Newspaper? Or skywriting? The answer: television. The government spent two years and $659,000 of your tax money to figure that out.

Item: A woman employed by the Office of Education objected that she did not get free parking like most government employees. So she traded a government credit card to a parking-lot attendant, who then tore up her tickets. He used the card to steal $8,000 from government supply houses. When this fraud was uncovered, the woman was not even fired. Only

months later, after several exposés in the *Washington Post*, was she grudgingly dismissed by superiors, who had not wanted to create "a hardship" for a filching bureaucrat.

Item: The Energy Research and Development Administration recently announced the existence of a $10 million fund earmarked to help solve the energy shortage. A Michigan researcher inquired about receiving grant money from the fund. Sorry, said ERDA, only $1 million was left; the other $9 million had gone for "administrative expenses."

Item: So much funny-money has been printed by politicians to cover their debts that today a dollar bill is worth less than a silver dime was 15 years ago. Worse, even a Confederate dollar bill, backed by a government defunct for more than a century, is worth *eight times* as much as the dollar bill that is now being printed by the government in Washington.

These are some of the reasons why seven out of ten American families have less *real* purchasing power as the 1980s begin than they had in 1969. Taxes, taxes, and more taxes have reduced their standard of living. In 1968 the per-capita tax bill was $1,096. By 1979 it had climbed to $2,686. Government-caused inflation and stupid government regulations have raised your cost of living even higher. According to the most recent government figures, there are 490,802 elected officials in the United

States (this, of course, does not include the uncounted millions of bureaucrats and clerks who are also on the public payroll). This year these politicians will make American citizens pay $250 billion in income taxes alone.

You should be scared. Deep-down, bone-marrow scared. Your way of life depends upon a sound economy and a sound America. But politicians are destroying the basis of your prosperity and the future of your children. No matter how hard you work and save, you may never enjoy the benefits you're entitled to. The politicians have seen to that. They've seized every cent of yours they could lay their hands on, wasted exorbitant sums, rewarded themselves with automatic pay raises and royal privileges that would have made the crown heads of Europe blush.

Through it all, the politicians have managed to heap indignities upon you as a taxpayer that the courts would not tolerate in the case of the vilest criminal. As far as the IRS is concerned, you are guilty until proven innocent. A criminal charged with eating babies would not be obliged to incriminate himself. Evidence against him could not be seized without a court order and probable cause, as guaranteed by the Constitution. But as a taxpayer you don't have that privilege. The IRS could be investigating you right now, on a random basis—for no better reason than the fact that some agent doesn't like your name. Any evidence it obtains, by any method, however underhanded and illegal, will be used to raise your taxes if *it* so chooses. If you don't like it, you have to prove that you do not owe the money.

This is next to impossible, because the tax laws are so vague, obscure, and contradictory that almost anyone is bound to be in violation of some provision of the law. In fact, Nobel Prize–winning economist Milton Friedman once estimated that almost any American could be convicted of some technical violation of the tax code if the government so chose. The laws and regulations themselves drag out to more than 30 shelf feet of the most forbidding prose in English. The IRS itself admits that taxpayers do not understand what this accumulated gibberish means. According to an official summary reported in IRS Document 6230, TCMP Phase III, Cycle 3, "almost half of all returns are filed in error. . . ."

This itself creates a kind of injustice. Because no one knows what the laws are, everyone is at the mercy of the IRS and other government officials who administer and interpret the law. Every citizen and every business must know that the government therefore has an arbitrary power to impose staggering, even ruinous, costs on those whom it dislikes. This is a potent motive, stifling dissent and making for docile citizens. Almost everyone who has resources to protect must be aware that the government, as Nixon proved with his IRS enemies list, can make those who disagree the objects of IRS harassment.

Laws that are incomprehensible, as the tax law surely is, are fundamentally tyrannical, as America's founders knew. They knew that brevity and comprehensibility of law are basic principles of a just society. Edward Billing, who drafted the state constitution and the first laws of New Jersey, raged, "Let the law be printed that everyone may know that law which he is subject to, to the intent that no man may be condemned by a law he neither knows or ever heard of or understands."

Our politicians today don't pay much attention to the principles of the founding fathers. In fact, just about the only notice that the founding fathers get in Congress today is on the paper money the politicians print. We have politicians who believe in nothing but seeing their own names in the newspapers. The kind of government they give us is a government without principle. We are all victims of a system that has evolved outside our control and that we scarcely understand. There are thousands of historical and logical connections that explain how a system of Jeffersonian democracy was perverted during two centuries into the biggest government in history. The principle that the government which governs least governs the best has been replaced by organized pillage and freebooting. If you really want to understand what the system is and how it works, consider the following catalog of outrages. They reveal more about government today than any civics book will.

> As far as the IRS is concerned, you are guilty until proven innocent. Any evidence it obtains, by any method, will be used to raise your taxes if it so chooses.

The best-kept secret in politics: the $5,000 penalty your family pays for big government. In a healthy economy, everyone's income rises. New investments, new jobs, and greater productivity mean more for all. As President Kennedy put it, "A rising tide lifts all boats."

In the 1950s and 1960s real income in America increased by an average of 35 percent each decade. Since 1970 the average real-income gain (which should be about $5,000) has shrunk to almost nothing. Inflation, high taxes, and heavy-handed government regulation are the reasons.

You work hard to build for the future. The politicians take it away. The day comes when everyone wants to retire, or at least take it easy a bit to enjoy the earnings from a lifetime of hard work. Many Americans work for private businesses from which they earn private pension benefits. These benefits barely increase after a worker retires because they are paid out in dollars. The value of dollars is controlled by politicians. The more dollars they print, the less each dollar is worth. Politicians have printed so many billions of new dollars that it now takes 13 percent more of them to meet last year's living costs. At that rate, the real purchasing power of a $10,000-a-year pension in 1980 would be cut to $7,569 by 1982, $4,984 by 1985, and only $2,484 by the end of this decade. By 1995, at today's rates of inflation, a $10,000 pension would buy only $1,238 worth of goods.

Do you want to know a reason why your taxes keep going up? Try the fact that the government is an easy mark for theft and corruption. In fact, it's so pathetically easy to steal from the government that perpetrators are rarely caught and even more rarely punished. The total lost to theft and corruption, by official estimates, could exceed $50 billion a year. That sum is greater than the total individual income tax payments of 45 million of the 87 million persons who file individual income tax returns.

Think of it: the government *lost* the income tax paid into the treasury by a majority of America's taxpayers.

On a personal level, you are paying slightly less than $800 a year for nothing. Not for services, roads, assistance for the needy, education, the national defense—anything. *That part of your tax payments disappears.*

How could so much waste and corruption exist? Consider these examples.

Item: According to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's own estimate, more than $7 billion is lost or stolen from its programs each year.

Item: A low-ranking Department of Transportation employee was finally caught after he stole $856,000 of taxpayers' money. How? He was apprehended only after his neighbors complained repeatedly that the 16 luxury automobiles he purchased left them no place to park.

Item: The General Accounting Office says that fraud is costing as much as $25 billion in the government's economic-assistance programs alone. That is twice the total national government expenditures of India—with its 600 million people. Says the GAO: *"Opportunities for defrauding the government are virtually limitless."*

Partly because politicians are unwilling to eliminate rampant fraud, waste, and cor-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

Countdown to the Eighties

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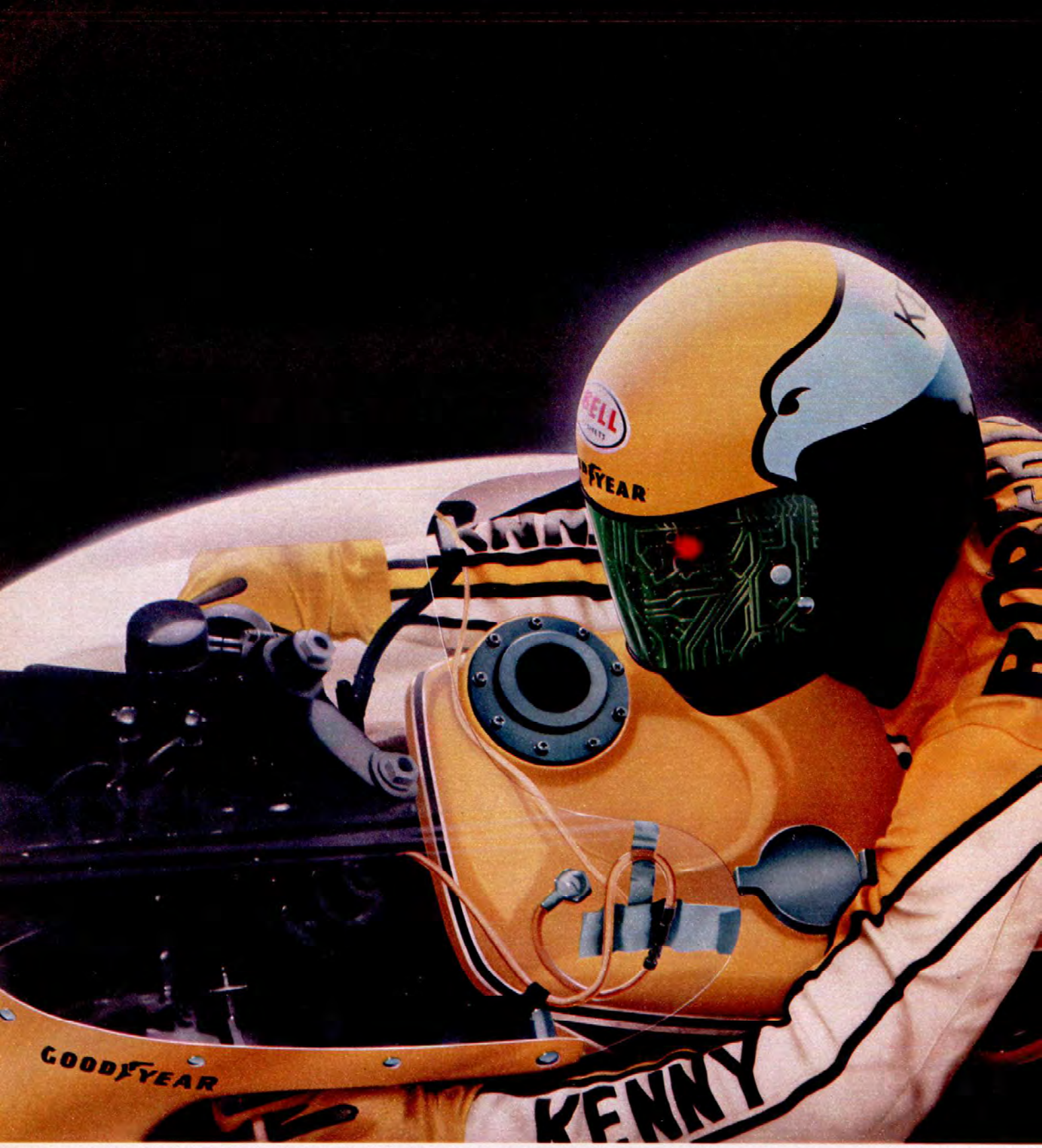
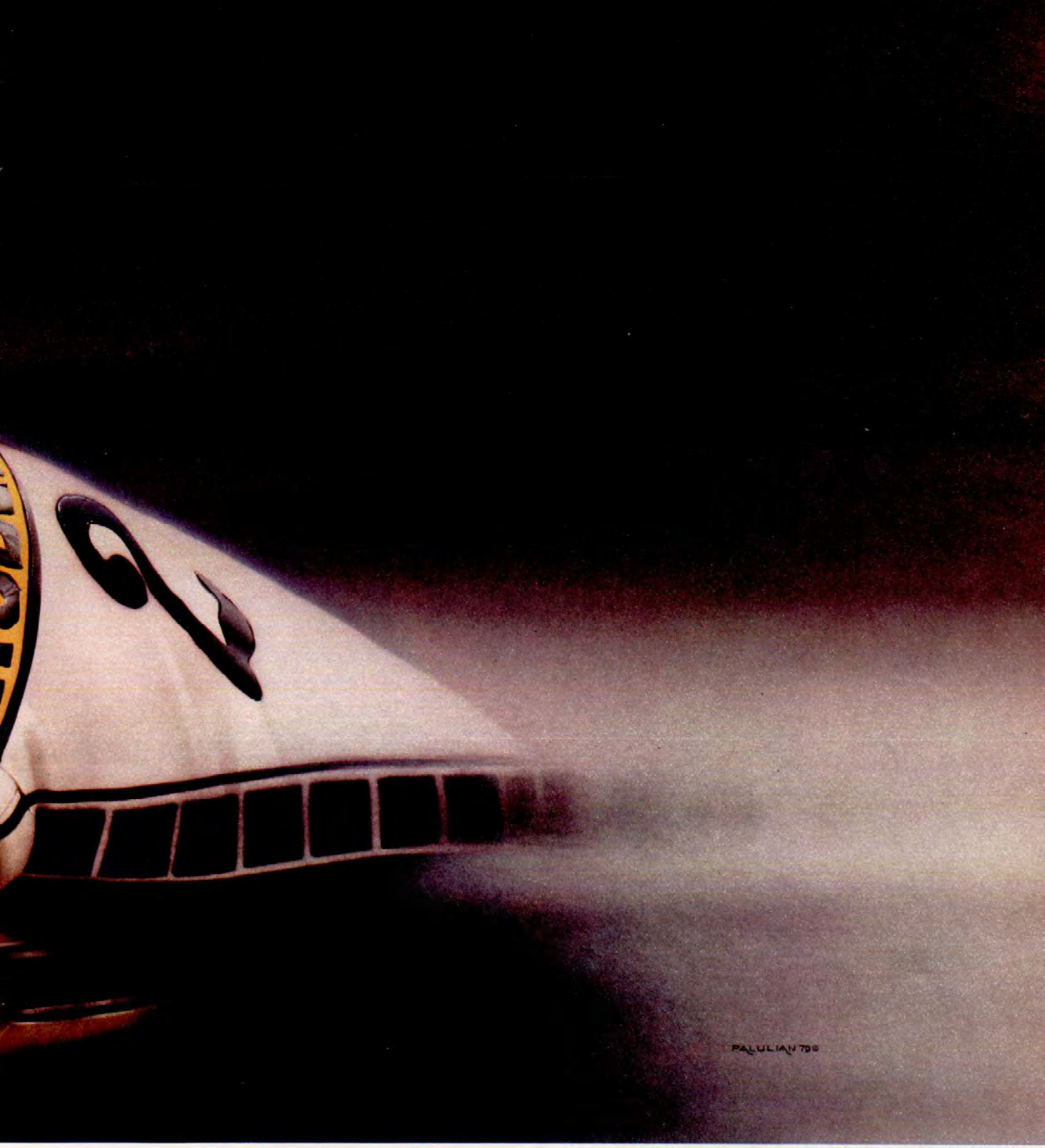


The world-champion motorcycle racer is a working-class hero with a one-track mind.

KENNY ROBERTS

LEADER OF THE PACK

BY JOSEPH B. TREASTER



The starting flag went down, and Kenny Roberts, a 27-year-old Californian, and 37 other world-class motorcycle racers broke into a run with their streamlined bikes, knees pumping, soft leather boots digging into the macadam. The four-cylinder Suzukis fired first, wailing so loudly that Roberts knew that his own machine had come to life only when he saw the orange-tipped needle on his tachometer swing sharply off zero. In an instant he was crouched atop the yellow-and-black Yamaha like a thoroughbred jockey, knees up high, torso canted forward, shooting ahead with the throttle rolled back hard. The wide rear tire took a firmer bite on the pavement as the full weight of his 136 pounds came down on the thin leather seat and the front wheel pawed the air. The wheel came down, Roberts punched second gear, and it lofted again. Then he hit third gear, and at more than 120 miles an hour he was cranked over to his right, arching through the first turn in the 1979 German Grand Prix.

Only 40 days earlier Kenny Roberts, the reigning world champion in the fastest, most sophisticated motorcycle competition and the first American to break Europe's hold on the title, had suffered the most serious injuries of his

career in a 100-mile-an-hour crash during a test run in Japan. His back was aching, and he had a deep road burn the size of a baseball just below his right knee. A few nights earlier he'd relived the accident in a dream and woken up terrified.

But you couldn't tell any of that as he brought the bike up out of that first turn and went for sixth gear, flashing past a thick stand of pines, chin down hard on the aluminum gas tank, knees pressing into the indentations on the sides, hands gripping the stubby, down-slanted handlebars. Roberts was running 165 miles an hour as he sat up to let the wind catch his chest and legs and began downshifting and braking for the chicane.

By now he and the others were out of sight, and the starting grid was quiet. In a little under two minutes, Wil Hartog, the Dutch champion, would sweep past the grandstand on his blue-and-white Suzuki, followed closely by Virginio Ferrari, the Italian champion, on another Suzuki. Then, 50 yards behind the leader, came Roberts. By the third lap he would move up to second place. But he could do no better.

Nevertheless, it was a creditable ride for a man the doctors had said would be out of action for four months. The previous week, on a track he'd liked better, Roberts had won the Austrian Grand Prix. The next week he went on to take the Italian Grand Prix. Then it was the Spanish Grand Prix; an exhibition race at Sears Point, Calif., in which he rode a 500 cc bike against the larger 750s; the Yugoslav Grand Prix; and the Dutch Tourist Trophy race. He finished fourth in the Swedish Grand Prix because the single shock absorber that runs down the middle of his Yamaha suddenly gave out and the bike began bouncing uncontrollably, and a week later, in Finland, he ran off the track during a rainstorm and came in sixth.

Roberts kept piling up points and by the end of the season, the world championship was his for a second year. He had clashed repeatedly with officials of the *Federation Internationale Motorcycliste*, the international race sanctioning body, arguing for more prize money and more attention to safety. By late last summer he was trying to persuade the best international motorcycle racers to break away from the F.I.M. and compete in a "World Series" that he was trying to organize.

Changing the fundamental structure of international road racing was slow and dicey business. As the start of the 1980 season approached it was not clear where the rebellion would lead. Already, though, the F.I.M. had responded to the challenge by greatly increasing race purses.

Kenny Roberts, small, sandy-haired, boyish-looking, from a part of California some say is so rural that it could almost be Texas, may be the finest motorcycle racer America has ever produced. With earnings expected to reach close to a million dollars this year, he is certainly the highest paid.

Roberts started racing dirt bikes when he was 14 years old. He was wild and fast. The first time out, his mother recalls, it seemed as if he fell down at every corner. By his third race he was still falling down, but he went home to Modesto, 80 miles west of San Francisco, with the first-place trophy. He dropped out of high school in the eleventh grade to go professional and that year, at the age of 18, won enough races to become the American Motorcycle Association's national novice champion. The next year he was the national junior champion, and two years later, in 1973, having completed his apprenticeship, Roberts became the youngest racer ever to win the grand national championship, a medley of dirt and road races in which he defeated the fastest, most seasoned riders in the country. At 21, he was at the pinnacle of American motorcycling. He took the title again the next year by an even greater margin, becoming the second racer ever to win all five categories of competition—from one-quarter-mile dirt track to high-speed road racing. Then, after three years in which accidents and mechanical failures cost him the championship, Roberts decided to take a shot at the world road-racing title.

> I get excited about going through a corner perfect at one hundred fifty. That's exciting to me. Getting married didn't excite me.

A handful of American motorcycle racers had previously ventured into world-championship competition, the two-wheel equivalent of Formula I car racing, but there had never been anyone else like Kenny Roberts. He did not go to Europe in 1978 to get acquainted with Continental racing. He went to win. And to the dismay of the Europeans, he said so. "I'm not a finish rider," Roberts would tell anybody who asked. "I don't like to ride around to finish. I like to win." When they'd ask whether he thought he could beat a certain competitor, says the then current champion, Barry Sheene of England, Roberts would reply, "If I didn't think I could beat him, I wouldn't be here."

Roberts either didn't know what the Europeans wanted to hear or didn't care. In any case he just played himself, as he always does, Mr. Honest, Straightforward American. To the Europeans he was your dictionary definition of *arrogant*.

What made it even worse was that he rode a motorcycle as if he were part of the standard factory equipment. His style was disconcerting. He would go into the turns slower than the Europeans, but long before they had the power back on, he would have the throttle wide open, his back wheel spinning and sliding, the bike vaulting ahead. Instead of staying centered on the bike, as so many Europeans had in the past, he would lean off to one side to lower the center of gravity and shoot through the turns with one knee scraping the pavement. When he was really going fast, he would have the bike so far over the engine that casings would be dragging.

Because it was his first year in Europe and because he was unfamiliar with the circuits, Roberts raced in three classes: 250 cc, 500 cc, and 750 cc. It made for a heavy work load, but, he figured, it tripled the time he could get to learn the race courses, and it gave him a chance at three titles.

As Roberts piled up wins, the Europeans began to picture him as a creature from outer space, a computerized robot: cold, nerveless, a perfectly designed mechanism for winning motorcycle races. There was even a cartoon showing him stepping out of a flying saucer.

But they hadn't bothered to talk to him. In fact, as Roberts recalls, it was rather icy in the pits that first year. Up close, Roberts is an engaging personality. In the week I spent with him, he joked and bantered with anyone who came by. There was none of the princely posturing of so many champions and public figures, and he was rarely rude, even to the most irritating people. Probably because of his size (he tops out at five feet six), his playful nature, his apparent openness, and his proclivity for jeans, shorts, billboard T-shirts, and sneakers, Roberts comes across at first like a little boy. This quality dissolves, however, when business is at hand. In the pits with his team of five mechanics and technicians, he has the spare, commanding manner of a general. And no American motorcycle racer has ever driven a harder bargain with sponsors and race promoters. Women must connect with the little boy. They look into his faded-blue-jean eyes, they say, and see warmth and gentleness. He is extremely intelligent. He has no formal training in engineering, but he can discuss the performance of his bike—the engine, the gearing, the suspension, the tires—with unusual clarity. More than that, he is often able to recommend solutions to problems. "Kenny probably knows more about motorcycle tires than anybody at Goodyear," says Ian Norris, the big, congenial publicist paid by Goodyear, Yamaha, and Bell Helmets to travel with

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Roberts. He is also one of the best-spoken figures in motorcycling, responding easily to television and print interviewers with no sign of nervousness before the cameras.

For all of this, though, it is not entirely surprising that the Europeans thought of Roberts as an automaton. He is a fanatic about motorcycle racing. He doesn't sport about in discotheques or chase women. He doesn't read Shakespeare, listen to opera, or search out the great art treasures of Europe. He is not a big fan of baseball or football, and he rarely goes to movies. He watches his diet, takes vitamins, stays away from alcohol, gets plenty of sleep, jogs a little, punches the speed bag, plays racket ball and golf, mainly because he believes that these things are good for his racing. Roberts is proud of his three children, Kenny junior, five, Kristy, three, and Kurtis, one, and he speaks warmly of his wife, Patty. But marriage, one of the most important events in the lives of most people, hadn't been "such a big deal" to him. "I don't get excited about too many things," he says. "I get excited about going through a corner perfect at one hundred fifty. That's exciting to me. Getting married didn't excite me."

By now many of the other racers have grown to like Roberts. He shares their working-class background, they've learned. He's "normal," they say, an okay guy. The roof of the 25-foot-long motor home that Roberts travels in makes an excellent platform for watching races, and often some of his toughest opponents on the track climb up to take a look.

One night before the Italian Grand Prix, I had dinner at the Hotel Molino Rosso in Imola with Wilhelm Nimag, the stocky, gray-haired sponsor of Wil Hartog, and his wife. We were talking about Roberts.

"He's like Muhammad Ali," said Nimag, who was wearing a tweed sport coat and slacks. "He has a big mouth. But he's a very good competitor, and when you're with him, he's very nice. He's a good friend of all the people in the pit area. If he can help you, he will. He is not above the other people."

After finishing second to Hartog at the Hockenheim Motodrom in Germany, Roberts dropped by at his trailer with a bottle of champagne and a handshake. And they're still talking about that.

Watching Kenny Roberts ride a motorcycle is like watching Joe Namath throw a football, like watching Mikhail Baryshnikov in flight. It is art approaching magic, incomprehensible in its grace and elegance, its precision, its force. When Roberts is on the race track, it is as if the other racers are the chorus. Now and then one of the others will challenge him, sometimes even cross the finish line ahead of him. But he has a presence and a manner on the bike that sets him apart from the others. "He doesn't make the mental and physical errors the others do," said a fan who's been following Roberts for years. "He's so smooth. And he goes so quickly."

They keep asking Kenny Roberts what makes him go so fast. It is like asking Farrah Fawcett where she got her good looks. Roberts is as mystified as anyone else. He can tell you something about the way he behaves, but he can't tell you why.

From the time he was a little boy, for example, he remembers being obsessively competitive. He had to be the captain of the sandlot baseball team, had to be the quarterback in the fall. When he learned to play table tennis not long ago, he wouldn't let up until he had beaten the man who'd taught him. On the race track he just won't run with the pack. In Germany this year he could have had an easy second place. Instead, he pressed. And although he never got out front, he set a lap record as he narrowed the winner's lead, and he had the more than 100,000 spectators going wild. Another five laps, any one of them would have told you, and Roberts would have had it.

> As Roberts piled up wins, the Europeans began to picture him as a computerized robot: cold, nerveless, a perfectly designed mechanism for winning motorcycle races.

Something inside Roberts seems to operate like a gyroscope: no matter how far over he leans the motorcycle, he usually pops back up. Friends have seen him riding in the woods, bounce off a dirt embankment, take the bark off a couple of trees, clear a log in his path, and never break stride. His sense of balance is such that he can ride an ordinary motorcycle reared up on the back wheel for more than a mile. His body and the motorcycle unite as if one so that he senses a new vibration, a new sound, as quickly as he would a pulsating vein. In a practice session not long ago, Roberts was rocketing down a long straightaway with only the wind and high-pitched song of the four-cylinder engine in his ears. He thought he heard the exhaust note falter for a millisecond and then resume. His mechanics opened the engine and found a malfunctioning bearing that would surely have forced him out of the next day's race. Instead, he won.

Roberts may not be able to explain his natural ability. But he has been meticulous in exploiting it. When he was a boy, he practiced to exhaustion. He still feels cheated and uneasy if, for some reason, his time on the track before a race is cut short.

When he tries to talk about going fast, he casts himself as a computer. It is a 1970s man struggling with the concept of single-mindedness. He keeps using the word *program*.

"You have to program yourself," he says. "You have to program the bike. I go fast for several reasons. There are a lot of things you program. One is your mental attitude. I go faster because I think about it.

"You can't just go out there and go one hundred eighty miles an hour," he continued. "You have to build up your mind to the speed. You have to program yourself. Every one-tenth of a second you go faster, there's a reason. You're programming your brain. You don't just go faster. It's the guy who makes his brain react faster that wins the race."

The brain is where he figures the stress is concentrated. It is where he finds his edge. It is also what he figures will retire him.

He tapped his right temple with a crooked finger one afternoon. "It wears out," he said. "It has to."

Beyond the mind, Roberts says, it is the forearms, the shoulders, and the wrists of the racer that take the beating. "Every three seconds you're grabbing another gear," he says. "You're lifting four carburetors. Every time you shut off, you lift yourself up, the right hand clamps the brake lever, the left hand is on the clutch. If you concentrate too hard, it tends to knot up your arms. The slick tires make it harder, too. There's a lot of traction. It's harder to move the motorcycle."

Roberts never much liked the taste of alcohol, but he's careful not to have even one beer within three or four days of a race because it diminishes his muscle tone.

He is always searching for perfection, driving himself and his team to find it. "Kenny never says he's satisfied with anything—the bike, the tires, nothing," said Ian Norris. "And this is his secret. He's always looking for ways to make it better. He learns from his wins and his losses. He doesn't rationalize the losses. He's a satisfying man to work for, although you never get praise."

One morning over a big German breakfast with me and Norris and Tim Miller, the 27-year-old Goodyear engineer on the team, Michael Baldwin, a blond, 24-year-old road racer from Darien, Conn., who looks and sounds more like a skier than a motorcyclist, recalled being at Daytona one year with Roberts. "Everybody was going one hundred seventy-five, and he was going one hundred eighty," Baldwin said. "He came in and said, 'It's not going fast enough.' "

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Roberts is hardly off the motorcycle after a race before he is running through the imperfections. What is on his mind is not how well he got off the starting line, not how coolly he handled the high-speed turn, but what went wrong. In the German Grand Prix it had been the gearing, too low for the slow corners, too high for many of the faster ones; there had been problems with both brakes, and the composition of the tire he'd selected for the rear wheel had been too hard and hadn't gripped the pavement properly.

In the dining alcove of his motor home after the German race, Roberts would sit up for a while and then stretch out on one of the plaid-covered foam-rubber benches next to the table to take the strain off his back. Maekawa Kazunori, a 29-year-old Yamaha factory engineer, was leaning with his back against the sink, taking notes on a clipboard. Tim Miller, the Goodyear man whom the others sometimes call "Gumball," was next to Kazunori. Sparky Edmonston, a curly-haired old racing friend of Roberts who once mooned an American camera crew that was filming in a small Italian town and who had come to Europe to work with the Lectron carburetors the team wanted to use on the Yamaha, had propped himself up in a high-backed swivel chair near the windshield. Half a dozen international journalists and a good-looking German woman were squeezed in around Roberts.

Kel Carruthers, a former world-champion road racer from Australia who manages the team, poked his head through the doorway of the motor home.

"It quit on me, Kel," Roberts said. "The motor quit on the last lap. I thought I was out of gas; so I nursed it in."

Carruthers, a small, solidly built man with thinning, gray hair curling over his collar, made a face. "Maybe it was the ignition," he offered. "Was it under acceleration?"

"Yeah, under acceleration."

Because of the trouble with the rear tire and the gearing, Roberts had found himself skating into some of the turns far too fast for comfort. "I started to lose the front end," he said, "and it scared me."

The German woman was having a hard time figuring out Roberts. She thought he'd run a pretty impressive race. But there was all this complaining.

"Still," she asked Roberts finally, "you are happy?"

Roberts cranked his head around toward her quizzically. "Yeah, yeah," he said. "I'm happy. I'm happy I didn't fall on my ass. That's what I'm happy about."

At ten minutes to eleven that Sunday night, after he'd telephoned his wife in Modesto, talked to Kenny junior and Kristy, and packed in a Wiener schnitzel dinner at the Motodrom Hotel, Roberts climbed behind the wheel of the motor home, shoved a Merle Haggard cassette into the tape deck, and headed for the autobahn. I was up in the big swivel chair next to him, and Sparky was on a bench next to the table. We were going to visit a French motor-sports publicist in Évian, France, on the south shore of Lake Geneva, and then continue on to Imola, Italy, for the next Grand Prix.

Roberts is not much on scenery; so he prefers driving at night, when there is less traffic. "When I'm driving, I'm always thinking about the next race or the race I just ran," he said. "There are always little things you could have done better; I could have taken a little wider line on number-three corner; the gearing was off on one and two corners. Just now I was thinking about the fast corner at Imola. You can make up a lot of time if you can get through that corner good."

We were out on the highway now, and the 12,000-pound box of a motor home was crashing through the German night at 85 miles an hour. Coming out of Milan a few days later, we would be clipping

> His sense of balance is such that he can ride an ordinary motorcycle reared up on the back wheel for more than a mile.

along at 95. By then we would have passed through the Alps, and Roberts would have shown me the high, mountain curve that he took so hard last year, with his family aboard, that he slung Kenny junior and Kristy out of their bunks and onto the floor. "Boy, was Kristy mad," he said. "She came running up here, yelling, 'Daddy, *you* stop that!' "

"I hope we're going the right way," he called back to Sparky. "We'll probably end up in Russia." Well, not Russia. But as it turned out, we were heading north when we should have been heading south. Roberts found an exit ramp, got us pointed in the right direction, and put the hammer down again.

At 2:30 A. M. he pulled into a deserted rest area, and we all climbed into sleeping bags in the motor home bunks. At about eight o'clock I rolled over, and there was Roberts doing sit-ups on his bunk. Then it was trunk twists in the aisle. He'd put water on to boil, and he made himself a cup of Nescafe with a big splash of milk. I rolled over, still sleepy. Then: *Blam. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Blam. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.* It was Roberts working the speed bag.

A while later, behind the wheel again, sipping coffee, Roberts consulted his road atlas. "Shit," he said. "Sparky, give me my card file." He wanted the address of Bernard Cahier, the motor-sports publicist. Roberts had been heading for Zurich. Cahier's home was near Geneva.

"Well, we didn't go but five or six miles out of the way," he said, jamming a fresh cassette into the tape deck and wheeling onto the highway. I could tell I was going to like traveling with Roberts. I never go anywhere that I don't make at least two or three wrong turns. And, like Roberts, I just smile and go flying right on past my next turnoff. When we missed the turn for Bologna, we were all hungry and Roberts didn't want to go looking for an exit. So when he found a spot where he could cut across the expressway, he shut off the motor home's headlights and hooked a quick U-turn.

The motor home, a big, cream-colored box with a gold stripe down the side, is like an American space capsule for Roberts. It is home for him wherever he is. There are Cokes in the refrigerator, and when he doesn't feel like hassling with the restaurants, he'll grill a steak and fry some potatoes. In the mornings he likes to crisp a couple of strips of bacon and then, while they're still sizzling, fry a couple of eggs on top.

In the pits the motor home becomes an office, too. He sits for interviews at the dining table and negotiates deals with sponsors and race promoters there. To get a close look at Roberts, fans wait beyond a string festooned with pennants. In Italy they kept chanting, "Ken-ny! Ken-ny!" and he would pop out with a felt-tipped pen to put his signature on helmets and photographs, T-shirts and jackets.

Carruthers, who at 41 has become something of a father figure to Roberts, travels in a slightly larger, air-conditioned motor home. He had a small library with such authors as James Jones and Irwin Shaw and a videotape machine on which he shows a half-hour film on Roberts called *King Kenny* and movies like *The Wild Geese* and *Coma*.

Roberts's two mechanics, Knobby Clark, 43, a Rhodesian who has tuned for nine world champions in 19 years, and Trevor Tilbury, 28, a South African who came to Europe hoping to race but became one of the finest technicians in the business, take turns driving the yellow-and-black Mercedes van marked "Team Yamaha." In the van are two identical 281-pound Yamaha road racers with stubby, water-cooled, four-cylinder 500 cc engines of aluminum and magnesium, each developing 135 horsepower. There are an entire spare engine, shelves full of spare parts, several extra magnesium wheels, and an assortment of tires of varying shapes and composition.

Roberts and the others are bound together by mutual respect, admiration,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

ANNIE

"I like to nest in bed with my lover, making love in as many ways as our wild imaginations allow."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

"Sometimes I wish I were really statuesque," sighs Annie Hockersmith, our adorably diminutive April Pet of the Month, "but I try to comfort myself with that old saying 'Little things mean a lot!'" Though she'll never be a heavyweight champion at just over five feet and just under a hundred pounds, our flyweight beauty still makes a sizable impression with her masses of blonde tendrils and a perfectly engineered 35-24-35-inch figure. "After all," she quips, "during this energy crisis, compact models like me are in great demand."

Though a girl like Annie could make an entire career out of just looking pretty, she is far more ambitious than that. "Right now I'm taking modern-dance lessons in my hometown of Baton Rouge," she tells us, "and I'm working several nights a week as a professional go-go dancer. But I guess that's really small-time. My big goal is to go to New York and dance on Broadway."

"You'll be able to recognize me," adds Annie, with a dazzling opening-night smile. "I'll be the girl on the end, where the line tapers off!" One reason for her ambition, she confides, is that she was orphaned at an early age and learned a lot about self-reliance as a result.

"Appearing in Penthouse *has given me confidence. I've even gotten a little bit cocky lately!"*

... Instead of calling these pictures cheesecake, we ought to call them shortcake!

Despite her longing for the glamorous life, Annie continues to cultivate her domestic inclinations. "I guess I want the home I never really had," she explains. "I love to barbeque outdoors with my boyfriend, decorate the apartment we share, and have company over for Sunday brunches." But most of all, she admits, "I like to nest in bed all day with my lover, just watching soap operas, reading magazines, and—of course—making love in as many ways as our wild imaginations allow."

Annie's favorite sexual fantasy is to command her lover to tie her up ("gently!") with silk scarves. "Then," declares our less-than-terrible tyrant, "I'd make him work me over from head to toe, touching me everywhere and in any way I happen to desire!" Another pet fantasy, she adds demurely, is "to have a pretty girl accompany my boyfriend and me in bed."

Swimwear courtesy of Connie Banko, Miami, Fla.; jewelry courtesy of The Bijou Box, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

"Obviously, appearing as a centerfold in *Penthouse* is a fantasy come true. It's made me finally believe all the compliments I get about my looks and sex appeal, and it's given me a lot more confidence in myself. In fact," she confides, "my boyfriend claims I've even gotten a little bit cocky lately!"

"Besides, I've always thought that it's a lot of fun to pose in the nude, especially if you're as much of a natural flirt as I am . . . I guess that instead of calling these pictures cheesecake, we really ought to call them shortcake!"

When asked what she considers to be her greatest strong point, Annie is quick with her answer: "I'm a really fast, shrewd judge of character. Maybe it's from growing up in several foster homes, but I know right away if someone's good for me or not—especially a man!" Though her future looks bright, Annie cheerfully admits, "I'm not exactly sure what my next move will be." If in doubt, Little Orphan Annie, come nest in *our* house.

MISS ANNIE HOCKERSMITH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

For years an argument has raged over the degree to which veterans of Vietnam have succeeded in becoming reintegrated into civilian life. Assumptions of "success," based upon dubious statistics, have been used by Congress as well as by the Nixon/Ford and Carter administrations to justify a business-as-usual approach in dealing with Vietnam veterans' problems. In essence, the government's position was that service in Vietnam was not a significant factor in determining how well, or badly, a veteran fared once back in civilian life. To acknowledge anything else would have forced the government to provide special services for those who actually served in Vietnam.

To resolve this dispute, the Ninety-fifth Congress, in November 1977, passed legislation directing the Veterans Administration to contract for an independent appraisal of how well Vietnam Era veterans have adjusted. The first segment of this appraisal has recently been completed by the Center for Policy Research of New York City. It is based on information collected in 1976–77 from 190 veterans and a control group of 190 nonveteran peers living in the northeastern United States. (Other information obtained in the southern, midwestern, and far-western United States, though already in hand, has not as yet been analyzed.) Both Max Cleland, head of the VA, and Dr. Arthur Egendorf of the center, who directed the analysis, are cautious in discussing it. This is understandable because of the study's political sensitivity and its implications for all veterans' programs. Nonetheless, Cleland says, the early data indicate that men who fought in Vietnam are more likely to have social and psychological problems than those who were in service but did not go to Vietnam. This tentative conclusion, if confirmed by analysis of other information, is bound to have a profound effect on future veterans' programs.

> An important new study indicates that Vietnam veterans require special services from the government. Its business-as-usual policy has been a failure.

For example, in the important area of education, the center's report notes that approximately 70 percent of the veterans in the study population have utilized their educational and training benefits at some point. Veterans who were not in Vietnam have higher utilization rates than those who were, white veterans have higher rates than black veterans, and those who attended college prior to entering the military have higher rates than those who did not. However, for those who entered the military with some college, there is also tentative evidence of a negative impact of military service on current educational attainment. In other words, according to the report, nonveterans are more likely to have achieved a higher educational level than are veterans. This negative impact appears to be strongest among those with service in Vietnam.

Perhaps the most revealing aspect of how well the GI Bill met the needs of Vietnam veterans is shown in the fact that an overwhelming majority of the veterans worked full-time while attending school (74 percent). Most veterans attended school on a part-time basis; of those veterans currently in school, only about one-eighth are full-time students. As the report notes, the pattern of part-time school attendance among this generation of veterans is an important finding. In our opinion, it suggests, among other things, that the nonsense peddled by Congress and successive presidential administrations about equity between the World War II GI Bill and that for Vietnam veterans is just that—nonsense.

Penthouse, along with others concerned with Vietnam veterans' affairs, has long argued against the current GI Bill's inequities and the unnecessary social and economic losses it fosters. Now, at least, "independent" data is in hand that confirms that belief. But it remains to be seen whether the Congress and the president have the courage to right this wrong to Vietnam veterans and produce an appropriate GI Bill.

In the areas of social, psychological, and psychiatric adjustment, the center's report confirms what anyone who has had firsthand experience in these areas knows, namely, that "Vietnam veterans, and especially those who were exposed to heavier combat, appear less well adjusted on a range of social, psychological, and psychiatric indices than either comparable Vietnam Era veterans or nonveterans."

Obviously one study, no matter how scientifically valid and rigorously produced, does not automatically provide final answers as to how the real needs of Vietnam veterans may best be met. However, the center's report goes a long way in laying to rest the politically inspired, self-serving myths about service in Vietnam.

We believe it is time for our government to face these issues forthrightly. The government needs to commit itself to "affirmative action" on behalf of those whose needs have been made greater as a consequence of their service in Vietnam. This can be done, not by a wholesale dismantling of existing veterans programs, but rather by simple recognition of the fact that the inequality of sacrifice in war requires a special response for those whose sacrifice left them less able to pick up the threads of their former life and achieve parity with their nonveteran peers. Vietnam veterans have never asked for more than that.

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Pat Hill

BY KARL HESS

The author, a West Virginia writer and welder, is currently completing a book on alternative ways of living. His most recently published book is *Community Technology* (Harper & Row), a study of small-scale energy utilization.

NUCLEAR POWER WILL BANKRUPT AMERICA

Within the lifetime of most readers, all nuclear-power plants now operating will be shut down.

That's not a science-fiction prediction. Nuclear power plants last only about 30 years. Everybody in the nuclear-power business knows it, but they're not too eager to discuss publicly the short life of reactors.

One reason for their reticence may be that the cost of shutting down those plants could well be higher than the cost of building them. And there is not yet a definitive proposal, much less a law, to say who will pay this incredible bill.

The failed reactor at Three Mile Island is a good example of the hidden expenses of nuclear power. Its major costs so far:

(1) About $100 million to clean up the reactor, which was exposed to heavy increases of radioactivity.

(2) A maximum of $560 million in liability suits from people who, in the years ahead, may claim that the accident exposed them to radiation, which later caused cancers.

(3) As much as $600,000 a day to purchase electricity from other sources while the reactor is out of service.

But there is still some doubt whether the reactor ever will return to active service. Its exceptional absorption of radioactivity forced it, in effect, to reach in an instant the condition that *every* plant reaches sooner or later. That condition is one in which it is fully saturated with radioactivity, enough so that no human being can enter the reactor building, enough so that the entire structure cannot absorb much more radioactivity—as from normal operations—without beginning to overflow, like a sponge filled to capacity and beginning to drip.

If the Three Mile Island reactor has to be abandoned, it will be a foretaste of the decommissionings to come, the future of every nuclear reactor now built.

What would be the cost of putting the reactor out of service? Two years ago a vice-president of the corporate group that owns the Three Mile Island reactor put the cost at about $100 million. Sen. Gary Hart, chairman of the Senate Energy Subcommittee on Nuclear Regulation, says it's considerably higher. After being briefed by Nuclear Regulatory Commission officials, he said that it might cost more just to clean up the plant than it cost to build it. And if it had to be closed down altogether, he said, the reactor might become "a one-billion-dollar mausoleum." Building it cost $400 million.

In public discussions nuclear spokesmen usually say that reactors last from *30 to 40* years. In fact, the upper figure appears to be pure propaganda. The working figure is the lower one. In the case of the San Onofre plant in San Clemente, Calif., for instance, electric-company publicity uses the 30-to-40-year figure. But a major study of the San Onofre plant's life-span, prepared by a professional nuclear-engineering firm, flatly puts the end of the plant at the year 1997. Thirty years—no more. Whether the San Onofre plant or any other will even make the 30-year mark is, so far, just a possibility. The track record of nuclear power has been so spotty in other areas that there is at least the possibility that even 30 years is giving it the benefit of every doubt.

In a 1978 report by the Congressional Committee on Government Operations, the cost of shutting down a single nuclear plant was put at "anywhere from $31 million to more than $100 million." But such figures are always bare-bone, as the report itself admits: "Even the higher figures," it says, "do not include perpetual care costs for rubble from the plant

> The inevitable cost of closing down all the nuclear reactors in the country could come close to half a trillion dollars.

containing radioactive nickel, which may remain hazardous for up to 1.5 million years. . . . After 30 to 40 years, the expected life-span of a nuclear plant, decommissioning costs would quadruple."

The minimum cost, then, of closing down just the nukes we already have would be $28 billion. Those estimates, however, inspire little confidence. In a case of firsthand experience with shutting down a nuclear reactor, the results were far worse than the estimates of government and industry.

The experience came with the dismantling of a small, experimental reactor at Elk River, Minn. The reactor cost $24.5 million to build, and it cost $6.2 million, in comparable dollars, to take it apart—25 percent of the original cost.

If that ratio held good for all the other reactors now going that will have to be dismantled over the next few years, the bill could come to at least $70 billion or higher.

One utility, Jersey Central Power and Light, is quoted in a congressional report as estimating that the cost of dismantling its nuclear reactor at Oyster Creek, N.J., could cost as much as $100 million, "more than 150 percent of the original $65 million construction cost." Even if the utility were able to use a far cheaper method of putting the reactor out of commission (simply entombing it in hundreds of tons of concrete instead of taking it apart, carting it away, and burying it), it is estimated that the cost would be $35 million, still more than half of the normal construction cost for the plant.

If the decommissioning of only our current nuclear reactors should follow the estimate set by Jersey Central, the total could soar anywhere from $140 billion to close to *half a trillion* dollars. At that level, the cost of cutting off the nukes would nearly equal the entire federal budget.

As if the inevitable cost of closing down the reactors isn't enough, there is the equally undebated cost of closing down other parts of the nuclear process.

Already, the entire fiscal future of New York State is clouded by the need to decommission and decontaminate a privately owned nuclear-fuel-reprocessing plant at West Valley, N.Y. Congressional hearings have indicated that the cost of that work may come to $600 million. So far there is no way to pay for it. The private firm that is getting out of the business couldn't begin to pay the cost. New York State probably can't either, without facing the sort of near-bankruptcy that has already threatened New York City. That leaves the rest of us to pick up the tab through some sort of eventual federal tax bite. And that's just for *one* nuclear installation.

If nothing changes in the plans of our government, the banks, and the big public-utility companies, there may be more than 100 big, new reactors in this country by the year 2000. Also, within about 30 years of construction every single one of them will have to be closed down and somehow made safe. Even at the lowest, most optimistic levels estimated for doing the deed, the bills for decommissioning the plants would come to billions of dollars. If anything is wrong with the optimism, and there are many competent engineers who have sworn in testimony that there is plenty wrong with the optimism, the bill could mount catastrophically.

Somewhere in that range of billions is enough unplanned future debt to scuttle our none-too-healthy economy. And remember: unlike other items of spending, the cost of closing down nuclear plants is not optional; it's inevitable.

In most industrial processes, when a plant begins to suffer from aging equipment, you can just start putting in new machines. You can even start replacing buildings or whatever.

Nuclear-power plants are altogether different by their very nature. They do not just wear out in the usual mechanical sense. The unique wear of a nuclear reactor is the constant, irreversible bombardment of atomic radiation that is the by-product of the immense heat created in a controlled atomic reaction, the heat that creates the steam that drives the turbines that turn the generators that produce electricity.

The first major plant to come to grips with this problem is Consolidated Edison's 19-year-old Dresden reactor at Morris, Ill. By means of a very complicated evaporation process, about 1,000 pounds of radioactive sludge is expected to be taken from the pipes of that one plant. The sludge will have to be buried at a disposal site, where it can be kept out of contact with groundwater and all human-related activities for decades. The cost of this cleanup has been estimated at $45 million, 70 percent of what it cost to build the plant. Every reactor in the country will have to undergo the same sort of high-cost cleanup in 15 to 20 years.

Not so incidentally, the federal government, continuing the special attention through which about a quarter of all nuclear-power costs are picked up by the taxpayers, will pay 22 percent of the cost of cleaning up the Dresden reactor.

But beyond this sludge in the pipes there is the long-term contamination that causes the plant to close after about 30 years. Radiation that passes right on through the cooling water and the pipes hits the steel walls of the containment vessel, walls that may be up to a foot thick. There atoms of iron, nickel, chrome, and other metallic elements become radioactive from the bombardment. Some of the elements, like iron, absorb and then reemit the radioactivity very quickly. Iron loses half of its radioactive charge in 2.6 years, half of what's left in the next 2.6 years, and so forth. There's always some left, but if that iron could just be stored for a few years, it would be quite harmless. The other metals are different.

The radioactivity of some of the nickel in the steel of the containment vessels stays at hot, high levels for 92 years. Other quantities of nickel in the steel are expected to stay hot for 80,000 years! Cobalt is another element that turns up exceedingly radioactive in the walls of the vessel. Even the steel-sheathed concrete of the shell for the steel vessel begins to absorb the radiation, with the elements of its composition slowly becoming radioactive. In about 30 years the entire structure is so soaked with radiation that it must be completely removed from human contact.

Unlike the problem of the thousands of pounds of sludge—and remember that it alone is a nightmare in our nuclear future—the dilemma of what to do with the massive structure of an entire reactor involves thousands of *tons* of waste.

The reactor at Three Mile Island, for instance, is 41 feet tall and nearly 16 feet in diameter. It weighs 400 tons. But that is just the beginning. It is housed in a steel-clad containment building with four-foot-thick concrete walls. That building is 190 feet high and 140 feet in diameter. We are dealing with a structure roughly the size of a 14-story apartment house.

How will such a plant be decommissioned when its no more than 30 years of useful life are over with?

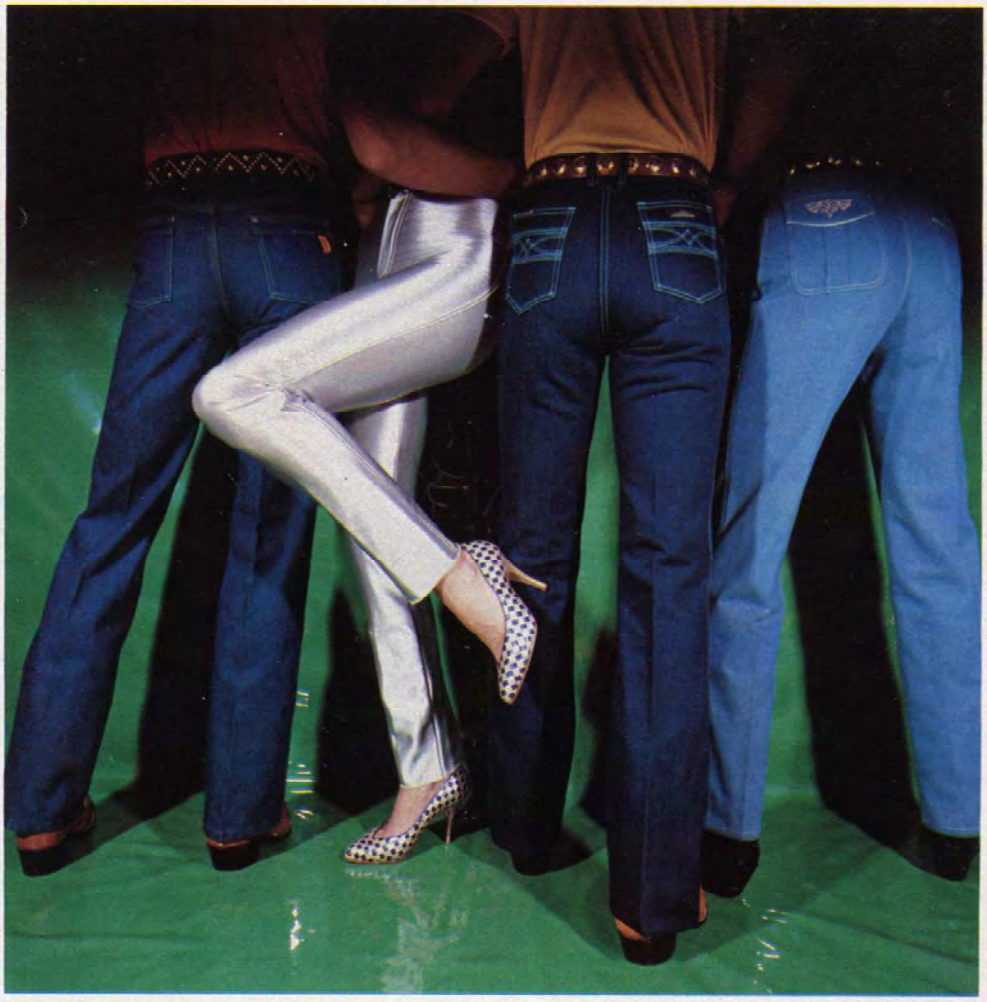
Four methods are being discussed. The one most often

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS FROM THE WAIST DOWN

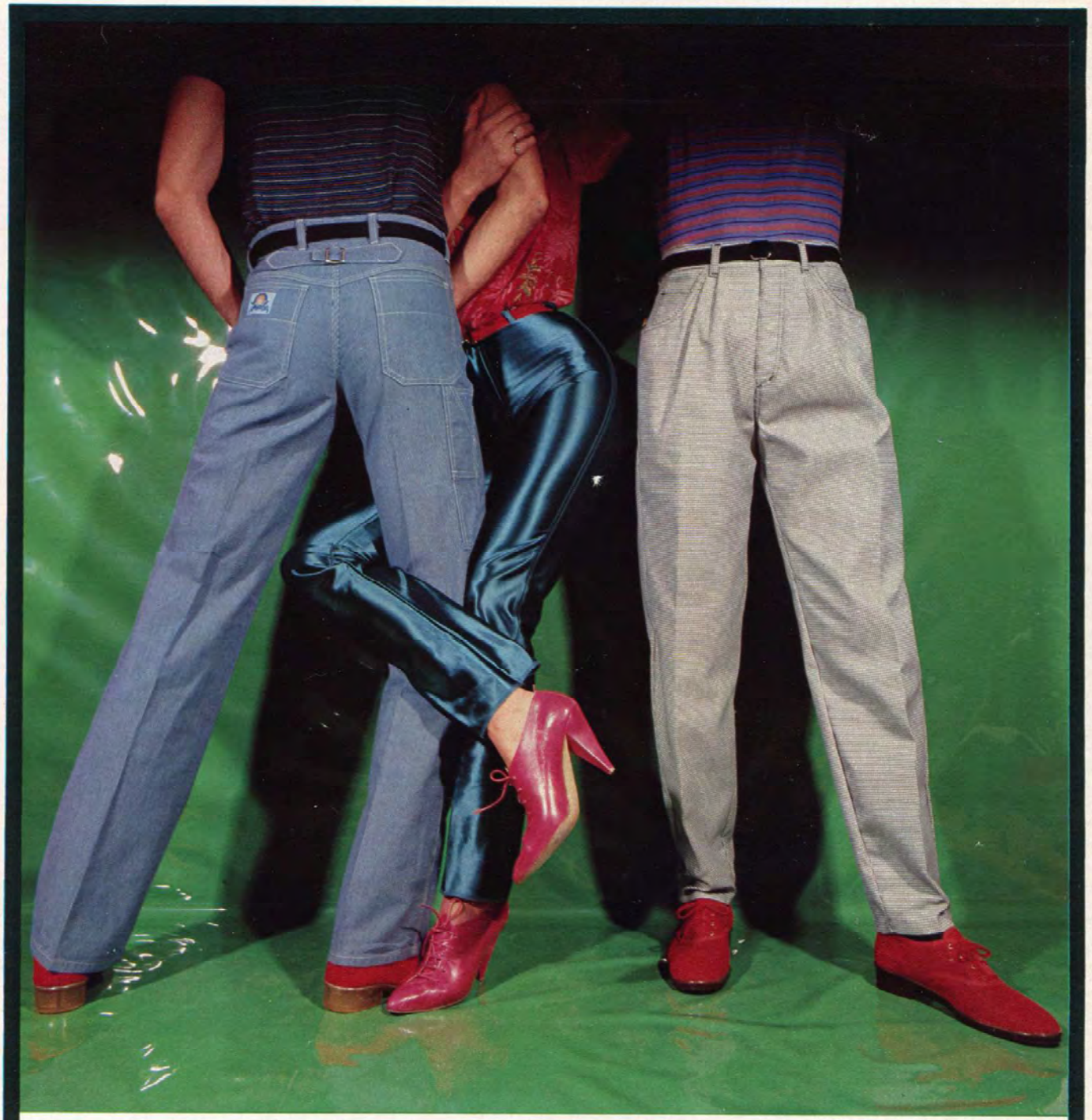
THE JEAN POOL

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL



Fashion has dictated that 1980 will be the year of the well-dressed man. Yet even the style setters among us are reluctant to give up their most comfortable and versatile apparel: jeans. The emergence of "status" jeans has created a style that combines the classic appeal of jeans with up-to-the-minute fashion trends. The renaissance in jeans has been led by many of the designers and manufacturers shown here; let them be your guide in choosing from the wide range of silhouettes, colors, and fabrics.

STRAIGHT LEGS (left) Denim basic five- pocket western jeans ($36) by Yves St. Laurent Jeans. Studded belt by Burt Middleton for Adam Lyon Company. Boots by Dan Post–El Paso Collections. Prewashed western jeans with contrast stitching ($34) by Jordache Enterprises. Boots by Ralph Lauren for Polo Western Collection; concho belt from Texas at Serendipity. Brushed cotton jeans (about $22) by h.i.s. Sportswear. Cotton T-shirts ($15) by Cacharel Pour L'Homme. Ladies' jeans by Jou Jou; shoes by Maud Frizon. BAGGY JEANS (below) Four-pocketed, gathered-front baggy jeans (about $27) by Brittania Sportswear. Denim five-pocketed baggy jeans (about $40) by Calvin Klein Jeans. Men's boots and concho belts are at Texas at Serendipity.



PATTERN VARIATIONS (above) The all-cotton authentic industrial railroad-stripe jeans (about $27) by Male Sportswear. The pleated hounds'-tooth-check-patterned cotton baggies ($38) by Sasson Jeans. Both men's casual shoes are Crayons by Smerling Imports; belts are designed by Jeremy Pattnosh; striped cotton T-shirts are Monti by Lee Wright.

NEW COLORS (below) The cotton straight-leg jeans (about $37) are by Cacharel Pour L'Homme. The polished-cotton modified baggies with narrow bottoms (about $23) are by Cotler Jeans. Both men's casual shoes by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia, the T-shirts ($18 each) are by Cacharel Pour L'Homme, and belts are by Jeremy Pattnosh. Her cotton shirt is by Fiorucci.

BRIGHT COLORS (above) The yellow-cotton tennis-pocket jeans ($48) are by Gene Pressman for Basco Sportswear, Inc. The red-cotton box-weave baggies ($39) are by bon jour. Both men's belts by Jeremy Pattnosh; men's casual shoes are Crayons by Smerling Imports. Her shoes by Charles Jourdan.

PASTEL COLORS The orange-cotton army jeans ($37.50) and striped-cotton T-shirt ($20) are by Jean-Paul Germain. The peach-colored, lightweight-cotton modified baggies are by UFO. Both men's casual shoes are Crayons by Smerling Imports.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 194.

PART TWO

Warren and Rod: Love in Tinsel Land

"I was more frenetically in love with Rod Stewart, the rock star, than with any other man, past or present."

When I give myself to a man, I am at his command. Whatever he desires, I will do. I have always been discriminating in the choice of lovers, but once in bed, I am like a slave. I willingly accommodate any demands that are made on me, sparing whips, chains, and diversions.

Sex is a man's supreme game, his own private and perennial Olympics. He must always be made to feel that he is the dominant force, even if the woman generates the state of play. My affair with Warren Beatty fell into

BY BRITT EKLAND

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another kind of category that I had never experienced before, where fantasy became reality.

Warren was the most divine lover of all. His libido was as lethal as high-octane gas. I had never known such pleasure and passion in my life. Warren could handle women as smoothly as if he were operating an elevator. He knew exactly where to locate the top button. One flick, and we were on the way.

Nature had sculptured him to perfection, and Hollywood might have had good reason to be eternally grateful. For here, without question, was the quintessential sex symbol.

Warren, as mature as he was, had never lost his college-boy looks. It was almost as though he had just stepped out of Harvard, his dark hair neatly combed into place and his innocently sensual eyes constantly inquiring. He exuded charm, wit, and intelligence. His clothes were elegant and distinctive and hung on his frame as immaculately as on a tailor's model.

Warren's professional reputation was riding high. So much of the limelight in the past had been shared with his more famous sister, Shirley MacLaine, but with the triumph of *Bonnie and Clyde*, of which he was not only star but also producer, Warren had reached the turning point of his career. Suddenly he was big box office.

It was odd. I had first met Warren several years earlier when he was squiring Leslie Caron, the French actress. Sellers and I joined them for dinner one night, but then, having been so much under my husband's influence, I must have been immune to Warren's charm.

The situation was remedied in that lingering summer of 1970 when we were to meet again in London, at a dinner party that was thrown for Roman Polanski. Warren's gaze focused on me, and the moment our eyes met, I knew we were committed physically. Warren, the incurable philanderer, was really at loose ends. Julie Christie, his new love, was foolishly absent, and loyalty wasn't his strongest point. I suspected that he kept quite a roster of global bedmates on tap.

For a long spell I lied to myself. I was convinced that Warren might abandon all his other women for me, but of course there were always the whispered telephone calls he made to Julie. We would dine late in the West End and find an intimate corner in Tramp, the chic disco haunt. Warren had nocturnal instincts. Then he would drive me back to my bedsitter, where we would make love until sleep came from sheer exhaustion.

No man had made me happier than Warren did. His affection and kindness flowed as generously as his passion. I fought hard to keep him, to entice him away from everyone else. When I adore someone, it is like an obsession to the death. My hopes soared when he followed me to Los Angeles, where I flew to appear on "The Dean Martin Show."

I checked into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, and a day later I got an unsigned cable saying, "Arriving tomorrow." I guessed it was Warren, who kept the penthouse in the same hotel reserved exclusively for him. Sure enough Warren appeared. "London was dead without you," he said, stroking my face. "I missed you a hell of a lot, Britt." Our relationship struck a new note. There were no secrets to hide from one another, and we were able to live quite naturally. Infinitely so. We would sprawl about the penthouse naked for most of the day and lie out on the terrace and sunbathe.

Warren would drift in and out of the suite, making drinks for us and occasionally taking a call from a studio to set up fresh movie deals. We would go out on the town at nights. But Warren was always apprehensive about our affair, fearful that Julie would find out. "She'd hit the roof if she knew," he said. "But I guess that's one of the gambles we're gonna have to take."

> Sex is a man's supreme game, his own private and perennial Olympics. He must always be made to feel that he is the dominant force, even if the woman generates the state of play.

Once Warren thought that it might be fun to see a porno movie, as I had never been to one, and he took me to a sleazy downtown cinema, where we managed to slip into the back row unrecognized.

The movie left me cold, and I joked with Warren afterwards. "How can cinema audiences be turned on by simulated sex? I will never make a porno film unless it's for real and only with you!"

Warren laughed. "In that case we had better get a camera crew to film our activities in the penthouse," he joked.

My stay at the Beverly Wilshire was over far too soon. I had to return to England for urgent talks about a television play. Warren, who was then heavily involved in Senator McGovern's presidential campaign, was relieved to see me depart. At least that was the impression he gave me. I realized that Warren was incapable of lasting love. When he picked a bloom, it was only for a season.

As he kissed me good-bye, I knew that our affair was over. I should have had the courage to say, "Thank you, Warren, it was fabulous while it lasted." Instead, on the plane home I brooded about our relationship, and once I reached London, I pledged myself to a long period of celibacy, feeling that men were not worth the emotional strain.

Years later Warren surfaced in my life once more. Alas, his college boy looks were becoming slightly crumpled. The eyelids were heavy, the cheekbones mottled. Much of the charm was still there, but the old magic was missing. Warren had made himself too available; it seemed to me that practically anyone could have him.

We met at a party in Hollywood, where I was invited to join an ethnic clique gathered in an upstairs bedroom. Cautiously turning the door handle, I walked into a dimly lit room to discover Warren chatting with Bianca Jagger, a girl whom he had always claimed to dislike. Jack Nicholson and Alana Hamilton were slouched amorously on the other end of the bed. Had I been invited to snort coke? Or was it for an orgy? Or both? No one would tell me, and I left before being accused of becoming a voyeur.

Bianca was quite bitchy about it later. "If you thought it was going to turn into an orgy, Britt, you were mistaken," she said. "I just hope I never get like you." Alana was equally cynical. "What frightened you away, Britt?" she pouted. "Nothing," I replied. "But I don't play games."

I was more frenetically in love with Rod Stewart, the rock star, than with any other man, past or present. Our relationship was a fantasy from the beginning, like a comet in the sky, but one that I never thought would burn to earth. Our love nest was a cloistered mansion in California into which we poured our hearts, our dreams, and a million dollars' worth of art nouveau. My career came to a halt. I sacrificed everything for the man I would gladly have died for.

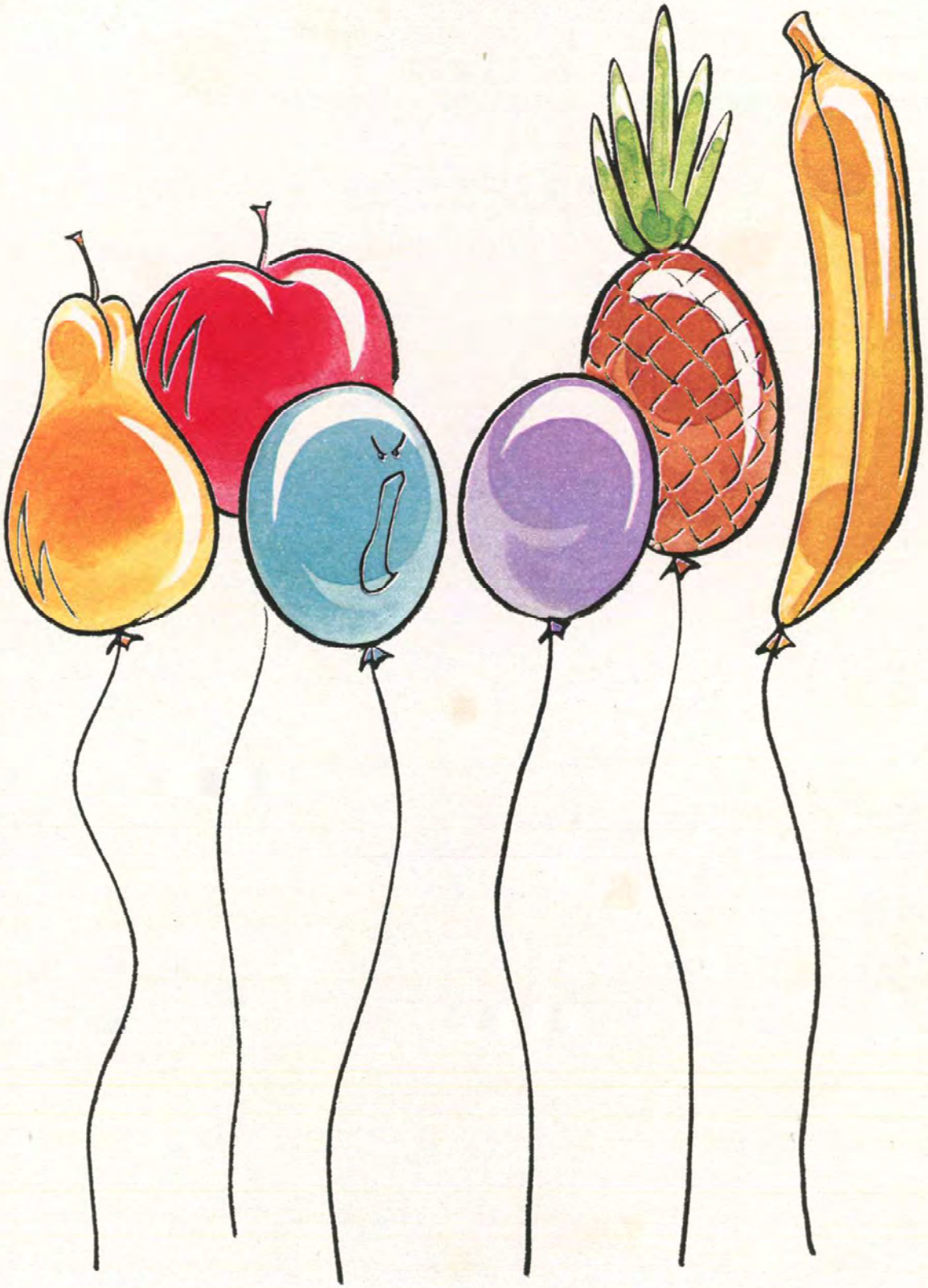
Rod, the tartan terror among musicians with an infectious camaraderie, treated me like a goddess but one he passed off as the "missus." Alas, somewhere along the line I slipped from my pedestal. I deceived myself into believing that Rod would never stray back to the environmental hazards of the pop world. When that happened, it was as though the tide had reclaimed him. And Rod was not strong enough to resist. He was still a boy, not a man.

I had first seen Rod on the stage of the Rainbow Theatre in London at the *Tommy* charity premiere. With his mousy-coloured, cacti-spiked hair, an elongated, mobile face, and his limp figure swathed in yards of tartan, he resembled a rag doll. When I next ran into him at Mick Jagger's birthday party, I could not resist the temptation to crush down the spiky hair and goad him. "Is this for real?" I asked. Needless to say, he was not amused.

Many of my girl friends thought that he

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Next time let me pick the bar, okay?"

was the sexiest beanstalk on two legs, but others felt that way about Mick Jagger. Neither Jagger nor Rod Stewart had appealed to me in the slightest. I regarded pop stars a little contemptuously, having seen from the inside how the music industry manipulated them like pawns on a chessboard. Rod Stewart was playing Los Angeles in March, and Joan Collins and her husband, Ron Kass, two close friends of mine, persuaded me to join them for his concert at the Forum. Melancholy over my break with Lou Adler, the record producer, I was reluctant to move out of the house. I did not want to see anyone or talk with anyone. Joan wouldn't give in.

"Come on, Britt. You've got to pull yourself together," she said. "An evening out will cheer you up."

The Forum was packed as we took our seats, and when Rod Stewart came out on stage, in the most poisonous of green suits, the auditorium erupted into scenes of hysteria. When the concert was over, Joan and Ron led a foray of celebrities backstage to congratulate Rod on his performance. Against popping champagne corks Rod and I were properly introduced. Ron and Joan immediately invited Rod to join us for dinner at Luau's.

Rod, who was an extrovert on stage, was terribly shy in private life, and all through dinner he sat coyly at the table like a little boy lost, hardly saying a word. We went on to singer Cher's house party, and it was only then that he began to thaw out. I got the impression that Rod was intimidated by my image, but slowly he came out of his shell, and at Cher's we found a quiet corner and immersed ourselves in conversation. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of Ron and Joan smiling toward us, obviously feeling that their matchmaking efforts had succeeded.

By the end of the night I knew that I would take Rod, but I wasn't going to be a one-night groupie. My strategy with Rod would be entirely different from what I'd used with any other of my lovers. It would be of no harm to keep him waiting, because I figured Rod needed to respect a woman.

That week I saw a lot of Rod, and a night or two later we were on Sunset Boulevard in the vestibule of the Troubadour Club. Rod was heading for trouble. His long-standing English girl friend, Dee Harrington, had suddenly arrived from London, and she had caught up with us. "I am going to take the next plane back to London if you don't want me to stay here with you," I heard her tell Rod, her voice desperate.

I turned away. I did not want to get entangled in their exchange. At the same time I was making no claim on Rod or trying to impair his loyalties.

I should not have felt vexed. Rod had been two-timing Dee and sleeping with a groupie whenever he was feeling sexually aroused. As he said, there was always a groupie waiting outside the door, and there were one or two "specials" who were constantly on call. One of them, an American model, was always sympathetic in his hour of need. I came to look on these pathetic, mindless creatures as "portafucks," who could be unfolded, used, and stored away again as easily as a portable bicycle.

I trusted my men, and I could never torture myself with jealousy again. But with Rod it would have been foolish to have turned a blind eye to the trappings around him.

It was at a party at singer Joni Mitchell's that I knew I was weakening. Bob Dylan and Paul McCartney took over one of Joni's magnificent rooms and began a "jam" session. They wanted Rod to join them, but he could not detach himself from my side. Later Rod told friends of that moment. "I don't think anyone has ever turned down the chance to jam with Bob Dylan before, but I was so much in love with Britt," he said. It was true. Rod admitted that he was in love with me that night, and I could not easily say I felt less about him. As always, I had fallen in love before anyone could even get out his stopwatch.

> Warren was the most divine lover of all. His libido was as lethal as high-octane gas. I had never known such pleasure and passion in my life.

It mattered little that our first time in bed together yielded no greater reward than that of any other of my experiences. Perfection, however, was ultimately achieved. Very soon we were making love three or four times a day. We were like two pieces of an interlocking jigsaw puzzle, and we matched physically. We were both slender, small-boned, and long-legged. Members of Rod's band said that he usually fancied big-boobed amazons. I was hardly that, and I asked Rod, "Do you want me to have a boob job?" thinking he must be dissatisfied with my miniature equipment.

Rod was uncomplaining. He thought I was perfect as I stood. He liked my teenage-preserved figure and my long, blonde hair. I think the little-girl image was different for him, and he liked it. He always liked me to dress in virginal white stockings, panties, petticoat, and negligee and to peel it all off like the leaves of an artichoke. Naked in bed, I wore only "Joy," his favourite perfume by Patou.

We would make love in all sorts of crazy places. Once, just for the kick of it, we made love on the backseat of my Mercedes, which we chose to park in the long, unlit drive of the house belonging to my neighbor, Goldie Hawn, who I'm sure would have been very understanding if she had found out.

Once Rod told me that his other women hadn't cared if he slept around. I looked at him straight between the eyes. "Then that's where I am very different," I said. "I would mind a great deal. In fact, if you screw another woman while you're with me, I'll chop off your balls." Rod's face puckered with fear. He knew that I meant every word.

Before I was on the scene, Tony Toon, Rod's personal publicist, would have to organize the groupies outside the door. Rod told me once that Tony was rash enough to pay a hooker a hundred dollars in New York to go to Rod's bedroom. Rod's sense of pride was damaged, and he remained sore about the episode. "That's the closest I got to sacking him," Rod said. "Me *paying* for it . . .?"

If there is any truth to the notion that Scots are mean, then Rod was its manifestation. At first I tried not to overreact to his appalling stinginess. I felt that his cautious ways with money resulted from his working-class background. My substantial funds, recovered after near bankruptcy, were eroded again during my days with Rod, because I would rather pay for things myself than ask him for the money. It was true that he had bought our house, Carolwood. But the day-to-day running of the house fell to me, and I could not charge all of the bills to Rod. He even protested bitterly if I didn't buy the groceries at the cheapest store in town!

Rod sulked if he felt I was spending too much money in the house, and I recall how he primed Tony Toon to warn me that I would have to cut down on the domestic bills. I sent Tony packing with the rebuke, "Tell Rod that if he stopped putting the bloody liquor bill on my household account, then maybe I somehow could manage a little better." Rod could not protest. There was always a pack of musicians and hangers-on in the house, and they all had to be fed and wined; I was not going to absorb those bills under any circumstances.

One Christmas I gave Rod a $2,000 canvas, the original of a satirical picture produced in a rock-'n'-roll who's who, showing him as drunk as a skunk and being arrested by an English bobby. The picture appealed to Rod's sense of humor, and he loved it, but it didn't touch him sufficiently to open his purse strings to buy me a present in return. He was a little hard-pressed even to utter, "Happy Christmas, darling." When Rod was asked by the famous American columnist Earl Wilson about my noted absence

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OMNI

THE MAGAZINE OF TOMORROW

from some New York occasion, he replied, "The Missus? She's out spending *my* money." Some hope!

I have starred in many movies of a bizarre and lurid nature. But none can compare with my mind-bending experiences out on the road with Rod. Life, I discovered, can deteriorate to a primitive, medieval level when traveling with a rock band. You lose all sense of time, sleep becomes a rare commodity, and the values held most precious crumble like dust.

By reputation rock bands aren't welcome in too many places, and I was soon to find out the reasons for myself. Physical exhaustion and the pressures of traveling have a frightening effect on the mental state of the individual. Seeing some of Rod's men throw breakfast trays out of their hotel windows and ripping out telephone lines was only the beginning. I saw hotel rooms stripped apart.

Once in Hawaii I was the unwitting cause of one such ritual. We were late in vacating a suite that was needed by the incoming Helen Reddy and her party. Our plane was due out at 1:00 P.M., and I was frantically packing Rod's bags for him while he and the roadies were having a last-minute beer on the beach. Suddenly there was a rap on the door, and when I answered it, a small, abusive man started ordering me to get out of the suite. He just terrorized me, and I called the switchboard to have Rod paged.

Rod and the roadies rushed back and dealt with the matter in their own way. Rod hissed one word—"destroy"—and the roadies were unleashed like a pack of hound dogs. They removed the legs from the bed, took out the television tube, detached the spray from the shower, stuffed towels down the toilet, and unplugged the telephones. When we moved out 20 minutes later, Rod was mouthing, "The next time they ask us to leave, maybe they'll be more courteous."

The extraordinary thing was that they were. Rod and I returned to the same hotel a few months later, and the management put flowers and fruit and bottles of liquor in our room. The earlier incident was not mentioned, and whether it had all been smoothed over by Rod's manager, Billy Gaff, I did not know.

When hotels claimed reimbursement for damaged property, it was Billy who made amends. Sometimes we would have to fork out three or four thousand dollars by way of compensation. The profits of Rod's tours were eroded heavily by incidents like these, but I saw greater sums paid out for the supply of cocaine, which became the nocturnal substitute for food and booze in the small hours when hotel restaurants were closed. Many members of Rod's entourage appeared to survive on a daily ration of drugs, and—like all nocturnal people—they were sitting targets for the pushers.

Drugs were a minor hazard on the road for me compared with the problems caused by groupies. Every band has its legion of groupies, and Rod's outfit was besieged by them. They came in all nationalities and creeds. Some of them were very beautiful girls. Others, as Rod often said, were "scrubbers," but a surprising batch consisted of respectable married women who wanted to live out their sexual fantasies with a pop star. Any star! I was more bewildered by groupies than I was jealous of them. They would lay siege on the stage door or the hotel and throw themselves at Rod, kissing and groping him as though he were some sort of sexual messiah.

Every exit made from a concert hall would be like running a gauntlet from almost as many groupies as genuine fans. We eluded a posse on one occasion in West Virginia, but one blonde groupie managed to steal past security at our hotel and present herself at our door in the middle of the night. I thought it was one of

> Once Rod told me that his other women hadn't cared if he slept around. "I would mind a great deal," I said. "In fact, if you screw another woman while you're with me, I'll chop off your balls."

the guards, and when I opened the door, she almost brushed past me. Her eyes were glazed, and she cried, "Where's Rod? I'm going to screw him." I slammed the door in her face and yanked out the telephone line so that we would not be disturbed anymore. All night long I had taken calls from fans telling me how much they loved Rod and asking me when I would do the decent thing and get the hell out of his life. Some fans were more frightening. They threatened to give me cocaine with broken glass in it. They said that if I didn't take coke, they would "doctor" my cold cream so that it would have a nasty effect on my face.

Rod's fan letters were equally incredible. Some girls would actually address their letters to me and ask me to describe Rod's anatomy to them in detail. "Draw IT for us," one letter urged. Other fans would tell Rod of the exciting sex life he was missing by being with me. Fortunately, groupies no longer had any place in Rod's life, and he treated them disdainfully. His real affection was reserved for the fans who appreciated his music, and on stage Rod was totally professional. Every concert was like a premiere performance. Nothing could be out of place.

Rod was always nervous before a performance. When Mick and Bianca Jagger dropped by on their way to New York before a gig, he was distinctly cold for no reason. We were all friends, and I could not understand his coolness.

But later in London, when Rod was appearing at the Olympia, the reason became more apparent. I realized that Rod was actually jealous of Jagger, who still held the throne as the world's number-one rock star.

Rod's long-awaited return to London possibly marked the biggest triumph of his career. Every concert at the Olympia was sold out months before, and stars and celebrities found themselves in the same position as other fans, having to buy black-market tickets from the touts outside the doors.

But despite this Rod was plagued by his own insecurity, and when Mick Jagger and Keith Richards asked for tickets, he deliberately snubbed them. His secretary, Doris Tyler, was instructed to tell them, "There are no tickets available. We're sorry."

Mick said, "Okay, we understand. Then give us a couple of backstage passes, and we'll drift in that way."

To my amazement Rod even refused them that request. It was breaking with all pop-code ethics. Artists were in the habit of crashing in on each other. Rod even prepared for that eventuality, just in case Mick and Keith dropped in without passes. So he ordered extra security guards at all doors, and no one was allowed in without the authentic pass.

I don't think anyone in Rod's camp could understand his attitude.

When Rod's schedule finally permitted, we planned a holiday aboard the *QE2*; it had always been Rod's dream. The cruise brought us closer together than ever before. Older passengers aboard must have regarded us as honeymooners. The love just glistened from our eyes for one another.

We had bought a whole new range of 1930s clothes to wear aboard, and the trip seemed to inspire Rod with his music. He wrote the lyrics for two more songs.

Through the entire voyage Rod was amazingly romantic, and I was sure that when we returned we would make plans for our wedding. But nothing happened.

My manager, Maggie Abbott, was of the opinion that my relationship with Rod was futile. "Britt, it is leading nowhere," she said crossly. "It's stupid to go on the way it is now. In the end you will tire of one another, and my feeling is that you are already getting a little fed up with him." I guessed that Maggie was right. It was not that I was growing tired of Rod, but I felt dejected by his apparent unwillingness to lay down positive plans for our future together. If Rod really wanted marriage and a family, then I was perfectly prepared to settle down with him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

CALIGULA

BOB GUCCIONE AND PENTHOUSE FILMS INTERNATIONAL

PRESENT

MALCOLM McDOWELL

TERESA ANN SAVOY

HELEN MIRREN

AND

PETER O'TOOLE

IN

CALIGULA

WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINTO BRASS

EDITING BY THE PRODUCTION

DUE TO THE NATURE OF THIS FILM, NO ONE UNDER THE AGE OF 18 WILL BE ADMITTED.

BMW

YAMAHA
SR 500

These mid-sized motorcycles deliver all the excitement of the superbikes without pitting man against machine; anything faster is three times the speed limit.

THE BALANCE OF POWER

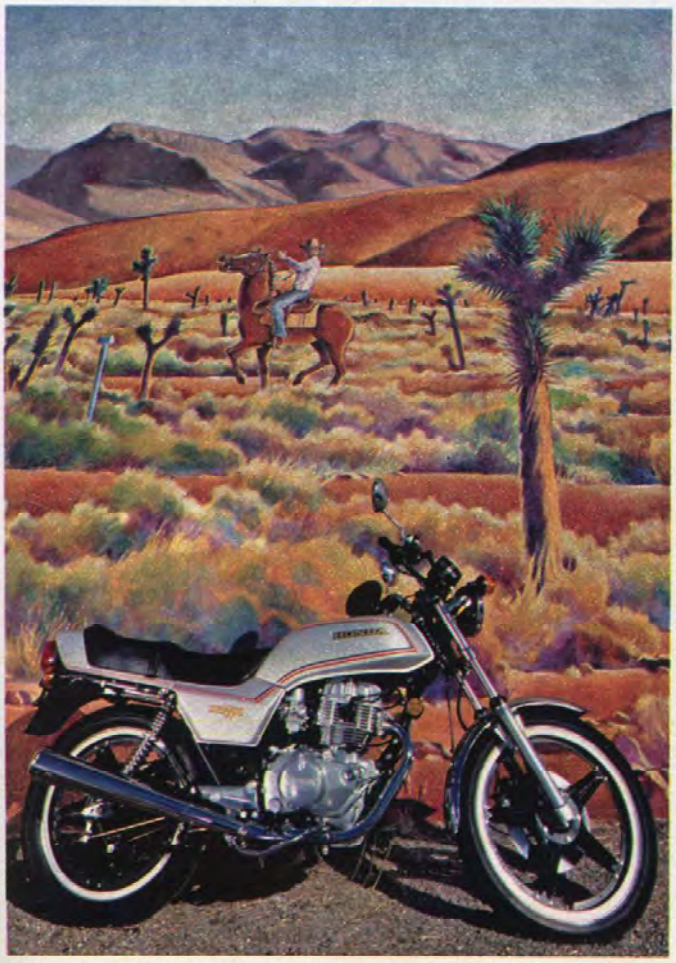
BY GENE O'ROURKE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER

In this outrageous era of overkill and wretched excess, we are kept constantly awash in an ever increasing sea of media hype and puffery. Superlatives fly at us in mind-boggling torrents from every direction until they lose their meanings. Products are the biggest, fastest, heaviest, fanciest, costliest, thinnest, mostest, and bestest.

What the hell is wrong with a little moderation? Sure, it's a blast to ride a monster bike that leaps off the mark like a scalded panther and accelerates to 140 mph in less time than you can read this sentence. Professional riders like Kenny Roberts and Barry Sheene may utilize the enormous power of today's hyper bikes to their advantage. But for the rest of us Walter Mittys and George Plimptons, relying on 140-horsepower motorcycles for everyday transportation is like using hydrogen bombs to blow stumps out of the backyard.

This past decade has seen motorcycle popularity take a quantum leap forward at the same time that the EPA, OPEC, and double-digit inflation have emasculated the supercar market. Gone forever are XKE V12 Jags, 435 hp Stingrays, and

Opposite page: (top) The BMW R65's horizontal twin engine displaces 650cc, produces 45 horsepower, and provides a top speed of 105 mph. Its features include shaft drive, cast-alloy wheels, front disc brakes, and a quartz halogen headlamp. (bottom) The YAMAHA SR500 is powered by a big single-cylinder 500cc SOHC engine. Its high torque, narrow profile, light weight, and mechanical simplicity make it an ideal bike for joy riding. This page: (left) The HONDA 400T "Hawk" sports model is distinguished by its black ComStar wheels and a distinctive trim package: It sells for $1,798. (right) The MOTO GUZZI V50 II sports bike weighs in at only 334 pounds but is loaded with such features as triple disc brakes, a 490cc overhead-valve V twin engine, shaft drive, mag wheels, and electronic ignition ($2,798).

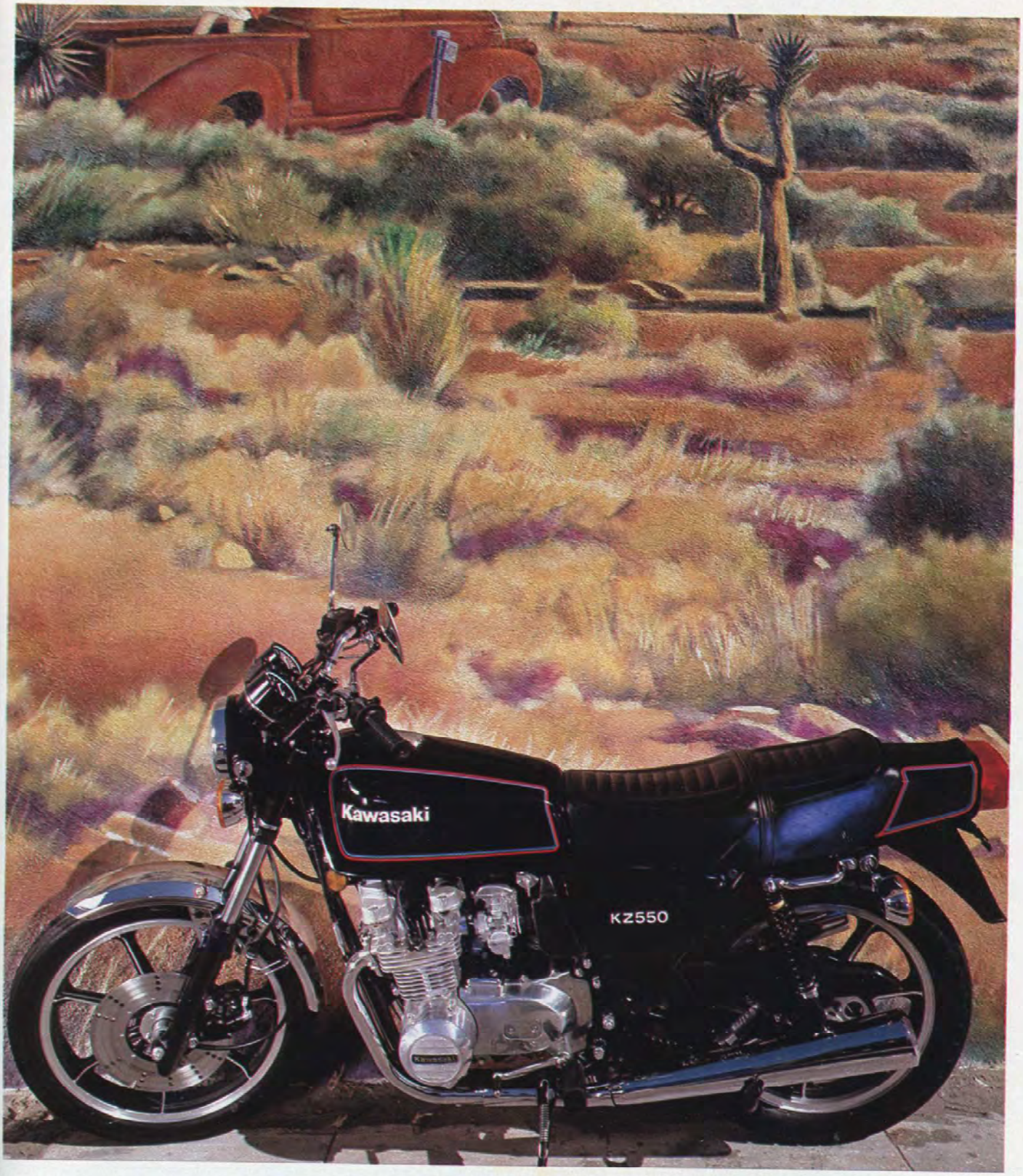


Tri-power GTOs.

In the face of this, many would-be automotive hotshots have turned to motorcycles, and the manufacturers have indulged their lust for speed by producing ever more powerful and faster bikes. Each year brings forth new machines that are faster, heavier, more powerful, more eyeball flattening, gadget laden, and sphincter loosening than the year before. But while the hyper-bikes and their Evel Knievel riders have been grabbing all the attention, several million people have discovered the fun of riding midrange motorcycles, bikes with engines ranging from 400 to 650 cc. Midrange only in size, price, and sanity, these machines are the salt of cycledom. These motorcycles are so light and nimble that almost anyone can easily handle them. With weights of approximately 365 pounds for the 400 cc bikes and 440 pounds for the 650s, they are almost 200 pounds lighter than most superbikes.

Power and its resultant poundage costs money. In an age of

(above) The SUZUKI GS450 ST is powered by 448 cc DOHC twins, comes with six-speed transmission, disc front brakes, electronic ignition and five-way adjustable rear shocks. The special package includes bikini fairing and café-racer styling. ($1,739)



$5,000 and $6,000 hyper-bikes, most of the midrangers can be had for under $2,000, with some of the more Spartan models selling for as little as $1,498. In addition to the low initial investment, the next-best thing nowadays to having your own oil well is owning a midrange motorcycle. With gasoline about to break the $1.50-per-gallon mark, the 50 to 60 mpg eked out by these machines will make trips to the pump, if not a pleasure, at least less rage inducing.

Performance figures, too, belie the midrange tag, with quarter-mile acceleration figures averaging about 14 seconds flat. Right up to 90 or 100 miles per hour, the slowest of these bikes can blow the fastest sports cars into the weeds, at which point the Porsche and Ferrari gang will catch and pass them. In a land of 55 mph speed limits, however, the top speed becomes academic, with the extra power utilized mainly for top-gear passing, lugging hills, and ego stroking.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

(above) The KAWASAKI KZ550 A1 is equipped with a 53-horsepower DOHC engine and six-speed transmission. Its distinctive features include cast-alloy wheels with integrated rear drum brakes and front disc brakes. The A1 package sells for $2,179.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BRUCE WRIGHT

The policeman said he was away chasing the stepfather, when he was in fact standing over the little black boy, saying, "Die, you little fuck."

No one present, including New York State Supreme Court judges, could remember anything like it ever happening in a courtroom. The day was December 20, 1979, and the scene was the Civil Court Building in New York City. Hundreds of cheering, laughing people—blacks, whites, Hispanics, young, old, male, female—were chanting, "Wright's All Right!" as Bruce Wright, smiling and looking a little awed by it all, was sworn in for a ten-year term as a civil-court judge.

But the love in the courthouse is matched by the hatred outside that is orchestrated by the Patrolman's Benevolent Association, which, for almost a decade, has tauntingly dubbed Wright "Turn 'Em Loose Bruce" because of his policy of low bail or no bail in so many cases. One night a number of policemen actually started the chant in a courtroom while Wright was on the bench.

His election as a civil-court judge ended a frenzied decade following his appointment, in 1970, as a criminal-court judge by then Mayor John Lindsay. In 1975 he was banished to the civil court in a bit of political maneuvering brought on by PBA pressure. In 1975 he was hastily reinstated as a criminal-court judge after threatening to sue. Knowing that Mayor Koch would not reappoint him to the criminal court, he ran for civil-court judge and won easily.

His last nine months as a criminal-court judge brought him national and world headlines. They began in April 1979, when a 30-year-old black man named Jerome Singleton was charged with slashing the neck of a decoy cop who had been disguised as a Bowery drifter. Singleton was married, had two children, was employed, and had no criminal record. Wright released him without bail, and the PBA exploded. A clutch of politicians leaped to get on the bandwagon, including Mayor Ed Koch, who immediately called Wright's decision bizarre.

As usual, Wright was right. Singleton not only showed up, promptly, for the trial but also was acquitted of attempted murder; the jury was hung 11 to 1 in favor of acquittal on an assault charge. The district attorney has threatened to retry Singleton, but comments from jurors indicate how the prosecution is regarded. Said one juror, "It was a case of three white cops who framed a black man." Said another, "The level of police credibility is very low."

In his ten years on the bench, Wright's record of no-shows for low-bail or no-bail defendants is about average. He has been reversed by a higher court only once, and that on a technicality.

The harder Wright is attacked, the more vigorously do his supporters rally. After the April ruling, city fathers received a blizzard of pro-Wright mail (and another blizzard of anti-Wright mail). A rally was held on his behalf near the Criminal Courts Building, with the crowd chanting "Civil Wright! Civil Wright!" And Bruce Wright, as is his custom, poured oil on the flames by making a speech in Princeton (where he had been denied entrance to Princeton University forty years earlier because he was black). He denounced New York police as having a license to hunt down and kill blacks.

On June 24, Black Harlem turned out for an official "Bruce Wright Day" with bands and a parade, much to the discomfort of the city's black leadership, which suspects him of being at best a do-gooder and at worst ambitious for higher office. Wright has waged war as ferociously with his brother blacks as he has with his brother whites. He can claim membership in both races, for he was born, 61 years ago, to a white, Irish Catholic mother and a black father from the then British-ruled West Indies.

Early contacts with Roman Catholic family members turned him off on Christianity. He was kicked out of Virginia State College for Negroes for writing a headline in the school paper that read "Religion Weak" instead of "Religion Week." To this day he remains an inexhaustible punster and something of a show-off. Sitting in his courtroom for several days, *Penthouse* interviewer Richard Ballad heard countless examples. When a district attorney referred to a victim as a "sitting pigeon," Judge Wright looked up. "You mean sitting duck," he said. "You're guilty of a fowl corruption of the language."

But his quick intelligence, his wit, and his urbanity function primarily as safety valves that enable him to live with the moral outrage he has always felt about America's failure to remain true to the words and ideals of the Constitution, starting with the very slaveholders who framed it.

In World War II he served in an integrated infantry unit that went into the Normandy beachhead with the third wave. He fought all the way into Germany and picked up two Bronze Stars and two Purple Hearts. At the end of the war he and his black comrades were again segregated and put to work digging ditches alongside captured German soldiers. Wright promptly went AWOL and spent 18 months in Paris, the city he dreams of retiring to some day, after he is free of personal alimony and child-support responsibilities (four ex-wives, two grown sons, and two sons in elementary school). He is also a poet, with one book to his credit; his work has appeared in numerous magazines and anthologies.

The crux of the storm raging around him is his belief that an overwhelmingly male, white judiciary cannot fairly judge criminal cases in a city where 85 percent of the defendants are blacks or Puerto Ricans.

Photograph by Pat Hill

"Most of my colleagues are embarrassed at what they consider my gauche and old-fashioned view that the Constitution means what it says. The Eighth Amendment says there is a presumption of innocence until a person is proven guilty. And when the Supreme Court of the United States says, as it did, that the presumption of innocence does not begin until the person actually goes on trial, then the court is opening the way for massive, preventive detention of millions of Americans.

"There are more than eight hundred judges in New York State, and only a handful are black. In sixteen years as governor, the great liberal, Nelson Rockefeller, appointed exactly two black elitists to the court system—plus a half-dozen special judges to preside over two-bit narcotic cases, following Rocky's pushing through his infamous, Draconian drug law."

Wright lives in a fourth-floor walk-up, in a landmark building, in the middle of Harlem. He has lived all over Manhattan, but somehow, wherever he goes, no matter what the quality of the neighborhood, he is burglarized. Eight times his home has been hit, and on another occasion a young man he was trying to rehabilitate removed office equipment from his chambers. Through it all, Wright's attitudes on crime haven't changed. "The Constitution says 'innocent until proven guilty.' It is the axiom we must live by. If that goes, we all go. Everything goes."

During the week *Penthouse* was conducting this interview, Wright was living under a death threat, not an unusual circumstance for him. This time it came via a phone call to a television station. Three extra guards were put on his courtroom, and everyone entering was body-searched. Judge Wright smiled and waved off the idea of his assassination. "If they can kill the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, they can sure as hell kill me. So why worry? If they do, I just hope the judge and jury remember one thing . . . the presumption of innocence."

Penthouse: Your New York Criminal Courts Building certainly attracts a lot of graffito writers. We recently saw these words scrawled across the front: "Kill, kill, kill. But first kill the Niggers, Jews, and Spics."

Wright: Yes, well, that was painted by some patriot. But it was more honest than the words, chiseled higher up, of people like Thomas Jefferson, who wrote hypocritically about justice and equality while they were, at the same time, owning slaves. If you want to know what a country is like, don't believe what is chiseled in stone. Read what has been scrawled on the stone. Or sent, off the top of someone's head, in a letter.

Would you like to hear some of the things people send me in the mail? "Nigger bastard, go back to Africa and learn from the apes." "How would you like to have a bomb in your nigger wife's womb?" "I hope some mugger you let out slashes your face and cuts the tits off your chimpanzee wife." Those are some of the more literate of my enemies.

Penthouse: That last threat is a reference to your controversial bail policies—of setting no bail or low bail—which led the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association to dub you "Turn 'Em Loose Bruce."

Wright: Yes, my enemies fall into a loose coalition that includes such people as U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist, the leader of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, and, of course, my own black and white brethren on the bench who don't want their boats rocked.

Penthouse: Why do you get in what you, yourself, have described as "pissing contests" with the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association?

Wright: Why not? I'm in an arguing profession. Suppose somebody called you a no-good schmuck? Would you forget it? I mean, when the PBA calls me names, it diminishes the entire criminal justice system. So I play Sir Galahad; that's all. The boy with his finger in the dike. Horatius at the bridge. You've got to attack the system. *Attack!* You know, Lyndon Johnson said at one point, "I'm the only president you've got." Well, our Constitution is the only constitution we've got! And right now, with the mood of America the way it is, I don't want it amended to make segregation legal or to repeal the Thirteenth Amendment.

Penthouse: What about the issue of your bail-setting policies, though?

Wright: Listen, do you know how they practice preventive detention, which is a violation of the public policy of the state of New York? The DA suggests a certain bail. The defense counsel says, "But the man is poor. He can't pay that." And the judge sets that bail anyway, when even one dollar might be excessive.

Penthouse: What might be the rationalization of these judges?

Wright: Probably that the judge believes the defendant is a danger to the community. He thinks that because he doesn't know the people he is judging. He ignores the presumption of innocence, or he believes that the presumption of innocence is a mere rule of evidence to be applied only when the trial begins. He ignores the fact that, quite often, people remain in prison up to two years before their trial is called. If these people are then acquitted, who repays them for the years they have languished in jail? Who will give them or their families the things they have lost? Who will make up to the child for the absent father, or to the family for the stigma of having been in prison?

To my mind, the presumption of innocence must attach at the moment of arrest. Otherwise, forget it. It's a vexation to decide whether or not the money bail system should be abandoned.

Penthouse: It can't be issues like this that make you so many bitter enemies.

Wright: Well, that's basically the case. I talk. I say that it has been confirmed by the highest authority in America—the gun and the bullet—that to have black skin is a capital crime. I say that New York City's police think they have a license to kill blacks. Why shouldn't I say that? It's been affirmed over and over.

Take the case of a white officer named Shea. He shot down and killed a ten-year-old black lad named Clifford Glover. He was indicted for murder, an extraordinary circumstance in and of itself. At his trial, he said that he thought the young Glover boy was an adult robbery suspect. He was then asked if he could not tell the difference between a lad of ten and a fully grown robbery suspect, especially at a distance of just three feet. He replied that all he saw was the color of the boy's skin.

Shea's partner, another white officer named Scott, sought to help Shea cover up and lied about the incident. He said that when Glover was shot, he, Scott, was in hot pursuit of Glover's stepfather, who, he believed, had a weapon. Through some electronic aberration, Scott's walkie-talkie radio was on. Everything he said was recorded on the police headquarters tape recorder. When he said he was 500 feet away chasing the stepfather, he was in fact standing over the fallen body of Glover, saying, "Die, you little fuck." Yet Shea was acquitted.

Why shouldn't I—a black father—speak out against such arbitrary murder? It should be a crime for blacks *not* to speak out on such occasions of the slaughter of our posterity.

More recent than the murder of Glover was the point-blank shooting of a Brooklyn youth named Evans. The killer was an officer named Torsney. His defense was that he suffered from a rare form of epilepsy which, like the devil described by Flip Wilson, made him kill Evans. An all-white jury acquitted Torsney.

Penthouse: Are you saying that there are no good policemen?

Wright: Of course there are. Some of my best friends are white cops. I go to their homes for dinner—no kidding. But I recognize the police as an exclusive, elitist society in our midst in the same manner as the brown shirts of Hitler, who became an elitist society and put citizens in fear. The police are armed. They have a special status in society.

Penthouse: Wouldn't you admit that the police have a very difficult job to do in this age of contempt of authority?

Wright: I respect what they have to do. I know that there are some tough people out on the street. Murderous people. Crazies. Sometimes the police are vulnerable. They act as decoys.

On the other hand, they volunteer for that job. They are well paid. They know there is such a thing in New York State as the Taylor law, which prohibits strikes,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

PENTHOUSE, by far and away the leader in the sophisticated men's magazine market, is renowned for its graphic excellence and its quality editorial package of fiction, non-fiction, humor, fashion, new product information, cartoons, investigative journalism and political exposés—not to mention its exposure of the world's most beautiful and tantalizing women.
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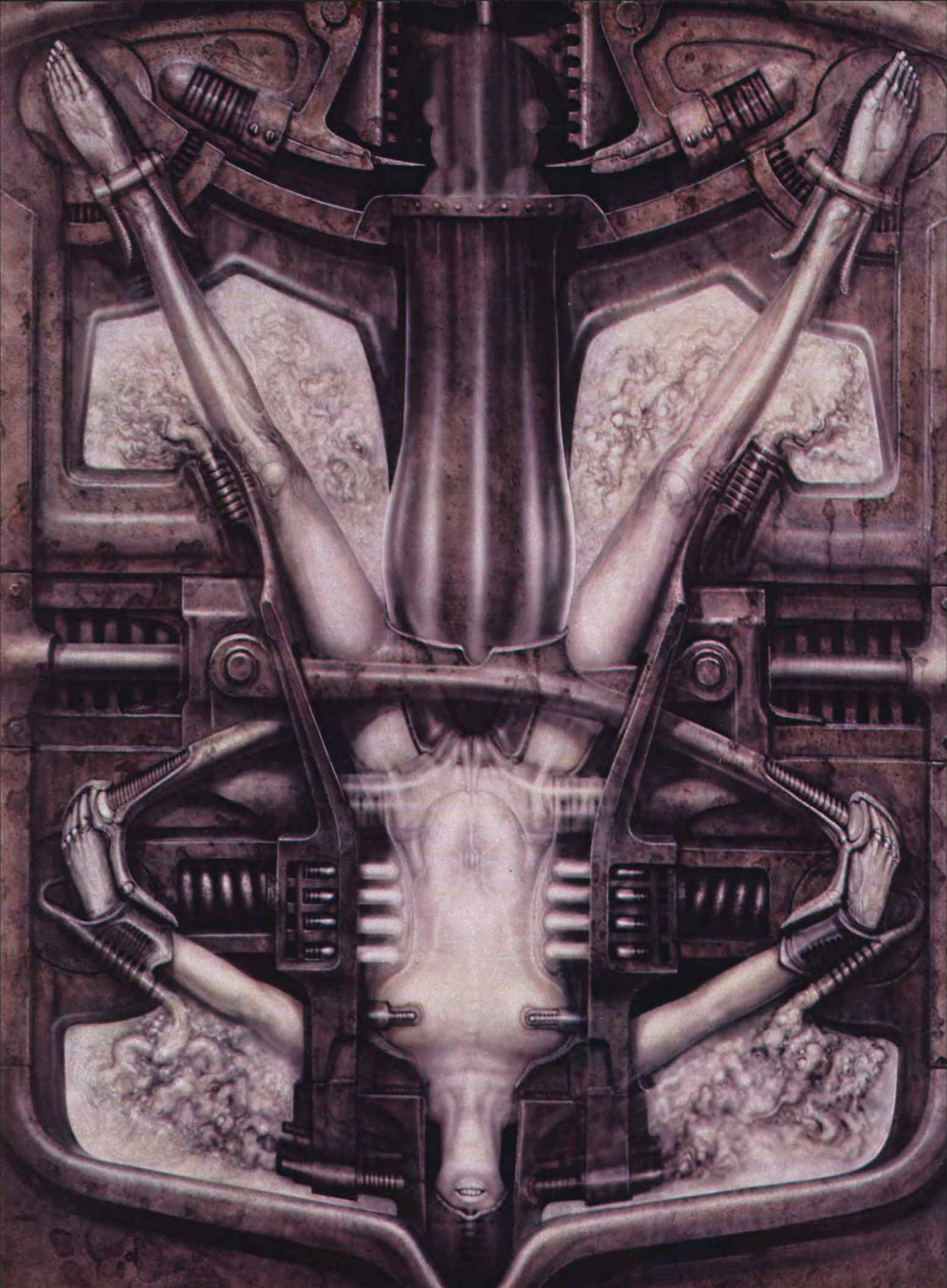
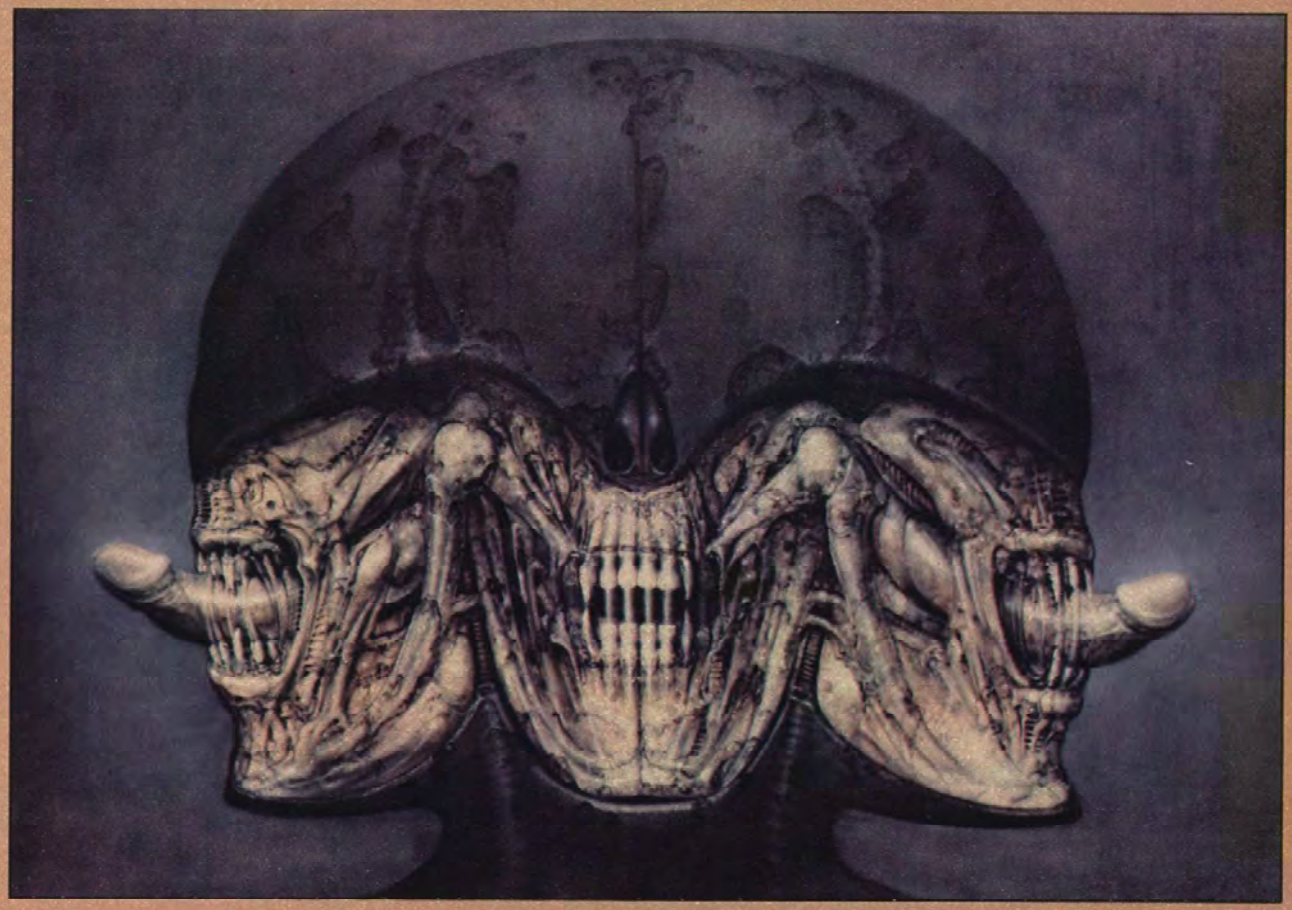
Paintings photographed by Roland Gretler

"I try to switch off my thoughts, as far as possible, to bring the debris of my mind uncensored into the daylight."

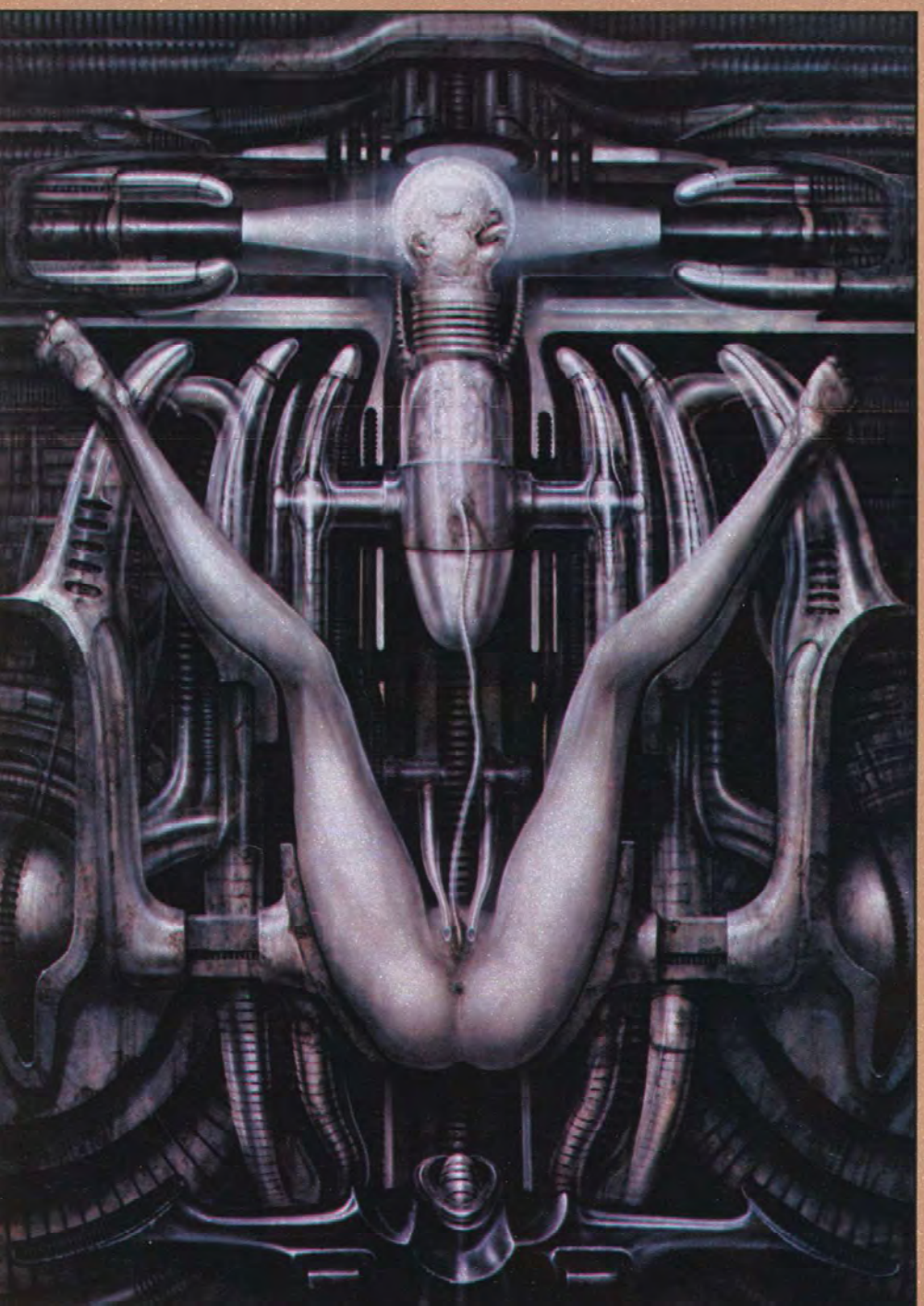
H.R. GIGER'S ALIEN ENCOUNTERS

The man pictured below is H.R. Giger, one of Europe's leading fabulistic artists. Youthful revolutionaries of the late sixties and seventies saw in his darkly prophetic, ideological art the visual embodiment of their fears for the future of modern society in particular and mankind in general. Ironically, Giger's book, *Necronomicon*, serves as a reminder that these same fears plagued ancient cultures as well. It is based on the original "necronomicon" (meaning "masks" or "types of death"), a highly esoteric magic book penned by Abdul Alhazred, a legendary madman. It tells of sinister forms of life, grisly abominations lurking in the depths of the earth and sea, that may someday rise up, destroy humanity, and assume dominion over the world. In Giger's modern vision, however, these sinister forms of life are actually man's teeming subconscious and darker urges: the evil, "mad," terror-filled part of human nature that Giger feels we suppress and deny—to our peril.

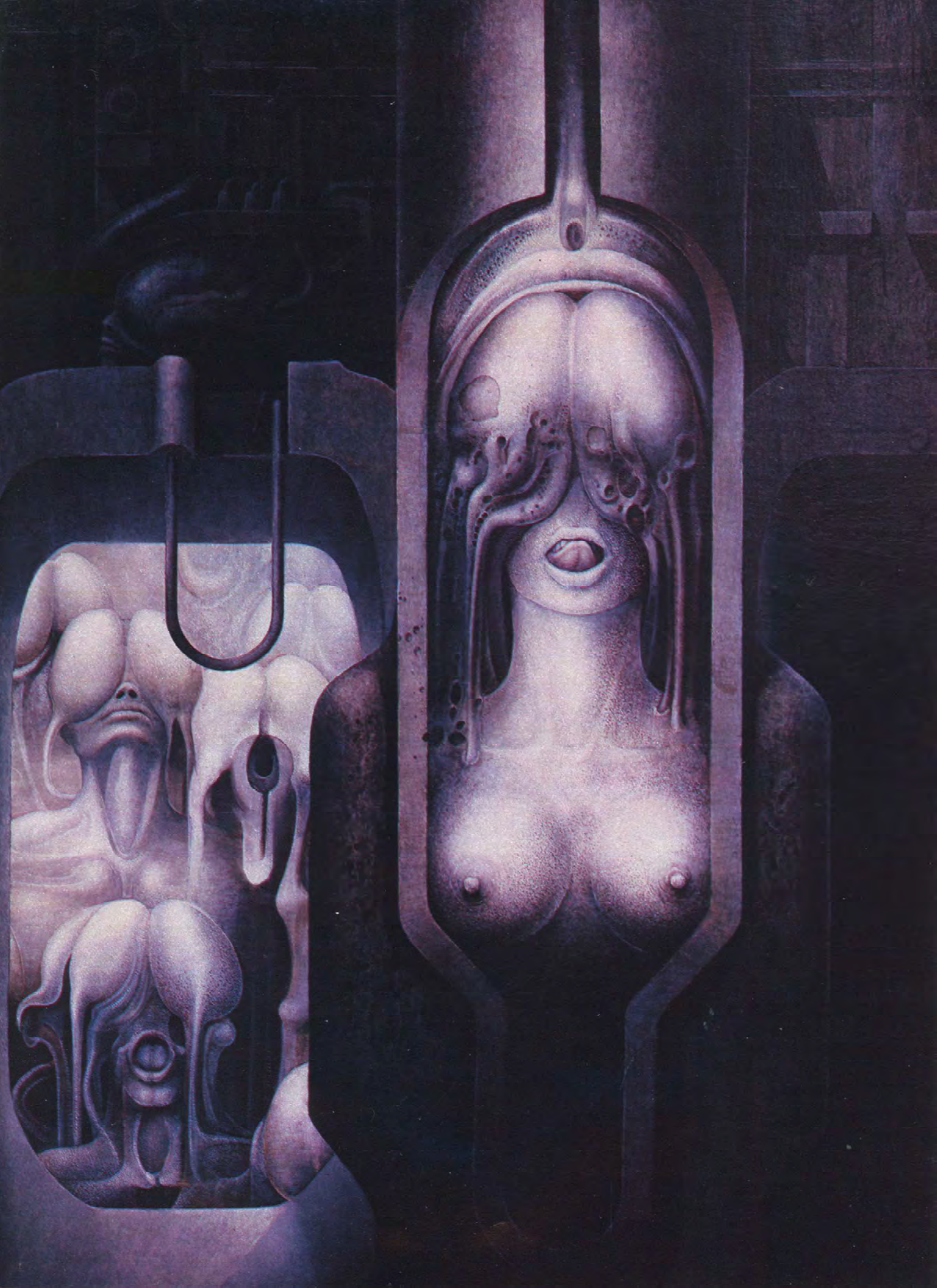


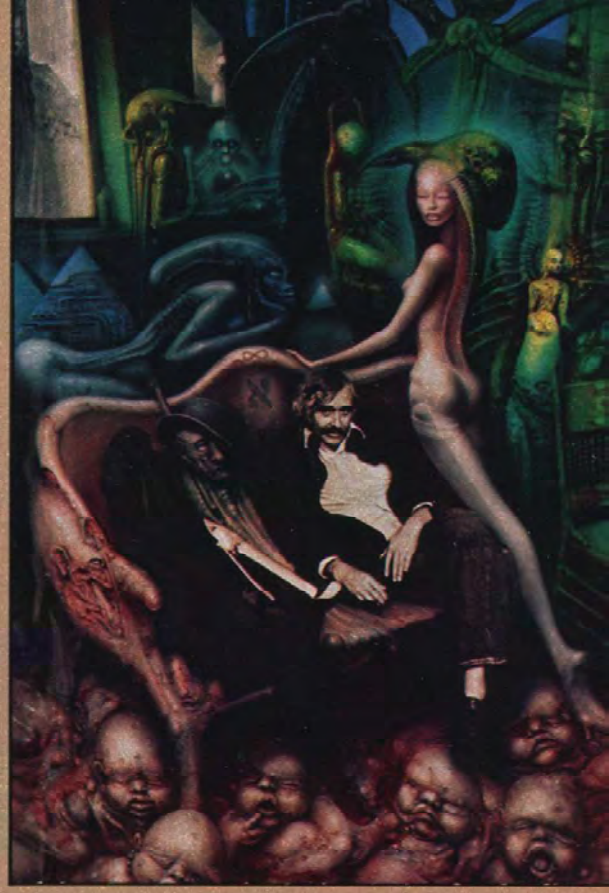


Giger, instead, chooses to acknowledge and explore them: *Stillbirth Machine* (left) was prompted by his persistent "birth trauma" nightmares, in which he is repeatedly trapped in suffocating tubes and passages. The dreams became for him "a symbol of growth and dissolution, in every possible stage of pleasure and pain." *Necronomicon II* (above) was influenced by his initial contact with death: a human skull sent to his father, who owned a pharmacy in Chur, Switzerland. But the life-affirming phalluses seem to scoff at death and give it a tattling voice.

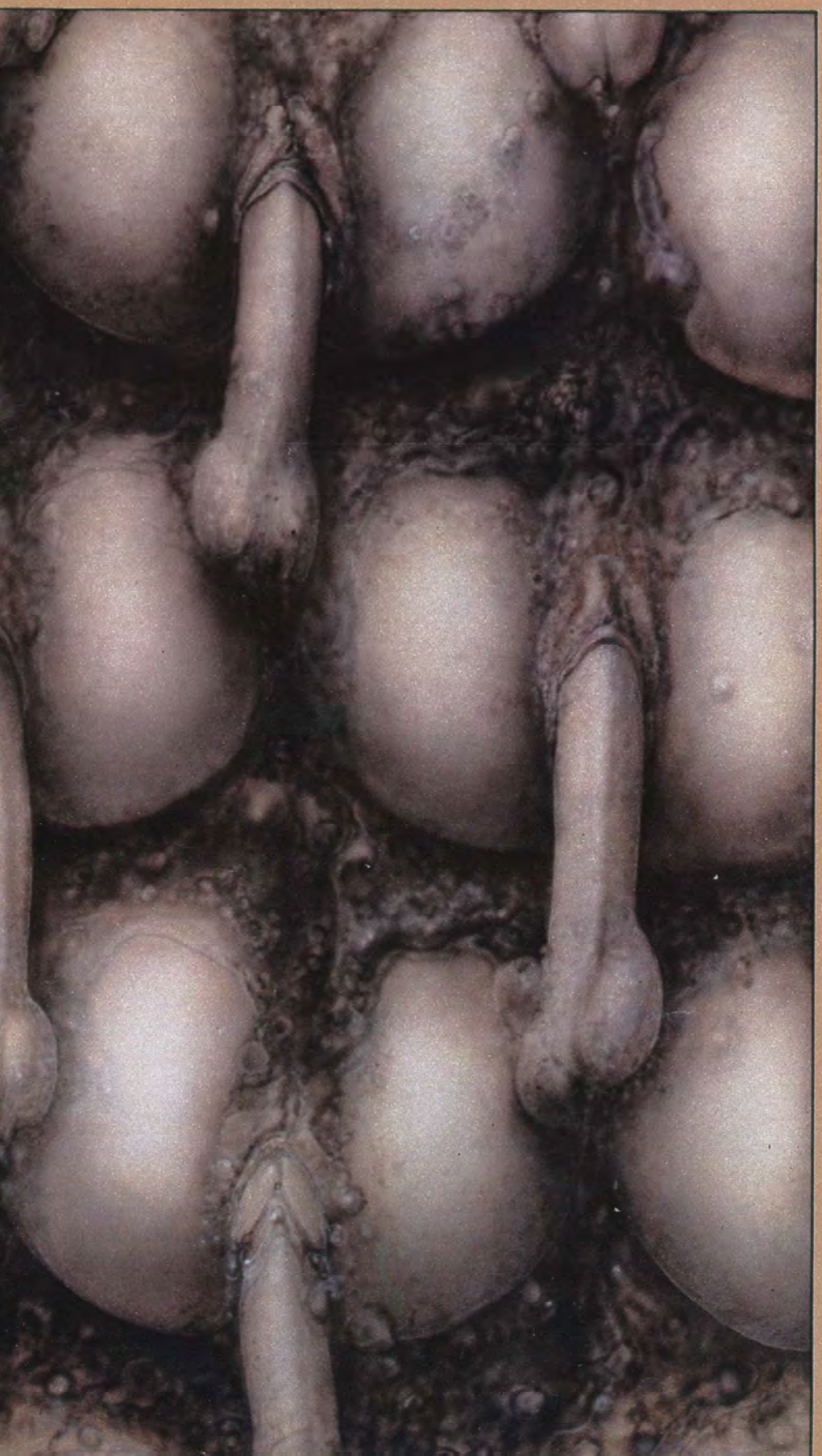


Giger's years as an architectural draftsman led him to explore the startling similarities between the structure of the human body, on the one hand, and that of technological equipment, on the other. His resulting machinelike humans, or "biomechanoids," have had a profound influence on present-day science fiction; in fact, as well as the regular publication of his work in *Omni* magazine, the sets and creatures in the movie *Alien* were designed by Giger himself. In *Phallelujah* (right), which has been widely distributed in poster form, Giger's childhood obsession with artillery influences his vision of beautiful women as lethal, bulletlike weapons of destruction. His great love, a high-strung actress named Li, in fact committed suicide with a revolver—a tragedy that perhaps inspired his *Death* (above left), in which a tormented woman seems to find peace and resurrection after death.

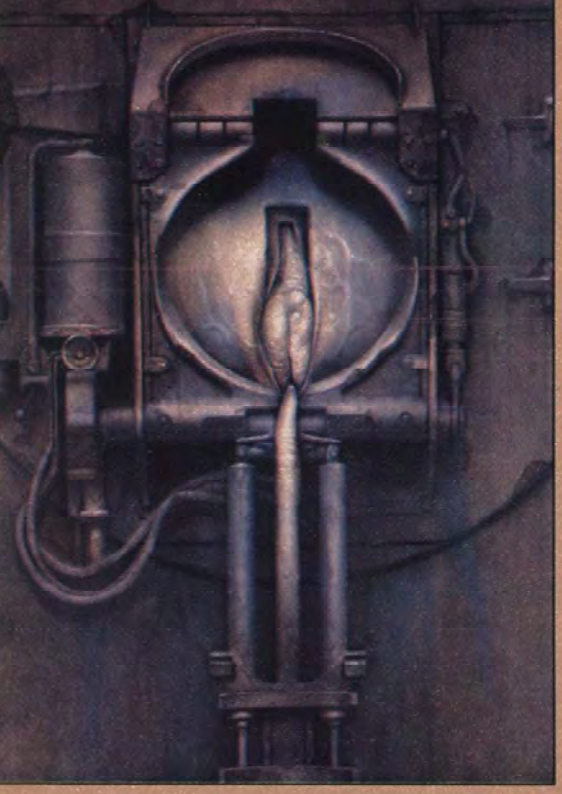


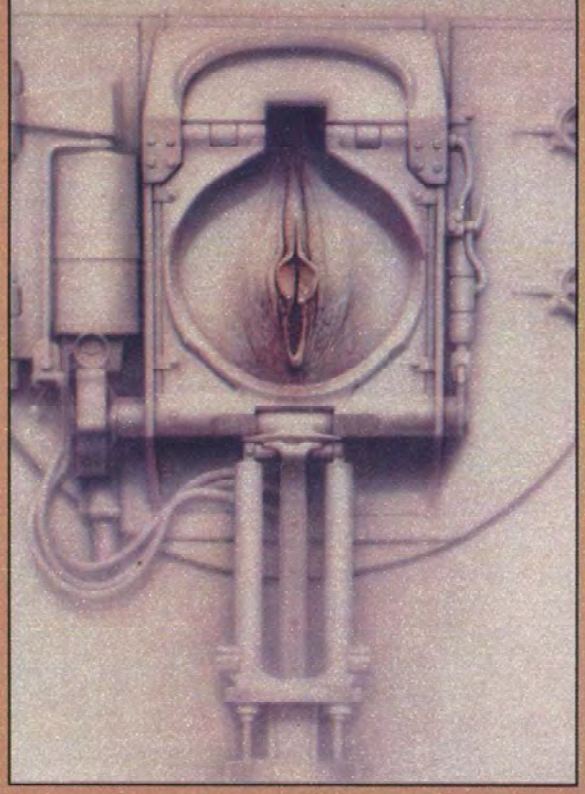


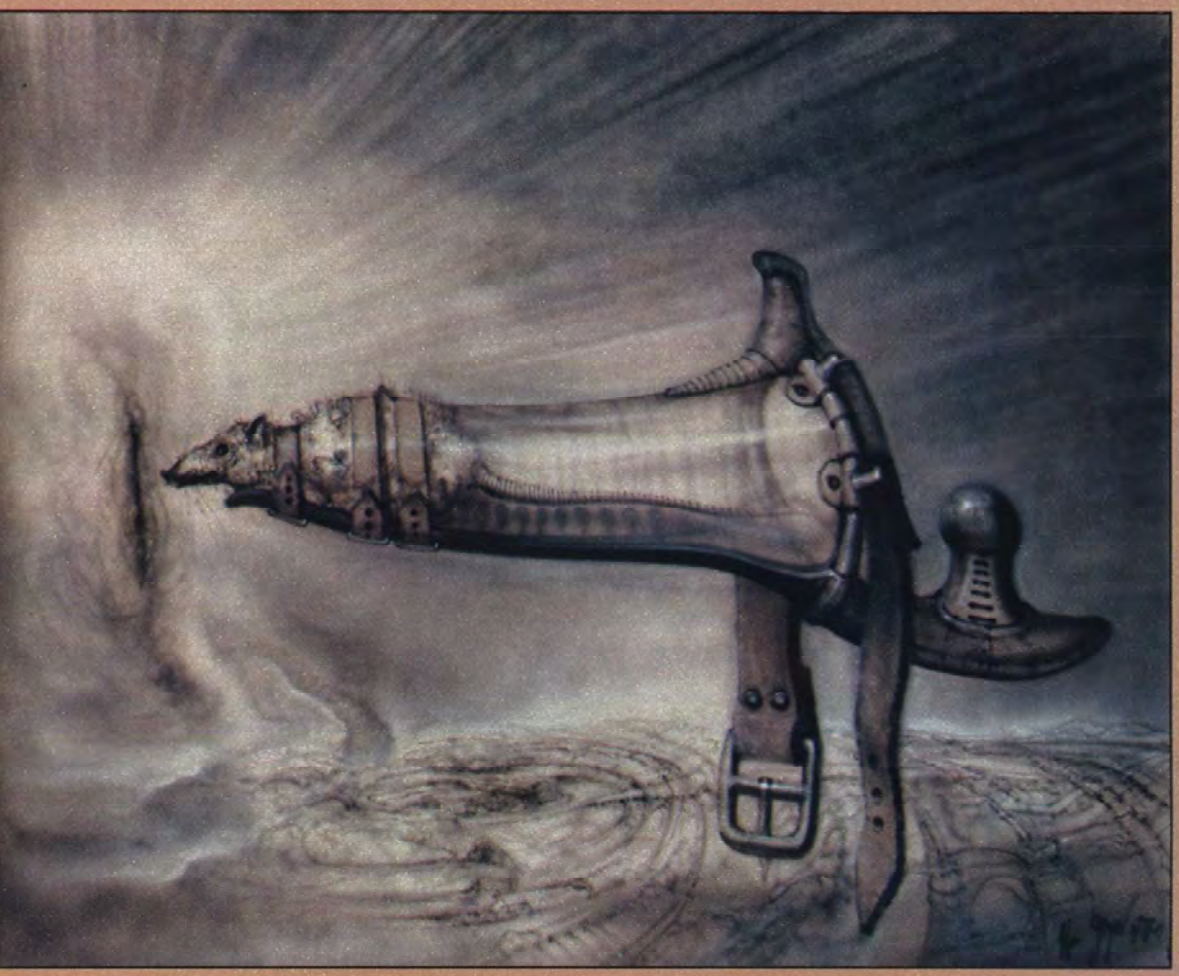
Along with Giger's biting social commentary, there are often spiritual, mythological allusions in his work. In *Spell IV* (above), he pays homage to the Baphomet, an obscurely symbolic creature that originated in medieval times. The creature expresses Giger's own view of a world in which the hideous and the beautiful, redemption and damnation, man and beast, are inseparable, forming a complete unity. The painting at left is a seething chamber of horrors, reminiscent of a skeleton-laden "ghost train" that Giger constructed in the labyrinthine corridors of his boyhood home.



By Giger's own account, viewers first exposed to his work are often frightened or horrified, seeing it as the product of a madman or a grotesque form of pornography. But the blatant eroticism of Giger's art springs from his conviction that only by creatively expressing our darker urges—whether perverse, violent, or sexual—can we become truly healthy. When he paints, Giger explains, "I try to switch off my thoughts, as far as possible, to bring the debris of my mind uncensored into the daylight. The result is a highly personal form of psychogram." Here, the realistic depiction of male phalluses penetrating female genitals spotlights the haunting similarity between man and woman; the deliberate use of multiple images dramatizes the obsessive way in which our sexual thoughts wallpaper our dream environment.







The sight of an operating refuse-collection truck, with overflowing garbage bins emptied into the circular opening, held obvious erotic overtones for Giger, inspiring the two psychedelic paintings at top left. (In other Giger paintings, this same image is used instead to symbolize the gates of hell.) *The Master and Margarita* (right) depicts more of the gruesome snakes and worms that often fill his nightmares. By giving such artistic expression to the psychic demons that plague us, Giger believes that people with chaotic inner lives can find a new balance and inner peace. "Then," predicts Giger, "psychiatrists would go hungry, as artists have for so many centuries!"

ADVISE & DISSENT

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mentioned as the safest but most expensive is the dismantling of the entire reactor. The parts are then hauled to a nuclear burial ground, buried, and, theoretically, forgotten. The forgetting has to be merely theoretical, however, since all practical experience with toxic-waste burial grounds so far shows that unexpected leaks are more the rule than the exception—and a leak from the rubble of a dismantled nuclear reactor, perhaps contaminating groundwater that might emerge in municipal drinking water miles away, is a horrible, haunting possibility. Still, dismantling is a leading possibility for what will happen to all reactors around the turn of the century.

A second way of shelving the reactors once they have become unusable is to entomb them just where they sit—simply to build a new, huge, sealed structure of steel and concrete around each one after first removing any easily detached wastes, such as fuel rods and cooling liquids. The entombing presumably makes the reactor impervious to one threat that is very much on everyone's mind: that of theft of radioactive materials by terrorists. The need to drill through dozens of feet of concrete and steel to get at the hot stuff is felt to be deterrent enough. There is, however, an obvious drawback to entombment. After all, the entombed plant is still sitting, as are most nuclear plants, fairly close to major inhabited areas. (Burial grounds are supposed to be farther out, although how far out one has to go before one is far enough away from everybody is really anybody's estimate.) Should an earthquake or some unforeseen problem cause a leak from an entombed reactor, the consequences could be quickly devastating.

A third method of putting the reactor out of service is called mothballing. It means that fuel and waste are removed and the reactor is simply fenced off, constantly guarded, and let sit for the generations or centuries that it will take for it to cool down to safe levels of radiation. The possibility of a terrorist raid—or even of a remote-control plane smashing into such a mothballed reactor, scattering hot debris over the countryside—is an obvious drawback. Yet, since 1960, most reactors that have been shut down have been mothballed. An obvious reason: it's the cheapest method. Of the reactors shut down so far, ten have been mostly smallest and demonstration units and five were larger but still comparatively small power-generating reactors. Of the 15 total, 10 have been mothballed, 3 have been entombed, and 2 have been dismantled. Additionally, 50 *very* small laboratory-scale reactors have been shut down, almost all by being dismantled.

The final method is a combination in which the reactor would either be entombed or mothballed for up to a century and then dismantled. The idea is that the century of sitting would cool it down enough to make taking it apart cheaper and safer. This system, of course, is a combination of disadvantages, presenting all the perils of the other methods.

The truth of the matter seems to be that nobody really knows what *is* or *isn't* believable when it comes to shutting down our dying nuclear plants. Not even the government can tell exactly how much it will cost to shut down its own experimental reactors and other nuclear facilities. The watchdog of Congress, the Government Accounting Office, put it this way:

"Reliable estimates have not been made, but it seems that the cost to decommission federally owned nuclear facilities will run into billions of dollars. One of the contractors estimated that it would cost as much as $4 billion to decommission the facilities at the largest of [the government's] 26 reservations."

> Nuclear plants will wear out. They will have to be shut down. It is going to cost a lot of money. Those things are absolutely certain.

Cost estimates for decommissioning private facilities, the GAO says bluntly, "have not been developed. . . ."

One reason for the information gap was stated in a report from the Government Operations Committee of Congress: "For three decades the federal government has moved ahead on the assumption that nuclear power was the energy answer for the future. All technological effort, therefore, went into making the plants work. It is only in the last three or four years that people have begun to concentrate on the costs and side effects of nuclear technology."

The situation is still so bad that the commerce commissioner of the state of Iowa recently testified to the U.S. Congress that "no one today can tell us what a kilowatt-hour of electricity from a nuclear plant really costs. How, then, can a utility regulator do the job he is assigned? How can we make sure that a citizen using electricity today pays all the costs of that electricity? In current circumstances, that simply cannot be done." The cost of shutting down the plants is a major part of that concern.

The GAO has an even stronger view on that. The costs, it says, should "be paid by the current beneficiaries, not by future generations." This would mean accumulating "funds for decommissioning during the life of . . . projects."

But to show how far we are from even knowing how to go about it, GAO has listed these questions as vital but unanswered: How much will decommissioning cost, and who should pay? How should nuclear reactors be decommissioned? What more should states do to plan for decommissioning?

As for the attitude of the public utilities that now operate nuclear reactors, the GAO says that they do not consider the problem to be "significant." One measure of just how casually the utilities treat the matter is shown in their responses to a GAO questionnaire that asked them how they planned to pay for their plant shutdowns when the walls became lethally radioactive.

"Seventeen stated that they use depreciation accounts to reflect decommissioning costs, which ultimately wind up in utility rates. However, even though funds collected through this method are an advance recovery of costs, these funds are not set aside in special accounts. Instead, *the funds are used in current operations in lieu of borrowing* [italics added]."

In simpler terms, that means that some utilities collect cash today for the future closing down of their plants. But they don't put it aside. They spend it, rather than go to the bank for loans to meet the current costs of, for instance, expansion or executive-salary increases. When they have to shut their reactors down, they will just add that all to the bill right then and there.

Of course, there is always the standard solution of last resort: pass all the bills along to the taxpayers—generally through another government subsidy for nuclear energy, a subsidy to shut down the plants that the government made possible in the first place even though most are operated for the private profit of utility companies.

Meantime, only a few things seem absolutely certain about the massive problem of closing down our nuclear plants when they reach the end of their lives: the problem cannot be avoided, even though it can be swept under the rug for a while. But, whether it is swept under the rug or not, the plants *will* wear out. They *will* have to be shut down. It *is* going to cost a lot of money, and it will impose new burdens on our already limited ability to cope with toxic wastes.

But this is not a problem for the future. Even now, the invisible buildup of radiation in all of our reactors—the steady, unstoppable radiation—dooms every one of them. How many more will be built to keep that process going? How will it change our lives? What, finally, will we have to pay for the energy that the nukes produce today?

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OTHELLO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

time, the FBI was trying to cut off the Panthers from their support in the black community. In one revealing episode the FBI managed to obtain a copy of a "Black Panther Coloring Book," an innocuous publication produced by the Panthers for black schoolchildren. In a clever forgery the FBI added to the book pages showing young children with knives attacking policemen; other pages carried such titles as "Off the pig!" The FBI arranged for the distribution of thousands of copies of the coloring book—to the horror of many black leaders, who, assuming that the book was genuine, began to disassociate themselves from the Panthers.

If that is as far as the FBI program went, the Panthers would not have been ultimately wrecked as an organization (the Panthers have virtually ceased to exist). But what happened was that such disruption was not enough; the Panthers continued to flourish. Othello discovered, almost unintentionally, what the next step was.

It came on January 17, 1969. On that day 150 members of the U.C.L.A. Black Students Union met at the university to resolve a festering dispute: US and Black Panther members were squabbling over which group should have major say in selection of the director of the black studies program. The argument was heated, its tension underlined by the presence of five armed "Simbas" (members of the US "elite guard") and two Black Panthers named John Huggins and Alprentice ("Bunchy") Carter, respectively leader of the Southern California Chapter of the Black Panthers and the chapter's "defense minister."

"I should have suspected that something bad was going to happen," says Othello. "Control One had a real problem with Carter and Huggins—both were charismatic and strong leaders; Control One made it clear to me that he wanted both of them out of the way. He gave my assignment. I was supposed to go to this meeting at U.C.L.A. and 'just observe' what was going on and report to him about it later. I knew that weeks before three female Black Panthers were beaten up in the U.C.L.A. cafeteria and a US woman was beaten up by the Panthers; both those incidents, I was sure, were bureau jobs.

"Anyway, I went to the meeting, and there was a lot of shouting. After a while I left, because I figured not much seemed to be happening. Just then I heard some shots, and two guys I recognized as George Stiner and his brother, Joseph, both US members, came rushing out right past me. I saw them go into the parking lot and get inside a car driven by none other than Control One himself. Then I heard that Carter and Huggins had been shot to death at the meeting, and my eyes got big. I said, 'Hey, this is not in the game plan.' So I went down to the federal building where the FBI headquarters was and went up to the fourteenth floor. 'There's been a fuckup,' Control One said. I saw the Stiner brothers right there, with Control One, and he didn't look too happy. There was a third guy with Control One, a guy named Claude Hubert. Later I found out that Hubert, according to witnesses at the meeting, did the actual shooting. Three days later the Stiners turned themselves in to the cops. The way I figured it, I had been assigned to watch the meeting and see if the Stiners and Hubert did what they were supposed to do."

Probably, although it remains unclear precisely whether Control One in fact ordered the murders committed or simply ordered the US members—who were obviously in FBI employ at that point—to create more trouble with the Panthers. There is one interesting piece of evidence: three days after the murders, the Stiners surrendered to the police. They were convicted of murder charges during a trial that featured the odd sight of Black Panther witnesses testifying on behalf of the state, and they were sentenced to San Quentin. But only four years later the Stiners were transferred to the minimum-security section (a very rare action for convicted murderers) at San Quentin, from which they escaped, and they have not been seen since. Hubert, who witnesses said did the actual killing of Carter, disappeared right after the shooting and has never been found.

Quickly, Othello found himself neck-deep in the escalating war against the Panthers. "As I said, there was no limit," he says. "I was constantly being asked to get information on certain members about their sex lives, anything about them that could be used. I was also asked constantly to try and set them up—to plant weapons or drugs in their homes or Panther offices. Plus, there was the fighting between US and the Panthers. Right after the U.C.L.A. shootout, there were bodies turning up all over the place. It was clear to me that the FBI was bound and determined to get rid of the Panthers."

He was right. As FBI documents released under the Freedom of Information Act years later showed, there were at least 295 FBI operations against black groups up to 1971; of that total, 233 were targeted against the Black Panthers. The Bureau wound up spending an estimated $7,400,000—much of it on operatives like Othello—for informants and undercover men to wreck the organization. That amount is about double what the FBI was spending to obtain information about organized crime.

By the end of 1969, the war against the Panthers was entering its climactic stage, a war that in the end would result in the

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By Robert Harris, Technical Director

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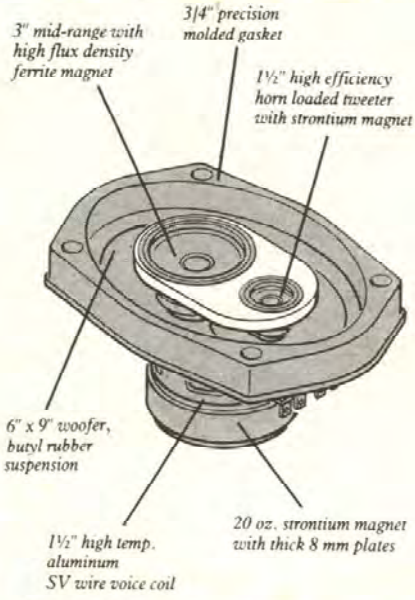
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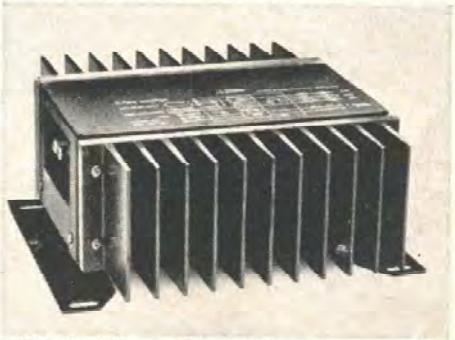

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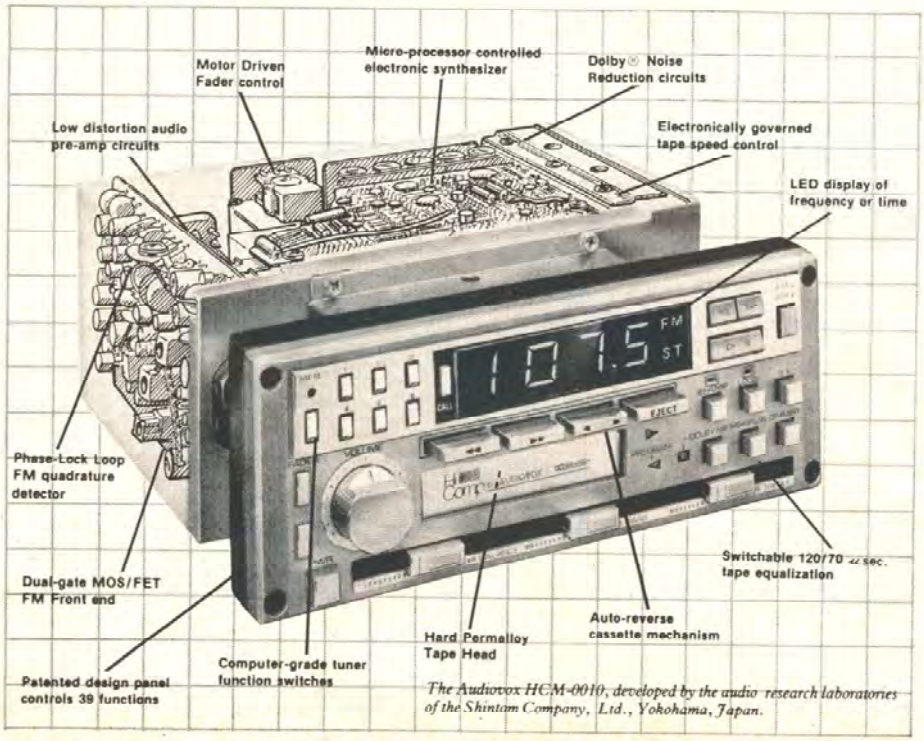
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deaths of a dozen Panthers and the jailing of nearly 1,000 others. The Stalingrad of that war came on December 8, 1969, when a predawn Los Angeles police raid on party headquarters in that city, the nerve center for the national Panther movement, resulted in a shootout that ended with the arrests of 24 party members. The raid, which also hit Panther apartments and homes, was meticulously planned and executed and aided by detailed diagrams of the complex of offices and the location and habits of each member. That information was provided by the FBI, which in turn got it from Othello.

"At that time," says Othello, "I was somebody named 'Ed Riggs,' a cool dude who had a reputation for helping out the brothers whenever they needed it. Need a weapon? Cool Ed Riggs will get it for you. Need a few bucks? Ed will get it. Of course, I was getting all this stuff from the bureau, but only *I* knew that—or at least I *hoped* I was the only one outside the bureau to know. The Panthers, especially, took a dim view of informers and such. But I was considered okay not only by the Panthers but by a lot of other groups. I always seemed to be around, willing to help out anybody who wanted me to. I was posing as a sort of reporter, just a guy sort of hanging around, getting a view of what was happening in the black communities. I never really pushed anybody for information, just acted cool. You know, the first time I gave them [the FBI] some good information on the Panthers, Control One gave me two hundred dollars. I wouldn't take the money, because I was saying to myself, 'Listen, they squeezed you into this, and if you're ever found out, at least you can say you didn't take any money from the sons of bitches.' Well, that changed; the second time I took the money, and I kept taking it after that. Besides, I didn't have any real feeling about the Panthers or anybody else. I really figured, 'Hey, there must be a good reason why some outfit like the FBI is after these people so bad; they must be some kind of a real threat.' "

Besides, Othello was in the position of a man riding a tiger, fearing ever to dismount. "You know, one time, I was driving in this jeep with a couple of Panthers. The guy driving suddenly said, 'There's an informant in this jeep right now.' I said to myself, 'Oh, shit, they found you out; this is it.' But he turned around to one of the guys sitting in the backseat and said, 'That's the sonofabitch.' We drive up into the Santa Cruz Mountains. He took the guy into the woods, and I heard a couple of shots. Later I saw the guy's body; his whole face was just blown away. Later I told all this to Control One, who looked at me and said, 'That's what happens to informants.' I guessed he was trying to tell me something."

The final spasm of the Black Panthers in December 1969 marked the virtual end of the FBI's anti-Panther campaign. In addition to the Los Angeles raid, similar raids at about the same time took place in other cities, the most notorious occurring in Chicago, where Panther leader Fred Hampton was gunned down by Chicago police in a fusillade of 80 shots that killed another Panther and wounded four others (the Panthers fired only one shot, and that one apparently accidentally). In an operation remarkably similar to the one involving Othello in Los Angeles, the Chicago FBI office used an undercover operative to set up Hampton, including the dispensing of a secobarbital tablet to Hampton just a few hours before the raid.

By the beginning of 1970, Othello's stock was high with the bureau, and he acquired a second agent to deal with, who will be called Control Two in this article. "When you first start working for the bureau undercover," Othello says, "you start off with a grade of zero. In the beginning they give you little jobs to do: get the address of this guy, steal this guy's phone book, find out where so-and-so hangs out. Actually, they already know what they're asking you to do; it's just a test to see if you can do the work without getting caught and if you're capable of following orders. The next step is that they give you bigger and bigger assignments. You're graded on a scale of one to one hundred, and when you reach a score of ninety-five, then you're considered tops, one of the best. I was told I had a ninety-nine rating."

For his next task Othello was told to infiltrate a "prominent community group," meaning one of the several organizations that had sprung up following the ghetto riots in the early 1960s. Armed with federal funds and private contributions, they were bootstrap operations designed to offer new hope and a spirit of community organization to the residents of the urban ghetto.

The target selected for Othello was the Watts Writers Workshop in Los Angeles, one of the most highly publicized and successful of such groups. Initially bankrolled by a number of prominent Hollywood personalities, including writer Budd Schulberg and actors Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger (Sammy Davis, Jr., contributed a piano), the workshop reached out for ghetto youths who showed promise and then trained them as writers, television technicians, actors, and other craftsmen. Considered a model community-action project, the workshop was run by a prominent television scriptwriter Harry Dolan ("Julia," "The Partridge Family," and other shows), and its location in the black Watts ghetto in Los Angeles made it not only a fulcrum of white liberal guilt about blacks but also a vital cultural center of the black community. Which is where the problem started.

"The FBI had a real thing about organizations like the Watts Writers Workshop," Othello says. "They became convinced that groups like the workshop were actually what they liked to call 'hotbeds of

"I've had to be both mother and father to him."

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radicalism.' You know, what was really going on in places like that was that kids were being taught how to make bombs and fire weapons and kill police, stuff like that. They just couldn't get it through their heads that it wasn't anything like what they thought, but they were bound and determined that the workshop had to go. So I had a simple job: I was supposed to get inside the place and wreck it. I don't know any other way to describe it; anything I had to do to get the job done, I had to do."

Othello, posing now as a former black student down on his luck, showed up at Dolan's office door one morning, wearing threadbare clothes. Offering to work as a janitor at the workshop without salary in exchange for sleeping quarters, Othello talked Dolan—noted for his reputation as a soft touch—into granting him a job. He set about his work diligently, noting such things as the workshop's $250,000 theater, built with donations from major movie studios and the proceeds of a celebrity pool tournament. Clearly, with its facilities and Hollywood connections, the workshop was big time, and although there was plenty of actor training and instruction for writers, poets, and playwrights, nothing subversive was going on, at least as far as Othello could see.

Not that it mattered. Almost coincidental with Othello's arrival, the workshop began to experience serious trouble: organizational squabbling, anonymous charges of pilfering, strong pressure exerted against contributors, rumors of "radical black training" at its courses, and rumors of trouble between white and black overseers at the center (Schulberg finally quit the workshop after an acrimonious dispute).

Othello had nothing to do with the trouble, although he was perfectly aware of the fact that it had been instigated from the outside. He was working diligently under his cover and within several months had talked Dolan into heading up the workshop's video communications program. For his FBI control, the move was ideal: armed now with the workshop's portable video cameras, Othello could use his workshop job as perfect journalistic cover for infiltrating other groups in which the bureau had strong interest. He became a fixture throughout many West Coast communities, seemingly everywhere, taking his pictures. Almost all those tapes were turned over to the FBI, especially the ones showing interiors of offices. Additionally, Othello talked a number of radical-group leaders into "private interviews," which, he assured them, would be used only for showing at the workshop; these, too, went to the FBI to be included in bulging dossiers. (Often, in such cases, Othello, a trusted figure in the radical community, would entice the interviewee to make blatantly radical statements.)

Othello's cover was so perfect that even a bad mistake would hardly ruffle the surface. "One day," says Dolan's wife, Clara, who administered the workshop, "one of the people who worked there came up to me and said he saw Othello taking papers out of our files. Well, I knew Othello very well; as a matter of fact, Harry was sort of a father to him. So I just couldn't believe it. For one thing, I couldn't understand why *anybody* would be stealing stuff from our files; there wasn't anything secret about us at all. I dismissed the whole thing."

Other things were dismissed. "Once," says Dolan, "we had a big benefit dinner all set up; a great many prominent Hollywood people were to be invited. We made up the invitations and sent them out. Came the night of the dinner, and hardly anybody showed up. We were terribly disappointed, not to mention the money we lost. A few days later the mailman came in and handed me a sack. 'I found this lying in the gutter,' he told me. I looked inside, and there were all the invitations. It was then that I remembered that I had given Othello the invitations to mail after he volunteered to take them to the post office. But even then I didn't suspect him; I figured he had somehow fouled up.

"He was always fouling up; we took to calling him 'Baby Huey,' after the cartoon character who was always breaking things. That was Othello—always breaking things; he'd smash expensive equipment by accident, drop things, foul up lights and everything. To tell you the truth, not until long after it was over, did I figure what he did was deliberate."

By "it," Dolan means the final act in the Watts Writers Workshop tragedy. His funding cut off, the contributors no longer contributing, and faced with mounting bills, to save money Dolan put $20,000 of his own money into the project and cut costs, including cancellation of the fire insurance. But early in 1974, a fire swept through the workshop, leveling it to the ground. The Los Angeles Fire Department pronounced the blaze arson.

"It sure was," Othello says, "and I know it was arson because I set the fire myself. What happened was that despite everything the bureau had done to wreck the place, Harry Dolan and his wife somehow kept it going. Both Control One and Control Two were getting frantic. 'Listen,' I told them, 'what's the big deal? It provides good cover for me; so let's keep it going.' But Control Two said, 'No, it's got to be dealt under.' I told him it was about dead anyway, but they insisted. Then I said, 'Look, what else can you do, kill these people?' I saw this light shine in their eyes, and Control One said, 'Normally, you don't have to do that. Let's just get rid of the place.' Then they told me to burn the place down. I was negative. 'No way,' I said. 'Look, maybe some of these other groups go off the deep end, but the workshop isn't like that. Forget it.' I was told to do it—or else. So I did it. I put some gasoline in two Purex cans with

road flares sticking out, and I lit one fire in the front and one in the back—a real professional job, just like the bureau taught me. The place went up like a torch. I called the fire department after I was sure the building would be totalled, and then I called Harry Dolan. After that I was drunk for most of a month."

The workshop incident was the beginning of the end for Othello. Curiously, although upset by the episode, he seemed to have no equivalent qualms about some of the other things he was doing for the bureau at that time. In addition to outright spying, Othello was ordered to help provide weapons and explosives for several radical groups, most notably the Weather Underground and the Black Liberation Army, the latter a radical offshoot of the Black Panthers.

"The workshop thing really got to me," Othello says, "and for the first time, really, I started thinking about what I was doing, whether all of it was worth saving my ass from the jail. See, jail was the big thing. Control One and Control Two made it clear that if I didn't play ball, they could slap me in jail anytime they wanted. I suppose they needed me at that point. I was well known throughout the radical community. It was like this: hey, here's Ed Riggs, crazy dude. He'll do anything for you—get you weapons, get you explosives, anything. He never asks questions, just does it for you. A good guy. Some good guy, right? The bureau had some kind of arrangement with BATF [Bureau of Alcohol, Tax, and Firearms, an agency of the Treasury Department], which gave the bureau some weapons they had confiscated. In turn, the bureau wanted these weapons distributed to various groups, mainly to set them up on weapons charges.

"See, it's not easy to get weapons or explosives, at least not as easy as people think," Othello says. "If you're a radical, you find out that only a few people sell arms and explosives; the stuff is just too easy to trace. The people I was either giving or selling this stuff to didn't ask where I got the stuff; first, you don't ask, and, second, they must have figured this guy can't be an FBI plant if he's getting weapons—that's for sure. So they trusted me, even when I had some close calls. One time I was given some TNT by Control Two. I looked at the stuff, and I saw that it was 'sweating' [beginning to chemically decompose]. 'Fuck it,' Control Two said. 'So what if it blows up in their faces?' Another time I helped the bureau set up the Black Liberation Army to steal weapons out of an army armory in Compton [Calif.]. Only thing was, without telling me, the bureau had removed the firing pins from the weapons, which were M-16 rifles, machine guns, and grenade launchers. So there I was, having to explain to the people that this great shipment of weapons I helped get for them somehow was missing firing pins."

Indeed, Othello at this point was a very busy man. In addition to his cover as an itinerant journalist of sorts, he was also posing as a radical who, although not attached to any particular organization, was willing to help all, no questions asked. He was providing weapons, explosives, and fake identifications (provided by the bureau) for those who needed them and keeping tabs on several groups, carrying out black-bag jobs to plant listening devices, and generally keeping his eyes and ears open for any news of interest.

The FBI's appetite seemed not only insatiable but amazingly broad as well. Othello's assignments, for example, included the following activities:

- Wiretapping the office of the lieutenant governor of California. (Othello never found out why.)
- Breaking into the office of Leon Ralph, a member of the Los Angeles City Council, to steal papers and plant a bug.
- Spying on the Reverend Jesse Jackson when Jackson came to the West Coast to set up Operation PUSH, his social-welfare program. Othello was told to find out about Jackson's sexual habits and attempt to plant drugs in his hotel room. (Othello told the FBI that he was unable to do so.)
- Spying on such Hollywood personalities as Sammy Davis, Jr., producer Burt Sugarman, singer Barry White, and others, all of whom were known to have given money to black organizations. Othello provided detailed layouts of their offices, all of which were later burglarized.
- Spying on the annual Image Awards Dinner, sponsored by the NAACP, to obtain information on who was contributing money to the organization. Othello felt that the assignment was stupid, since the NAACP was hardly a radical organization.

And there was still another community organization to be destroyed. The target this time was the Community Freedom School of Los Angeles, a black organization that taught black children "black pride" and the Swahili language. "I was told to destroy the place," Othello says. "They [the FBI] wanted it busted up, and they wanted it busted up fast. I could never figure out why the big panic, but like the Watts Writers Workshop, I think they thought the place was some sort of hotbed of radicalism. This one turned out to be easier than the Watts Writers Workshop to wreck."

Actually, it took only a few months. First, Othello struck up a close friendship with the director of the school and soon nearly became a fixture around the place, even to the extent of buying an electric coffee maker for the school. Again, Othello used his video cameras, filming a series of "interviews" with the director and other people connected with the school. The next step was for Othello to plant pipe bombs in the school and a few manuals of urban guerrilla warfare in

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the building's library. Subsequently, the FBI tipped off police that the pipe bombs were in the school; the director was arrested. For good measure, it turned out, Othello had also talked the director into buying some guns under an assumed name; that led to a federal firearms charge. Without leadership the school collapsed.

It was another successful operation, but it was clear that Othello's string was running out. For one thing, even though his cover was good, he had been in too many places too many times; even the dimmest radical could now put two and two together; Othello somehow always seemed to be connected with trouble. Second, he himself had become tired of the whole thing. By early 1975 he had been living a double life for nearly eight years.

"By that time," he says, "I had a wife and a small baby. The bureau had provided me with a house, but I just couldn't see how much longer I could possibly keep this up. I'd look out and see how many lives I'd ruined, how many people I'd betrayed, how many organizations and groups had been destroyed. And, yes, I thought about the people who had been killed. Maybe if I hadn't done anything, they'd have been killed anyway, but the fact was that I *did* participate in the setups and the frame-ups and the disruptions that finally did kill them."

The money, of course, came in regularly, scrupulously paid on time, all in cash. His relationship with Control One and Control Two, however, was becoming strained, and they detected a growing rebelliousness. Othello talked to them at length, often face to face, other times via written instructions left at dead drops. (He had the foresight to keep some of those written instructions; one in early 1975 warned him not to sever his relationship with the FBI, noting the murder of a Blank Panther in prison.)

Then, too, his credibility in the underground was becoming frayed. The first warning that he was no longer fully trusted came early in 1975, when he tried to arrange the escape from prison of Elmer ("Geronimo") Pratt, a Black Panther jailed at San Quentin on murder charges. The breakout, which was to be arranged by Othello and was to use members of the Black Liberation Army, was the brainstorm of the FBI, which never made clear to Othello why it wanted Pratt out of prison. In any event, BLA members contacted by Othello balked at the idea and made it clear that they wanted nothing further to do with him. Possibly, they were thinking of what happened to George Jackson, the famous "Soledad Brother," who in 1971 was shot to death at San Quentin during an alleged escape attempt. (According to Othello, the escape was in fact an FBI plan; the gun smuggled to Jackson had been seized earlier in a raid on the Black Panthers, and the plastic explosive also smuggled to him was actually window putty.)

On May 20, 1975, Othello called Control Two and told him that he would no longer work as an undercover operative. Control Two asked him to think it over and promised to come and see him in order to help arrange a new job. The next morning there was a police raid on Othello's house, and he found himself under arrest for violation of his probation seven years before. "I saw Control One and Control Two across the street, laughing while this was going on," he says. "Things started happening real fast. First, the cops ransacked my house. I mean, they really tore it apart. Apparently, they were looking for some stuff—mainly papers—the bureau said I had taken from them."

Actually, the FBI was correct: Othello *had* stolen some papers, among them FBI classified Telex messages, a theft he regarded as providing insurance against such a contingency. Additionally, Control Two had learned that Othello had tape-recorded one of their phone conversations, during which Control Two authorized Othello to steal a tape recording from a radio station in Los Angeles.

> When the Watts Writers Workshop burned down, the L.A. Fire Department said it was arson. "It sure was," said Othello, "because I set the fire myself."

Carted off to jail, Othello was shuttled among various jails while a lawyer tried desperately to find him. And he certainly needed a lawyer. In addition to the probation charge, he discovered that he was also being charged with check forgery (it turned out to be $125 in checks he had written under an FBI alias) and, for the clincher, car theft. (Othello beat that one by noting that he did not drive and, further, that he didn't have a driver's license.)

"I was in jail about a week until the lawyer got me out," says Othello. "While I was in, Control One and Control Two came to see me. They said, 'This can stop, Othello.' I said to them, 'You know, I'll be so happy when I see your asses in jail.' Their intimidation didn't work this time; I had just made up my mind that I wasn't going to play snitch anymore. That was it. It was over; I figured if they killed me at that point, at least I'll die like a man instead of some kind of a rat. What finally happened was that I was offered probation on the check charge—which I refused—and the other charges were dropped."

And at that point Othello dropped out of sight, deep into the underground he had learned so well. Since then he emerged into the public limelight only once—a disastrous appearance. In December 1976 he agreed to testify at the trial of an influential California businessman indicted on charges of tax evasion. Othello, who says he wiretapped the businessman for the FBI three years before, was called by the defense to buttress its contention that the federal charges were politically inspired, a defense that ultimately failed. Othello did just that, in the process dropping a bombshell: in court he played the tape recording of his conversation with Control Two to prove that he had been an undercover operative for the FBI.

An FBI agent called to testify admitted that Othello had been given that code name by the FBI, but he insisted that Othello was a low-level informant who had worked only briefly for the bureau, leaving unexplained why the FBI would bother giving a code name to a low-level informant.

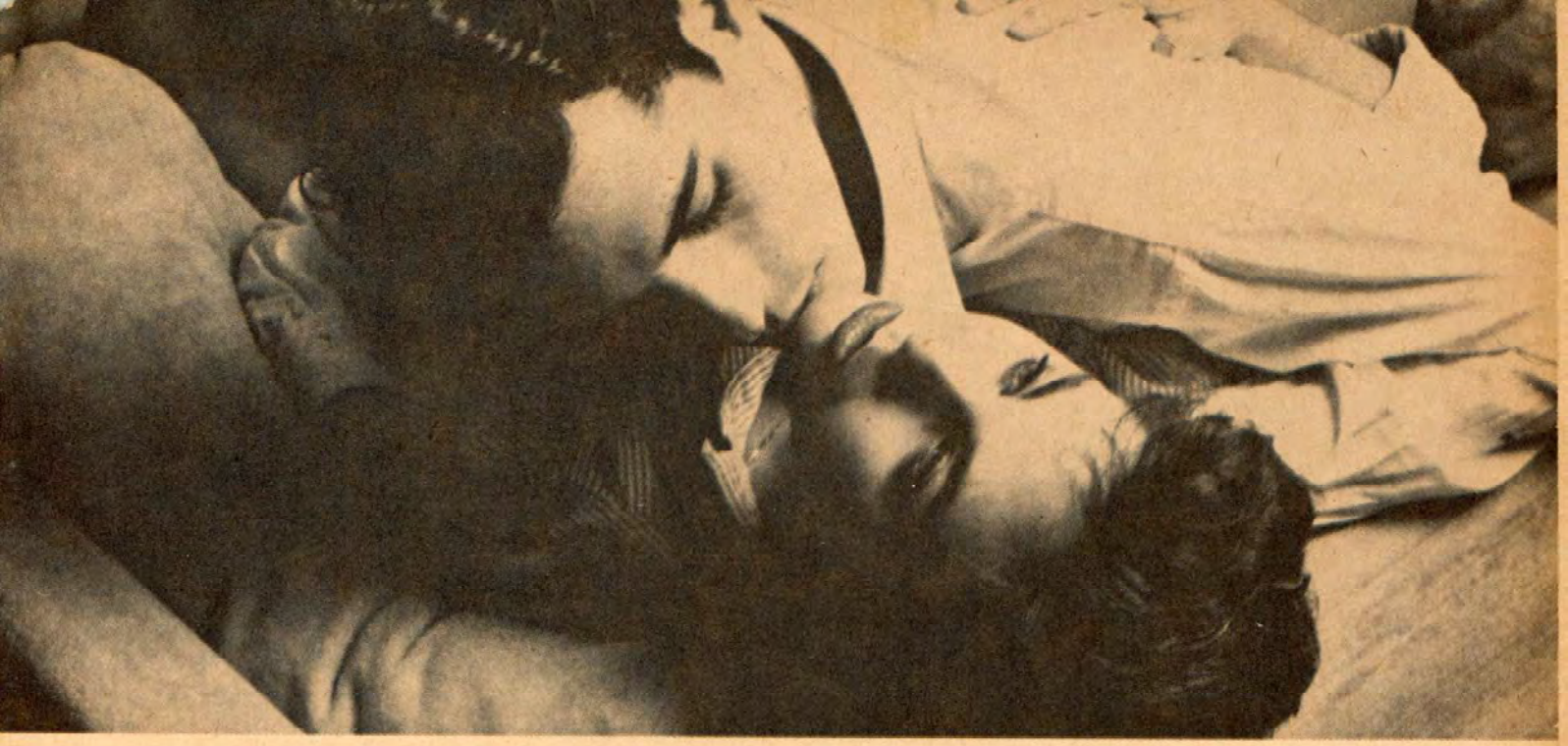
The FBI testimony was of small comfort to Othello, who during a recess in the trial was arrested, this time for illegal wiretapping. In another court the matter of the old probation came up again; a judge ordered Othello to serve two days in jail on the charge, then later face the charge of wiretapping. Othello served the two days, but following that, he disappeared again. He has been on the run ever since.

Why has he decided to tell his story now?

"I'm tired of running," Othello says. "My wife and child for the past four years have been living someplace in the Midwest. I know where they are, and we have a special system of communicating with each other when we have to. The last time I saw my son, he was in diapers; now he's four years old and starting preschool. He still keeps asking for me, and the only thing my wife tells him is that I'm in New York."

Othello's existence is now rather hand-to-mouth. "I have some people I know, some people who help me out. But not much. The longest I can hold a job is three to six months, since I have to work under aliases, and they always catch up to you eventually. Since I've dropped out of sight, my family has been harassed; they've been visited by federal agents, demanding to know where I am. I can't go near friends and relatives for fear I'll get them involved; I know some of them are under surveillance."

And what about the possibility of jail? "I can't think about that," Othello says quietly. "Whatever will happen, will happen. It's got to end, and it's got to end now. I can't hang on any longer, no matter what happens."



THE AVERAGE AMERICAN WAY OF SEX

In case you need to know what everyone else in America is doing before you take a dive into the sexual unknown

Photographs by Marc Tauss

The first time. The average boy has intercourse with his first sex partner one to three times before trying it with someone else. The average girl, more emotionally committed to her partner before she sleeps with him, has sex with him ten times before moving on.

Putout output. The average person uses as much energy making love as he or she would running up a flight of stairs.

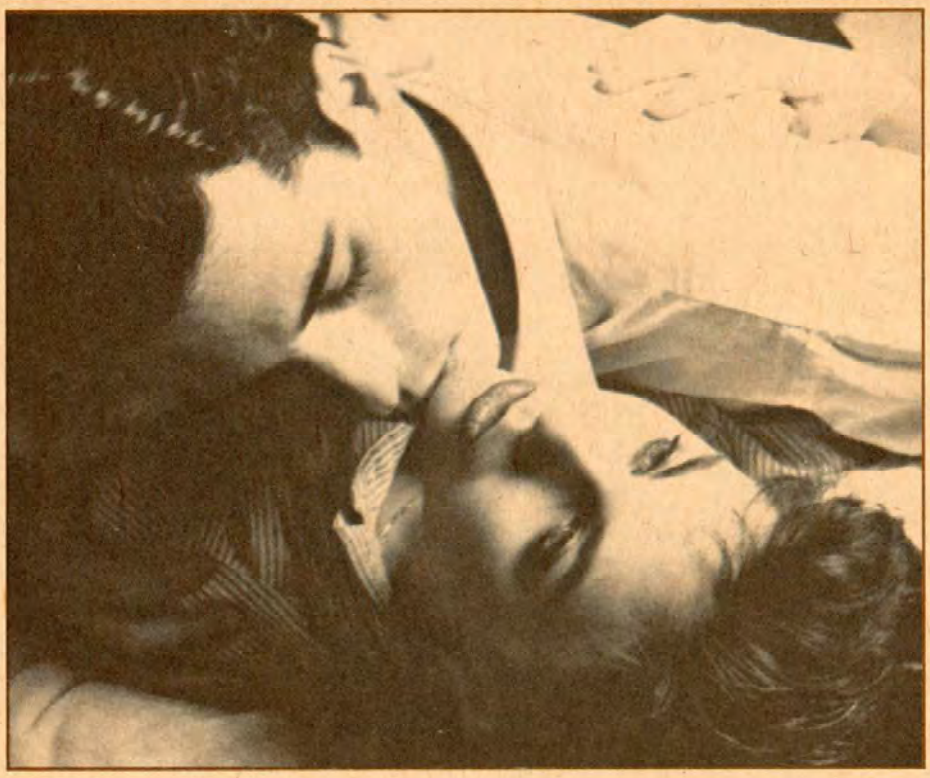
Inside the testicle. The average testicle is an inch in diameter and weighs half an ounce. It contains a third of a mile of tubes, in which it produces 50 million sperm cells in an average day—enough to populate the United States in four or five days.

Usually a woman gets in the way. The average young man ejaculates with enough force to squirt his semen 12 to 24 inches. The average old man's squirting force is 3 to 12 inches.

The gradual approach. In *Intimate Behaviour*, published by Random House in 1971, author Desmond

From the forthcoming book, *American Averages*, by William Mead and Michael Feinsilber, to be published by Doubleday.

BY WILLIAM MEAD AND MICHAEL FEINSILBER



Morris says that average courtship works through 12 stages of contact, in this order:

1. Eye to body
2. Eye to eye
3. Voice to voice
4. Hand to hand
5. Arm around shoulder
6. Arm around waist
7. Mouth to mouth
8. Hand to head (caressing)
9. Hand to body
10. Mouth to breast
11. Hand to genitals
12. Genitals to genitals

Another dull evening with Mr. and Mrs. Swinger. According to various studies, most swingers are white, middle-class, and highly educated. Betty Fang, an educator who studied the subject, said that swingers also tend to be "dull homebodies with few interests, excluding watching television and reading the newspaper." One scholar gave a bunch of swingers a test called the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. The swingers were graded "uninterestingly normal" on the average.

The wages of sin. The average prostitute makes $36,000 a year, tax-free. She entered her line of work at the age of 17½. Before starting their careers, four out of every five prostitutes were victims of incest, rape, sexual abuse, or physical abuse. Two prostitutes out of three were runaways. Two out of five didn't finish high school. Four out of five support a pimp. One out of three has children. Only one out of eight has any money saved. All that is from a study of 60 San Francisco streetwalkers, sponsored by the Unitarian Universalist Service Committee.

Get out your ruler. Erect, the average penis is six inches long.

It's piecework. The average prostitute turns 15 to 20 tricks a night. At least three-quarters of her clients choose fellatio.

In and out of wedlock. Nine percent of kids born today are born before their mothers marry. Another 24 percent are born less than nine months after the wedding. Thus, a third of all first births are conceived before marriage. Eighty-five percent of women with children born out of wedlock eventually marry. Eleven percent of the children born to women who divorce and remarry are born between marriages. Women who remarry tend to have three-fifths of their children by husband number one.

You never know when. Pregnancy results from one of every 288 acts of intercourse.

A practical note on intercourse positions. On the average, a woman is most likely to get pregnant if the couple has intercourse in the "male-superior" position, with the woman on her back. It helps to put a pillow under her buttocks, because that tends to keep the semen in.

What Kinsey learned about homosexuality. When Kinsey asked 5,300 white males and 5,940 white females, he found out the following data:

Thirty-seven percent of the males had at least one overt homosexual experience between the onset of adolescence and old age. Ten percent were predominantly homosexual for at least three years between the ages of 16 and 55. Four percent were solely homosexual after the onset of adolescence. The highest incidence of homosexual activities occurred among unskilled and semiskilled workers and the lower white-collar class, among those with high-school education and urban backgrounds, among the least active church members. The lowest incidence occurred among professional, white-collar, and college-educated men.

Thirteen percent of the females had at least one overt homosexual experience between adolescence and old age. Twenty-eight percent had a covert or overt experience. In any age group, there were likely to be more male than female homosexuals. In some age groups there were twice as many male homosexuals as female. The incidence of female homosexuality was highest among those with college and postgraduate education; the better educated women were, the most likely they were to engage in homosexual activity.

Pregnant so soon? According to the Alan Guttmacher Institute, one in ten teenage girls in the United States gets pregnant in an average year. About 300,000 of these million pregnant girls are married when their babies are born, 100,000 marry after giving birth, 300,000 have abortions, and 200,000 miscarry. Thirty thousand have not reached their fifteenth birthday at the time of conception.

We could watch the late news. . . After intercourse an average man must wait a half-hour before he can get another erection. But it's a strain for him to ejaculate more than once a session.

Who's homosexual? One American in ten, says the Institute of Sex Research—13 percent of the country's males and 5 percent of the females. The institute defines a homosexual as anyone who has had more than six sexual experiences with someone of the same gender. Alcoholism runs 20 percent to 30 percent heavier among homosexuals than among the population as a whole. One apparent reason is that homosexuals use gay bars as meeting places.

Sad. One married woman in 100 is absolutely repelled by intercourse.

Not tonight, honey. When 227 husbands and 233 wives were asked to list their favorite recreational activities, more men listed sex than anything else. More women said that they would rather read a book. On the average, the study concluded, as couples get older, both husband and wife tend to prefer other kinds of recreation to sex. Among couples married less than five years, 55 percent of the husbands and 27 percent of the wives named sex as their favorite leisure activity. Among those married 36 to 50 years, only 14 percent of the husbands and none of the wives listed sex as number one.

Affairs of the heart. As an average woman approaches orgasm, her heart rate accelerates to about 160 beats per minute.

Do grown-up, married people masturbate? Yes, they do, men and women alike. At least, on the average. In fact, the average American woman masturbates *more* as she gets older.

Just what Mother suspected. Of every 100 unmarried girls 15 to 19 years old, 35 have had sexual intercourse. That was as of 1976. In 1971 only 27 in 100 had done it. Of every 10 of these girls who have had sex, 3 use contraceptives regularly. Even at age 15, 1 girl in 5 has had intercourse.

Here it comes, ready or not. For two to four seconds just before he ejaculates, the average man knows that he's about to ejaculate and couldn't stop if he tried.

College girls catch up. When Alfred Kinsey did his studies in the 1940s, he found that 42 percent of college boys and 18 percent of college girls had had premarital sexual intercourse. When Prof. Marvin Zuckerman of the University of Delaware surveyed students at his university in 1973, he found that 66 percent of the boys and 63 percent of the girls had had premarital intercourse.

Zuckerman found what seemed to be a contradiction between attitudes and behavior. When he asked University of Delaware students whether they *approved* of various sexual joys before marriage, the girls, on the average, disapproved a lot more than the boys did. But on the same questionnaire, he asked whether they had *done* these things. To screen out youngsters who might have gotten carried away once or twice, he asked them to answer yes only if they had engaged in the act ten times or more. Here are the percentages of those who had done these things or had them done to him/her.

	Male	*Female*
Feeling nude breasts	73%	75%
Manipulation of penis	55%	62%
Manipulation of female genitals	63%	65%
Fellatio	34%	40%
Cunnilingus	33%	39%
Intercourse		
Male on top	34%	40%
Female on top	36%	39%
Sideways	20%	19%
Rear entry	22%	13%

Does that mean that the girls were hypocrites? No, Zimmerman decided, merely that the girls felt pretty free about sex with someone they loved but disapproved of casual sex, while the boys were more on the casual side. Zimmerman pinned that down by asking how many sex partners each student had had in the past year. The results:

Number of partners	*Male*	*Female*
None	16%	27%
1	14%	35%
2	10%	15%
3	16%	5%
4 or more	43%	17%

Rape. One woman is raped in the United States every nine minutes.

Man versus machine. According to research by Masters and Johnson, the average woman using an electric vibrator can keep going for an hour or more and have as many as 50 orgasms. During regular sex only about one woman in six has multiple orgasms.

What the unfaithful spouse's spouse would do about it. Sixteen percent of the husbands and 9 percent of the wives in a survey say that they'd demand a divorce if they found their mates were being unfaithful. Fifty-two percent of the couples would talk it over. Twelve percent of the husbands and 11 percent of the wives say they'd try to forgive it, but none of the husbands and only 2 percent of the wives say they'd ignore it. Twenty-eight percent say they don't know what they'd do. The majority of those surveyed said they felt that, among their friends, unfaithfulness of husband or wife would cause a divorce.

Replacing what's lost. It takes the average man 30 to 40 hours to replace all the sperm and semen from an ejaculation.

By the numbers, now. An average ejaculation squirts a quarter-ounce of semen in about six bursts and lasts ten seconds. On the average, a quarter-ounce of semen contains about 500 million sperm. The average man squirts out about 18 quarts of semen in a lifetime, containing nearly 1.5 trillion sperm.

Who cohabits. On the average, one bachelor in five lives with a woman before he's 30. How often does living together lead to marriage? About one time in three, according to two sociologists who surveyed 2,510 males aged 20 to 30. "Living together" was defined as cohabitating for six months or more. Most men who do it do it only once. A third said that they had lived with more than one woman.

High-school dropouts, the survey showed, are more likely than college students to live together, blacks are more likely than whites, and men in big cities are twice as likely as those in small towns are.

In a survey of college students who had cohabitated, 57 percent said that they had neglected to tell their parents about their new living style. Ninety-one percent of the women and 75 percent of the men said that their parents would disapprove.

Incidentally, here's how a sociologist phrases the question:

"Are you now living, or have you ever lived, with someone in a cohabitant relationship?"

How it works in Florida. The average unmarried man and woman living together have had more sexual partners than the average married couple. On the average, unmarried men and women who live together also are less satisfied with their sex experiences than are married couples and are more likely to have engaged in group sex. On the average, the unmarried women had their first sex experiences at a younger age than did the married women, and the unmarried men were less satisfied with their first sex experiences than were the married men. All that was found in a study of 50 married couples and 50 unmarried couples living together in Florida.

Roommates whose clothes you can't borrow. By graduation, 30 percent to 40 percent of all college students have lived with someone of the opposite sex. In surveys 80 percent said they would if they had the chance. At the University of Texas, 36 percent cohabit. Even at a commuter college like City College of New York, one in five shares quarters with a member of the opposite sex.

Gay at an early age. One-third of male homosexuals know they are gay by their thirteenth birthday, and nine out of ten by their seventeenth. For 58 percent, the first sex experience is homosexual.

Energetic lesbians. The average young lesbian has had at least as much sex with *men*, let alone women, as the average heterosexual woman of the same age has had. She also masturbates more. When the average lesbian passes her early twenties, that changes and she tends to stick to women more.

Artificial insemination. In an average year in America, 10,000 children are conceived through sperm transplants. In 10 percent to 20 percent of the instances, sperm that has been frozen, stored, and then thawed, is used. But, according to Dr. Armand M. Karow, Jr., a consultant to the sperm bank at the Medical College of Georgia, only one man in seven has sperm capable of surviving the freezing process in sufficient numbers to result in a pregnancy. The use of artificial insemination, whether the sperm is fresh or frozen, results in the birth of six boys to every four girls, Karow says.

In a University of Arkansas study of more than 1,000 children who were conceived through artificial insemination using thawed sperm, fewer than 1 percent suffered from birth defects, compared with 6 percent in the population at large. Moreover, there were fewer than 6 percent miscarriages, half the normal amount.

Nice people don't do it. On the average, an incestuous mating costs the offspring about 20 IQ points.

Sex in infancy. Sex differences show up in humans at a very young age. Researchers have found, that the average three-week-old boy puts something in his mouth(a rattle or his fist) an average of 36.8 times every eight hours while a girl does it 30.6 times. At three months, girls are doing it 116.2 times per eight-hour period and boys 61.2 times.

Should you cheat on your spouse? Never, said two-thirds of the respondents in a 1978 Gallup Poll. The proportion believing that cheating is "always wrong" was 52 percent among people 18 to 29 years old, 61 percent among those 30 to 49, and 77 percent among folks 50 or older. It was 53 percent among people with a college background, 66 percent among those who went to high school, and 80 percent among those who went no farther than grade school. It was 71 percent for Protestants and 64 percent for Catholics, 74 percent among people who go to church, and 53 percent among people who don't. Altogether, 60 percent of men and 69 percent of women said that it was always wrong.

Four Americans in five disapprove of mate swapping, even when it is agreed to by both partners in a marriage.

Not enough to show, thank goodness. The left breast of the average woman is a little bigger than the right breast. The average breast weighs six ounces.

Practicing. On the average, men and women who have masturbated regularly have better sex lives.

Sexy nutrition. Among other things, a man's semen contains a little cholesterol, protein, and vitamin C.

This is straight from Masters and Johnson. When a woman gets sexually excited, her vaginal barrel lengthens from about three and a quarter inches to about four and a half inches, on the average. At cervix level it widens from about an inch and a quarter to about two and three-quarters inches. Meantime, the man's testicles are rising in his scrotal sac.

As the woman moves into the plateau phase, the outer part of the vagina actually shrinks to grip the man's penis. Incidentally, that's why the experts say that the size of the penis isn't important.

Never too young. According to Kinsey, one boy in three has partial orgasms of one kind or another before his first birthday. More than half do between the ages of 2 and 5, and four out of five do between the ages of 10 to 13. Of course, the little boys don't ejaculate.

Does circumcision give a man more or less feeling in sex? No difference either way, according to Masters and Johnson.

False stereotypes. In separate studies researchers tested two theories that they considered sexual stereotypes.

1. Do nurses have loose, permissive attitudes about sex? The researchers compared the attitudes of nurses with the attitudes of an equal number of coeds and found no differences.

2. Does a woman turn a man off when she directly propositions him rather than making indirect advances? Prof. Clinton J. Esser of Northern Illinois University asked a number of women and men about this. The women told him, on the average, that they had no better or worse luck propositioning men than trying to lure them into bed indirectly. The men told him that they generally complied with propositions and, for that matter, with indirect advances, too.

Keeping up the pace. The average man who has a lot of sex when young continues to have a lot when old.

Full to bursting. As the average man approaches ejaculation, his testicles swell by about 50 percent.

How they do it. Of every 100 married women in America:

Twenty-two use the pill.
Ten have been sterilized.
Ten have sterilized husbands.
Seven have husbands who use condoms.
Six use an IUD.
Three use a diaphragm.
Ten use the douche, withdrawal, or some other method.
Thirty-two don't practice birth control.

Tying the tubes. In terms of unanticipated pregnancies, surgical sterilizations are, on the average, 100 times more effective than the next most efficient birth-control method, the pill. About 1 million Americans undergo sterilization each year. Slightly more than half of them are women. About a quarter to a half of the women say that their sexual satisfaction and activity increased following sterilization. About a quarter to a half say that sex remained the same. A small fraction say that sex satisfaction deteriorated. Some sterilizations are surgically reversible, but on the average no more than 25 percent of the women who have had their tubes reconnected have conceived.

Whoops! According to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, about two out of 1,000 vasectomies fail to achieve their purpose, and unanticipated births result.

Ain't nature grand? When erect, the average penis points upward at an angle of 20 to 40 degrees. So does the average vagina.

VD and condoms. On the average, a kid not yet 15 is more likely to get gonorrhea than is a man or woman 50 or older. But the older person is more likely to get syphilis. You are three times more likely to get venereal disease this year than you were eight or ten years ago. Condom sales average 50 cents a year for every man, woman, and child in the United States. On the average, a condom costs little more than it did 50 years ago—about a quarter. Condom sales are increasing by 10 to 20 percent a year.

Have a pleasant journey. Once ejaculated, sperm swim at an average speed of seven inches an hour.

Not for want of trying. The average nymphomaniac doesn't have many orgasms.

Pant, pant. During orgasm the average person's respiration increases to 40 a minute or more, and the heart rate thumps up to between 110 and 180 beats a minute. The blood pressure of the average man rises by 40 to 100 systolic, 20 to 50 diastolic. In the average woman it rises by 30 to 80 systolic, 20 to 40 diastolic.

Another study tested much the same thing on people who had suffered heart attacks. It found that the heart rate averaged 117 at the highest point during intercourse and stayed that high for only 10 to 15 seconds. That used up about the same amount of oxygen that you would use climbing a flight of stairs.

Good news for some men. The average small penis grows more when getting erect than the average large penis does; so the two come out pretty close to the same size.

Rebelling with your body. On the average, teenage girls who don't get along with their parents in general and teenage boys who don't get along with their mothers are more likely to start their sex lives early than teenagers who do get along with their parents.

And that's not all. The average person's toes curl when he or she is sexually aroused.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

CAN YOU READ HER MIND?

ARE HER LIPS SAYING NO WHILE HER EYES ARE SAYING YES?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to tell
whether you understand a message sent by eye or hand.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Lady Macbeth knew how to read her men. "Your face, my thane, is a book where men may read strange matters" was how she put it. But the really important question is: can *you* read *women*?

If you've lived on this planet for any amount of time, you have noticed that people don't always say what they mean or mean what they say. You've probably also noticed that the messages coming out of their mouths don't always match the messages emanating from their bodies. The unspoken dialects of the body can reveal a man or a woman's deepest hopes and fears. Scientists call this nonverbal communication; the rest of us call it body language, and that's what this psychograph is all about.

Dozens of studies have shown that women use body language more than men do. Women also decode nonverbal cues well. Men, however, tend to be lousy at this game, which puts them at a decided disadvantage. Yet there are men who do pick up on body language, and that can be a key to their ability to forge more effective relationships with women. This psychograph may give you an idea which group you fall into.

Prof. Ray Birdwhistell, an anthropologist who has been one of the seminal forces in the field of nonverbal communications, says that no more than 35 percent of what we communicate is carried by our words; the rest is revealed by our faces and bodies. He has discovered that when boy meets girl, there are 24 specific nonverbal cues they must exchange if they are to end up in bed. Other researchers have found that you can even tell about a woman's childhood by the way she sits. Daughters of divorcées are more likely to lean forward when they talk; they keep their arms and legs in more open postures, and they smile a lot at men. Daughters of widows are less expressive; they lean backward when they talk and are more likely to keep their legs together and their hands folded in their laps.

This is the type of research we've used to construct this quiz. Various female cues are given. It's up to you to decide what they mean. If you plan to put into practice any lessons you learn from this psychograph, remember: body language—like spoken language—isn't always as precise as it seems. While individual cues are likely to have the same meaning whenever they show up, no cue exists in isolation. You shouldn't act on the basis of one cue alone. To get an accurate picture of what a woman may be trying to tell you, you must add up all the messages she's sending over both her communication channels—verbal and nonverbal alike.

As you take this questionnaire, you might want to mimic some of the gestures we describe in front of a mirror. That will help you visualize the cue and may increase the accuracy or certainty of your answers.

1. You've worked with a woman at the office for quite a while. Lately you notice that when she speaks to you she uses more gestures and is more animated than usual. This is most likely to mean:
   (a) she's got problems at home
   (b) she wants you to stay away from her and is using the gestures as nonverbal barriers beween the two of you
   (c) she wants you to like her

2. A woman who sits with her knees and feet together and with her legs extended forward a bit probably is
   (a) an impulsive person who loves change and novelty
   (b) an orderly person who likes life to be neat and predictable.

3. If a woman likes you, she tends to cross her legs
   (a) at the ankles
   (b) at the knees

4. You and a lady are in a restaurant together. As you talk, she is running her finger around the rim of her wine glass. She is probably thinking:
   (a) "This guy is a boring creep. I wish I could get out of here."
   (b) "I wish I could touch him, but it would be embarrassing here."

5. You are in the same restaurant, but the lady is absentmindedly tracing the pattern of the tablecloth with her finger. Does this mean that she is attracted to you but too shy to say anything?
   (a) yes
   (b) no, it probably means that she's interested in texture and pattern

6. When a woman talks to you, she'll flick her eyes occasionally to her right or left. The direction she favors can give you a clue to her personality. One of the descriptions below is characteristic of "right-glancers"; the other, of "left-glancers." Which describes the "right-glancer"?
   (a) She's sociable and relaxed. She may be in a career that involves helping people. She's a "humanist." She's probably a better-than-average writer
   (b) She may have a job that involves science or math. She chose her career early and stuck with it. She probably likes cool colors. She may have a lot of nervous tics

7. You're discussing a business deal with a woman. As you're talking, she removes her glasses and cleans them in a slow, careful manner. This probably means:
   (a) she's thinking of other things she has to do during the day
   (b) she's considering carefully the proposal you're outlining
   (c) she's signaling you to stop talking so she can say something

8. The same situation as Question 7. This time the woman crosses her legs and turns her body a little to the side as she leans back in her chair. This probably means:
   (a) she likes most of what you are saying but may want to compromise on one or two points
   (b) she accepts your argument without reservation
   (c) she feels that you've put her on the defensive, and she's unlikely to agree to your proposal

9. You're sitting across the breakfast table from the woman you live with. You notice that she doesn't seem to make eye contact with you lately as much as she did in the past. This is an important indicator that she may be depressed.
   (a) true
   (b) false

10. You're sitting on the sofa with a woman at a party. You ask if she'd like to come back with you to your apartment. She says yes and at the same time makes a slight swiveling motion with her hips. The message she's most likely conveying is that
    (a) she wants to go quickly; she's hot, and you'd better not waste any time
    (b) she wants to go, but she doesn't want to go; her inhibitions are arguing with her passions, and you'd better take it easy—she needs reassurance

11. As you talk with a woman, she scratches her neck or cheek lightly. This is likely to mean:
    (a) she feels angry and aggressive about something, maybe about you
    (b) she's wondering whether you're good in bed

12. When a woman folds her arms across her chest, it is likely to denote
    (a) self-confidence and relaxation
    (b) stress and anxiety

13. You walk into a party and spot an attractive woman across the room. When she notices you looking at her,

she pulls a mirror out of her pocketbook and starts examining her makeup and patting her hair. The message she's sending is
(a) "Look someplace else. I don't want anything to do with you."
(b) "Come on over. You look interesting to me."

14. One of these two gestures indicates that a woman is interested in you. The other indicates that she's not. Which shows interest?
(a) she brushes her hair away from her face
(b) she takes a lock of her hair, pulls it around to the front of her face, and examines it

15. The woman seated across from you at dinner yawns. If she yawns one way, it shows that she's attracted to you. The other way means that she's probably not (it may also mean that she just has to yawn and isn't thinking of you one way or the other). Which indicates attraction?
(a) as she yawns, she covers her mouth with the palm of her hand; the back of the hand faces you
(b) as she yawns, she covers her mouth with the back of her hand; her palm faces you

16. If a woman tilts her head to one side and places her hands on her hips, there's a better-than-average chance she likes you.
(a) true
(b) false

17. You're giving an involved explanation of something you did at work today. The woman who's listening to you opens her mouth slightly and places her finger on her lower front teeth. This indicates:
(a) she knows just what you're talking about . . . perhaps better than you do yourself
(b) she's perplexed; she doesn't know what you're talking about

18. As a woman speaks to you, she strokes her wrist with her finger. This probably means:
(a) she's got her mind on other things
(b) she's available and wants you to know it

19. You're out with a woman for the first time. During the course of the evening, you notice that several times she quickly and absentmindedly rearranges her clothing. Nothing big: a little tug here, an adjustment there. This most likely indicates:
(a) she's dissatisfied with the clothing that she's wearing
(b) she's dissatisfied with her life in general
(c) she wants you to like her
(d) she's vain about her appearance and materialistic

20. If you prefer dominant, extroverted women, you should look for those whose voices are
(a) loud
(b) breathy
(c) high-pitched
(d) nasal

ANSWER KEY

As we mentioned earlier, when you deal with body language, you can never be *absolutely* sure that an isolated nonverbal cue means precisely the same thing in every instance. However, communications psychologists can pin down what a given gesture is *most likely* to mean, which is what our questions and answers reflect.

1. c	6. b	11. a	16. a
2. b	7. b	12. b	17. b
3. a	8. c	13. b	18. b
4. b	9. a	14. a	19. c
5. a	10. b	15. b	20. b

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each correct answer.

If you scored 75–100 points: You can look at a woman and read her like a book. You appear to be extraordinarily sensitive to the enormous amount of information that's floating around when man meets woman face to face and body to body. Your acuity, however, is a mixed blessing. There's a good chance that you're outrageously successful with women, but there's also a good chance that you have trouble sustaining relationships with them. A Harvard research team led by psychologist Robert Rosenthal recently found that people who are too good at decoding nonverbal cues may have less satisfactory interpersonal relationships than other people do. Too much accuracy can rob a relationship of privacy.

40–70 points: You catch a lot of nonverbal cues, but then you miss a lot, too. When you're really in tune with a woman, you may be surprised how "intuitive" you seem to be, how quickly you "sense" her moods and desires. But much of the time you just don't pay close enough attention. You listen to her words, but you don't open up your other sensory receiving channels, and so you miss the nonverbal messages. You probably are pretty good at picking up on a woman's anger, nervousness, sadness, and happiness, but you may have trouble identifying the nonverbal signs for the more complex emotions of fear, love, and surprise. Nevertheless, men in this category may have some of the strongest relationships with women. They sense and respond to many of a woman's moods, but they are not so acute that they pick up every discrepant cue she sends out. They don't corner her with statements like "You said one thing, but I don't think you mean it," or "I sense that you're not telling me everything." In short, they give a woman room to lie once in a while. Every relationship needs some of that.

0–35 points: Nonverbal communication is a foreign language to you, which means that you probably don't pay very close attention. You may have a hard time meeting women because you can't tell which women are interested in you and which are not. One thing you don't have to worry about: since most nonverbal cues go right past you, you'll never be taken in by someone who uses deliberately deceptive body language to manipulate people. Recent studies have shown that people who understand body language can be undone by it. They can be suckered. If a skilled user of body language sends out a deceptive cue, they will fall for it. That may be why the stereotypical Casanova is so successful with women. He sends out nonverbal signals that indicate warmth, love, and tenderness. Women accept the signals as truth, not realizing that they mask an ulterior motive—namely, to get a lady into the sack by the quickest route possible.

TURNING THE TABLES

When you first meet a woman, both of you are under a certain amount of tension whether you realize it or not. You might want to use your own body language to help things off to a good start. Under normal circumstances you may want to mimic the postures and gestures of the woman you're with. Don't be blatant or obvious. A little subtlety is in order here. You're not trying to make fun of her; you just want to repeat an occasional gesture of hers a beat or two after she makes it. Studies have shown that women subconsciously feel more at ease with those people who most reflect their own body language.

However, if the woman you are with is very tense, you might want to try the opposite approach. When a woman is all hunched up with crossed arms and crossed legs, you should assume an open posture with relaxed gestures. When she folds her arms across her chest, make sure that you don't do the same. When she's in this mood, she wants to receive nonthreatening messages from you. If you provide them, you may be surprised at the results.

THE TAX LESSON

BY EDWARD SOREL

WELL, HERE IT IS APRIL AGAIN AND I'LL BET YOU'RE ASKING YOURSELF, "WHAT DO I GET FOR ALL THE TAXES I PAY?"
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU JUST WHERE ALL THE MONEY GOES. PLEASE IMAGINE THAT THIS PIE REPRESENTS YOUR TAXES.
FIRST I TAKE THIS VERY BIG SLICE WHICH REPRESENTS THE $145,000,000,000 THAT GOES TO THE MILITARY.
Hmmm... BOY! THAT'S REALLY GOOD PIE... WELL, THIS NEXT SLICE GOES TO THE F.B.I.... IT'S WORTH $2,300,000,000.
THIS NEXT SLICE REPRESENTS THE INTEREST ON THE LOANS I'VE TAKEN... THAT COMES TO $60,000,000,000.
AND THIS NEXT SLICE GOES TO THE C.I.A.... CAN'T TELL YOU HOW BIG A SLICE IT IS... THAT MUST REMAIN TOP SECRET.
BUT THIS LAST SLICE IS JUST FOR YOU... IT'S THE PORTION OF THE PIE THAT GOES FOR HEALTH AND WELFARE.
AND IT'S ALL YOURS... PROVIDING YOU'RE OLD, OR CRAZY, OR CAN'T WORK.
BON APPÈTIT
Edward Sorel

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

aircraft for rich tourists as well as for the working persons in Aspen. I do enjoy my work as a technician and craftsman in the aviation industry. I do not enjoy being incorrectly stereotyped by someone so misinformed about the year-round working person in Aspen.

I am *not* a trust fund baby! I, like many others who live and work in this town and the Roaring Fork Valley, have had to work hard to move here and even harder to stay here. Moreover, we locals frequently have to work two jobs in order to meet the rent and bills and pay for food and the clothing necessary to live here. Rent here is outrageous, and there is very little employee housing left. What is available is very expensive. "Trust fund" income does not help here. Of all the people I know from Aspen to Glenwood Springs (42 miles), there is *one* "trust fund baby," and what that person gets just pays the rent. This person also works two jobs in order to make ends meet.

As far as the conversation overheard at the Ute City Banque goes, the four people referred to were not working locals. No local working person would buy and consume a $32 bottle of Puligny-Montrachet '73 in the Ute, because we just couldn't afford it. A ten-dollar bottle of good-vintage Beaujolais would be more in line. As for the oriental rug, who has rugs? New York? East Hampton? There is no comparison with Aspen. Real estate here is just too far out of sight for the average working person to afford.

To criticize Aspen Airways for cancelling a flight would be almost acceptable, but don't blame the ticket agent at the counter of Aspen Airways in Aspen for cancelling that flight. Blame the "businessmen" in Denver for it.

With mountains all around and very little navigational aids here, flying in and out can be difficult. If the weather gets bad, driving in and out is also difficult. A normal four-hour drive from Denver can turn into an 8-to-12-hour drive in a blizzard. The bus takes eight hours, and the train from Glenwood Springs takes eight hours also.

Back to the "trust fund baby." Mr. Stein's article has destroyed the livelihood of every waitress, waiter, maid, cook, and bartender in this town. If tourists think that we are all rich and well off, there will be no tips for good service rendered. Because of the low wages for these positions, which bring no ski passes, and the lack of housing, the tips are how people make ends meet. They are the only way these people can afford to work and continue to live and serve the tourist and visitor to Aspen.—*David W. Bergquist, Aspen, Colo.*

Retread rip-off

While reading "Replays, Reruns, and Rip-offs," by Marilyn Stasio (December 1979), I was surprised at the omission of the most blatant rip-off of the decade. I refer to the recording of hit songs of the sixties by current pop artists, the most flagrant offenders being James Taylor, Rita Coolidge, and Linda Ronstadt. While I can understand the temptation to release a song that is already a proven success, I can't understand the public's falling for it. I am referring especially to "Handyman," sung to the beat of a funeral dirge.—*Doug Wakeman, Denver, Colo.*

Buried treasure

I have always had a great interest in hidden treasure and treasure hunters. And, yes, I have heard of Mel Fisher. I really enjoyed Carl Hiaasen's article, "Lost Treasure of the Nuestra Señora de Atocha" (January 1980), which was about Fisher and his search. I never realized all the problems he had. This man has had terrible hardships in confronting both the sea and the government. I have a lot of respect for him. I wish him well in his latest court battles and hope to hear of his big haul. Thanks for the great article and for keeping us treasure-hunter fanciers informed about Mel Fisher's trials and tribulations.—*Fred Fulkerson, Spokane, Wash.*

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Even the look of the A&C Grenadier rewards the choosy smoker. It's long and lean. Touch a match to it, and here comes rich, exciting aroma, full and satisfying taste. At its heart, a richly rewarding blend of five fine imported and domestic tobaccos. All of this sealed in our Fresh Loc package. When you've got the taste for leadership, light up an A&C Grenadier. In light or dark natural wrapper.
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Grenadiers
A&C GRENADIERS-THE TASTE LEADER

MOTORCYCLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

BMW's sole entry in the midrange field is its R65. The R65's horizontal twin engine displaces 650 cc's and produces 45 horsepower. This "Beemer" has a top speed of 105 mph and will accelerate through the quarter-mile traps at 14.2 seconds. Its large 5.8-gallon fuel tank and 51 mpg average mileage provide a cruising range of just under 300 miles. Equipped with shaft drive, cast-alloy wheels, front disc brake, quartz halogen headlamp, complete tool kit, and a myriad of other features, the beautifully constructed R65 will set you back close to $4,000. (1980 prices were not established at press time.)

Honda covers the midrange field with three series of cycles in the 400, 500, and 650 cc classes. Four machines in the 400 cc class range from the wire-wheeled 400E economy model, which will sell for about $1,500, to the zippy 400T "Hawk" sports model, at a price tag of $1,798. In the same series the 400A sports a two-speed automatic transmission, and the 400MT is dressed out "chopper" style with stepped seat, pull-back handlebars, and extended forks; prices are $1,898 and $1,748, respectively. All 400 series bikes are powered by high-revving, counterbalanced, vertical twins with three valves per cylinder for high power output. Electronic ignition systems and six-speed transmissions help these 98 mph, 375-pound machines glean 57 miles from each gallon of fuel. The Honda 400s handle beautifully, and their disc-drum brakes will haul them down from 60 mph to a dead stop in 135 feet.

A transverse-mounted, liquid-cooled, 496 cc, four-valves-per-cylinder V twin engine distinguishes Honda's CX500 series. Other features include shaft drive, pressed-steel ComStar wheels, tubeless tires, and electronic ignition. Both the Deluxe model and the Custom, with chopper-type styling, sell for $2,498.

Honda's big machines in the midrange field are the CB650 standard and custom models. Powered by four-cylinder SOHC (single-overhead-cam) engines that are basically scaled-down versions of the old 750 series, both machines will run the quarter-mile in 13.10 seconds and top out at 113 mph.

The standard model, equipped with wire wheels and twin exhausts, goes out the door for $2,298. Another $200 will purchase the custom model, which sports ComStar wheels, four exhausts, and chopper styling.

Kawasaki also blankets the midrange field with three series carrying engines displacing 440, 550, and 650 cc's. Equipped with 40 hp SOHC twins and six-speed transmissions, the KZ440 line is anchored by the KZ440 B1, which has drum brakes and wire wheels and sells for $1,499. Chopper-type styling, cast-aluminum wheels, and front disc brake distinguish the KZ440 A1 and add $300 to the price. The top of the line is the KZ 440 D1 at $1,829, which has all the features of the A1 plus a radical new belt drive. The belt, or "Polychain," is fabricated from space age materials, including polyurethane, Kevlar, and nylon. Much quieter than a chain, the belt never needs lubrication. Adjustments are kept to a minimum, as the belt stretches only a few millimeters during its normal life span. Kawasaki also claims that the belt makes for smoother shifting because of the cushioning properties inherent in its design. If they measure up to expectations, these belts may well spell the end of chain-driven motorcycles.

New for 1980 are Kawasaki's KZ550 A1 and C1 models. Pumping 53 horsepower out of its four-cylinder DOHC high-rev engine, the 550 zips through the quarter-mile in 13 seconds flat and tops out at 116 mph. Both models feature cast-alloy wheels with integrated rear drum brakes, leading-axle front forks, six-speed transmissions, and front disc brakes. The A1 model's price is $2,179 while the C1, with chopper styling, electronic ignition, and air-spring adjustable forks, is about $100 more.

> The next-best thing nowadays to having your own oil well is owning a midrange motorcycle.

The KZ650 series in standard F1 and chopperized E1 models tops out Kawasaki's offerings in this group. Basically larger versions of the 550 series, the 650s are marginally heavier and more powerful and are priced at $2,649 and $2,749, respectively.

The Moto Guzzi V50 II sports bike is a delight to behold and ride. The lightest of all cycles in this group at 334 pounds, the V50 is loaded with features. Triple disc brakes are interconnected so that a portion of the rear-wheel braking force is bled off to one of the two front discs, while the second one operates in the conventional manner. Other features include a 490 cc overhead valve, V twin engine, shaft drive, mag wheels, electronic ignition, excellent mileage (about 60 mpg), a top speed of 104 mph, superb handling, and fine detailing. The V50 II costs $2,798 and is worth it.

Suzuki enters the midrange competition with two series in the 450 and 550 cc range. Powered by 448 cc DOHC twins, the 450s share six-speed transmissions, disc front brakes, cast-alloy wheels, electronic ignition systems, and five-way adjustable rear shocks. Competitive in both speed and mileage, the 450s come in three models. The GS450E runs $1,659, while the chopperized GS450L costs an additional $40. Yet another $40 will buy the GS450 ST, with a bikini fairing and café-racer styling.

The two-model GS550 series is, again, based on standard and chopper versions. Driven by DOHC four-cylinder engines, both machines have dual disc brakes, mag wheels, five-way adjustable rear shock absorbers, transistorized ignition, and six-speed gear boxes. The GS550E will put a $2,179 dent in your checkbook, whereas the low-riderish GS550L will deepen the dent by $100.

Yamaha, which has ruled road racing for many years with its lightning-fast two-stroke motorcycles, has temporarily stopped production of them because of EPA emission standards. For the present, Yamaha has confined its midrange offerings to four-stroke machines in 400, 500, and 650 cc slots. The basic bike in the smallest series is the XS400, which sells for $1,498. It comes with wire wheels, drum brakes, six-speed gearbox, and is powered by a 391 cc SOHC twin. The deluxe XS400SG, which differs mainly in mounting alloy wheels, disc brake, and different trim, will run you $1,749.

One motorcycle that stands alone is Yamaha's SR500, powered by a single-cylinder, 500 cc SOHC engine. It's also the only bike that lacks electric starting. Although a little slower than the others, the SR500's high torque, narrow profile, light weight, and mechanical simplicity make it a sheer fun bike. An indirect descendant of the old BSA 500 cc single, the SR500 has such modern features as disc front brake, electronic ignition, dry-sump lubrication, compression release starting, cast-alloy wheels, and self-cancelling turn signals. The thumper sells for $1,898 and squeezes over 60 miles from a gallon of fuel.

Last on the roster are Yamaha's venerable 650 twins. This basic design has gradually been refined and now incorporates most of the features found on later designs, such as electronic ignition, electric starting, and disc brakes. The standard XS650, with wire wheels and rear drum brake, is a steal at $1,998. The fancier XS650SG is equipped with twin discs, cast-alloy wheels, and distinctive trim and will cost an additional $400. The 650's powerful engine will boot it through the quarter-mile in 12.9 seconds.

Today's midrange bikes stop as well as they go, handle without quirks, and are the right size for learning and commuting. The appropriate superlative for a midrange bike is SANEST.

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XS400 Special II

XS650 Special II

SR500

Mileage figures based on EPA testing for city riding. Your mileage may vary depending on the way you ride. Although not shown, one or two rear view mirrors are standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

THE SQUEEZE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

ruption, they are now spending more money each year than they take in. This deficit spending leads to inflation because money is printed to cover the deficits. It also leads to a huge national debt, which the politicians like to pretend "we owe to ourselves." You can tell whether any of it is owed to you. If it is, you are getting some of the more than $60 billion paid out each year as interest on the national debt. Some $120 billion of that debt is owed to foreigners. Interest on the national debt is now the third-largest item in the federal budget. That means that the third-most significant function of government in modern America is to serve as a collection agency for bondholders. A continuation of current trends would eventually make debt service the primary function of government. Already your family is paying $900 a year in interest on the national debt. But while your family pays interest on the politicians' overdue bills, the politicians reward favored bankers by leaving funds in non-interest-bearing accounts. Officials have admitted losing up to $175 million annually through neglecting to earn interest on deposit.

The feds will shake down the population for an average of more than $2,000 per family this year to pay for national defense. That is a lot of money, and by rights you should be able to suppose that you are protected. Unfortunately, in defense, as in everything government does, vast amounts of money are wasted. In spite of the sacrifices you make to pay your taxes, the Pentagon is misspending so many billions that we have ever less to show for an ever increasing military budget. We actually have a smaller arsenal of weapons with an annual defense budget approaching $150 billion than we did in 1956, when we spent about one-eighth as much. We have fewer ships in the navy than we had 35 years ago. The number of tanks in the army has declined by more than 1,800. The Marine Corps had 754 tanks in 1954; now it is spending more but has fewer than 500 tanks. It is the same story with aircraft, military vehicles, and weapons of all types. The Pentagon did spend $2.7 million to construct an enormous music hall to replace the 22,500-square-foot structure that was considered too small for the Army Chorus to practice in. Meanwhile, there are 138 other full-time military bands fiddling away your money. Money in the Pentagon military budget includes copyright fees for the 5,000 plays, musical comedies, and comic operas that are produced annually by the Pentagon, making it the world's largest producer of music and theater material. The Pentagon makes more movies than Hollywood.

The Pentagon even has its own program of cosmetic surgery to match breast enlargements of Las Vegas chorus girls. The program enables female members of the armed forces and the wives of officers to have silicone implanted in their breasts at taxpayers' expense. These operations, which are going on throughout the country, cost the recipients only $3.50. In real life they cost from $1,000 to $3,000. This obviously preposterous expenditure of your money has been defended by the top brass because "to some women it may have a great effect on their outlook on life."

This cavalier attitude toward expenses extends throughout the military structure. Even everyday items become incredibly costly when purchased by the Pentagon. For example, the Defense Supply Agency was spending $100 five years ago to buy a set of spare piston rings. Today, those same piston rings are even more phenomenally expensive—more than $1,100 per set.

> You work hard for the future. The politicians take it away. By 1995, at today's rates of inflation, a $10,000 pension would be worth only $1,238.

If you find tales of procurement abuses hard to believe, you can prove them to yourself the next time you visit the Washington area. Take a trip to the General Services Administration's Supply Distribution Facility at Middle River, Md. There, in a warehouse five stories high, you will find tons of abandoned office equipment. The supplies, paid for with your tax dollars, are "crushed, damaged, run over, rained on, and forgotten," according to the *Washington Post*. Waste and careless spending are especially rampant at the GSA, which does not employ competitive bidding for the $1.5 billion worth of merchandise it buys each year; you could go to your local discount store and there purchase for a lower price just about any piece of equipment that GSA buys in bulk. GSA also builds office buildings that simply sit idle before they are finally leased to nongovernment tenants—free of any utility charges at all.

Cost overruns and flagrant waste may not be good for *you*. But they do enrich someone. So, it should hardly be a surprise that in 1976 the Government Accounting Office reported that 269 federal construction projects had cost overruns totaling over $57 billion. These projects, both military and nonmilitary, were scheduled to cost $67 billion, but the current minimum estimate is at least $133 billion. If the money spent for just these cost overruns had stayed instead at the point of origin, the American household—every family—would be almost $1,000 richer.

The government spends billions each year on research whose primary purpose is not to advance useful knowledge but to reward favored professors. No fact is too obvious or too useless to be collected, categorized, and computer-programmed at great expense. More than $81,000 was spent for a study to conclude that brown bears are mean; $23,985 was spent by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration to figure out why prisoners want to escape from jail; and $100,000 went for a study that concluded that matches won't light if they are defective. The Department of Agriculture paid $113,000 to find that mothers don't like to iron children's clothes. For $35,000 the National Science Foundation bought a report on the mating habits of water bugs. And $60,100 went for a study of why people in Philadelphia have a unique accent.

Federally sponsored opinion polls, which are conducted in droves, are more often than not either so inaccurate as to be useless or too obvious to be justified. When the American Statistical Association studied 26 government surveys, it found 15 to be seriously faulty, so much so that their results could not be relied upon.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service spent $75,000 to come to the startling conclusion that more men than women hunt and that hunters have more interest in the outdoors than nonhunters do. Then it made another great revelation: hunters are interested in contact with wildlife.

The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration gave a lucky professor of sociology $25,000 to conclude that "Americans believe strongly in equitable law enforcement and feel official dishonesty is a fundamental cause of the demoralization and criminalization of society." Another study by the same agency, which cost $75,805, determined at the end of a 934-page report that people who gamble in state lotteries face tremendous odds against winning.

What makes matters worse is that there is mounting evidence that many beneficiaries are misusing the money they get. A recent Government Accounting Office spot-check of five agencies in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare revealed that together they had paid out more than $600 million to 2,400 contractors who had filed claims for cost reimbursement. In *none* of these cases had the agencies bothered to check out the claim. James Alubowicz, the GAO audit manager who conducted the study,

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explained: "Suppose HEW hires someone to write a book on alcohol for $50,000. The author's final bill comes to $150,000, and the government—without an audit to verify his claims—goes ahead and pays him. HEW has no idea whether the author did a good job or whether the book was even written at all."

The government has also become a great patron of the arts. The General Services Administration has spent millions on "art work" to adorn the spaces in front of federal buildings across America. Among the recent purchases: $40,000 for three steel beams bolted together to form a tripod from which an old truck tire is suspended; $65,000 for a piece of stone with a smooth surface; $10,000 for a few dozen strands of rope attached to a wooden frame; and two vertical pieces of steel erected in cement, worth $58,000.

Unlike normal marketplace activities, whereby people *charge* money for goods and services, a price to which both buyer and seller must agree, government spending has no quid pro quo. In most cases, there is no competition. The result: government squanders money. For example, the U.S. Geological Survey spent $20 million on a program to map the nation's federally owned coal deposits. It sounds like a good idea. The only trouble was that the maps were completely useless. When leading geologists studied them, they found that poor planning, bad management, and inaccurate work had resulted in gross inaccuracies. One top official of the Geological Survey conceded that their final product will be "something better than crap."

Twelve years ago politicians decided to build a dam in Colorado. Supposedly the project was to pay for itself in revenues from sales of water from the resulting reservoir. That was what they told the public. But no one even bothered to study the extent of actual need for irrigation water in the surrounding areas. If he had, he would have discovered that no water was needed. Over the first ten years of operation of the dam, a total of only 1,100 acre-feet of water was sold, and in nine of those ten years not one drop of water was withdrawn from the reservoir. A secretary-engineer for the Colorado River Water Conservation District conceded that "basically, there hasn't been much use for the reservoir for the past ten years. I think it's a playground for sailboaters."

In Wisconsin a go-go dancer received federal money for silicone injections. She was listed as "disabled" by the Wisconsin Vocational Rehabilitation Division because "she lacked the necessary equipment" to land the job.

Almost anyone who has the basic literacy to fill out a grant application can obtain government funds at the expense of other taxpayers. Even small children have received millions of dollars in grants and loans under various government programs. A seven-year-old boy in Kansas got $2,000 to go into the cattle business. In Louisiana another young hustler got $5,000 to buy ten dairy cattle. In Connecticut a child received $1,000 to build a greenhouse. When it comes to waste of your tax money, nothing is too ridiculous to be true.

The federal government decided to send 15 chimpanzees to a Texas laboratory to start a breeding program. All 15 of the chimps were males.

Taxpayers are shelling out billions of dollars each year for the government to provide police protection against crime and for some semblance of a justice system. We get a lousy bargain, however. An authoritative two-year study, financed by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, revealed that police and government authorities seldom solve major crimes. Reviews of the records of 156 city and county police department show that only 10 percent of the murders, rapes, robberies, burglaries, larcenies, and auto thefts had been solved by the police. In more than half the cases in which crimes were solved, the solutions were provided not by the police but by the victims themselves. Meanwhile, only about 10 percent of the criminals are actually caught, convicted, and retained in jail. The District Attorney's office in New York City has estimated that the odds of committing a felony and escaping without a prison sentence are in some areas better than 100 to 1.

One of the few government agencies that boasts an improved record is the Postal Service. Close investigation of that record, however, shows little to crow about. Odds are that a letter or package mailed today will travel more slowly than it did a generation ago. A special delivery letter, ironically, has about a 25 percent chance of arriving a day or more later than the regular mail. A letter dispatched from mid-continent to the West Coast now frequently takes longer to deliver than it would have under the six-day schedule established by the pony express in 1861. Further, the chances of a package arriving in damaged condition are rated at about 30 percent, and maybe even worse. Although the Postal Service is handling only about half as many packages as it did in the 1960s, it is managing to crush, mangle, or destroy more of them. When the General Accounting Office conducted a spot-check of the Chicago bulk-mail center, 3.7 *million* loose and untraceable mail items were found dumped out of boxes and packages, with the addresses shorn off, lying in various states of disrepair.

Not only have the postal employees apparently been injuring the packages placed in their care, but also they have been injuring themselves in record num-

"Play it again, Sam!"

bers. Or at least that's what they've been telling the compensation boards. A change in the postal workers' injury compensation law has resulted in a sevenfold increase in the cost of claims paid by the taxpayers. In 1974, when the new law went into effect, $93.7 million was paid out. By 1978, compensation payments had risen to $856.9 million. This rise corresponds with a *drop* in the number of postal employees by 55,336. Injury compensation is so generous that it works out to an average of $1,308 per year per postal employee.

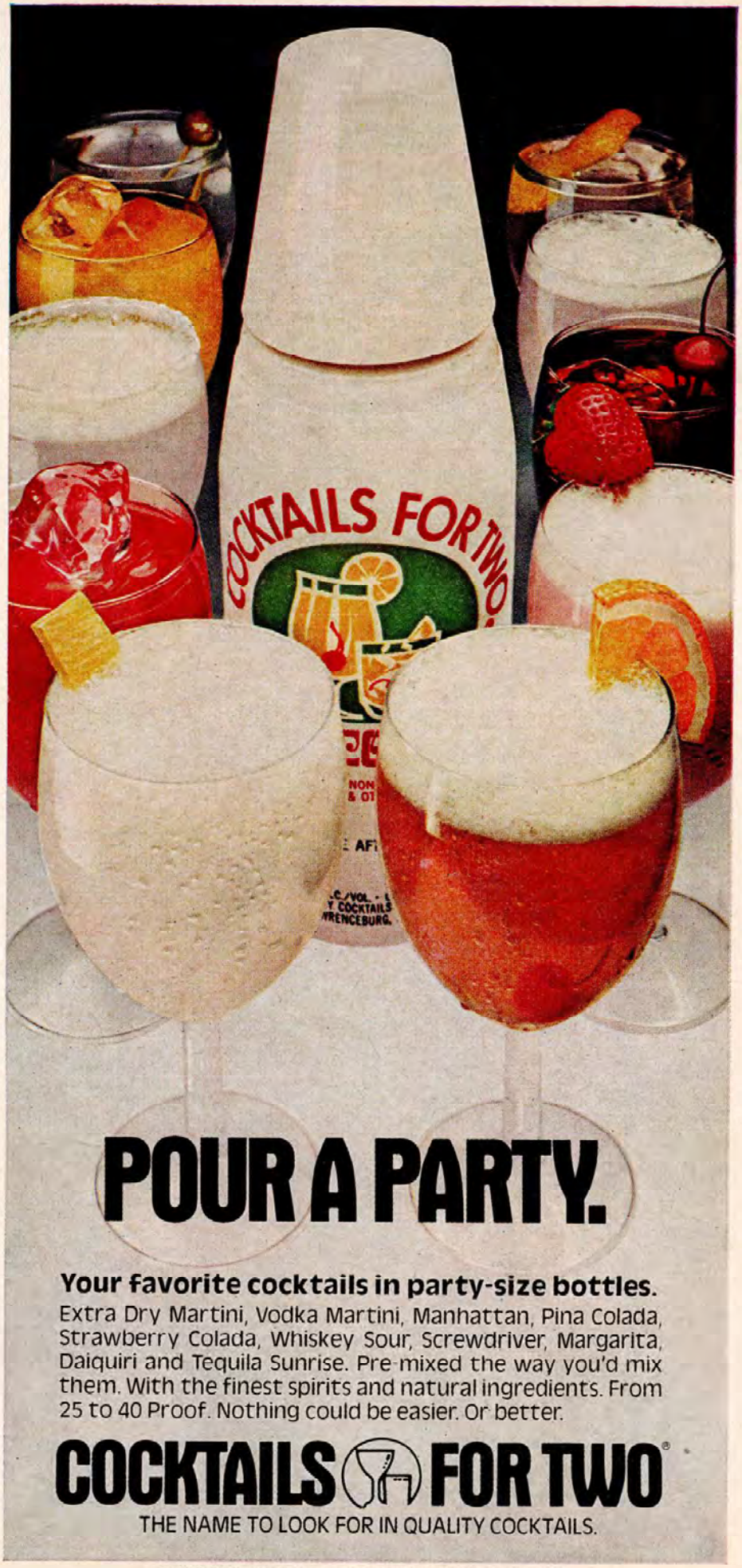
One hundred tons of waste paper must be hauled away from federal government offices at the end of each business day. And most of the paper that is kept in the files is wasted as well.

When bureaucrats want to buy a mousetrap, they have to issue specifications that fill a book four inches thick, two pounds in weight, and containing some 100,000 words. To buy grits, plain old Georgia grits, the bureaucrats issue specifications, books, and documents one and a half feet thick. When the Bureau of Land Management wanted to purchase fire equipment worth about $4,000, the lowest bid was $15,497. The reason: the specifications and paperwork were 155 pages long.

Massive bureaucracy often results in citizens being ordered to do contradictory things. For example, a federal job-safety official ordered a Virginia man to put acoustical ceiling tiles in his poultry processing plant in order to cut down on the noise. Then an official from the Department of Agriculture ordered him to take out the ceiling on grounds that it might be a sanitation hazard under Agriculture Department rules.

When a woman wrote to the Social Security Administration asking why she had not received more than $1,000 in benefits, the government wrote her a letter explaining that she had already died.

Social Security is supposed to be a great bargain. It isn't. To a person in his mid-twenties, the costs of Social Security are so frightening as to accelerate the aging process. In 1977 the maximum Social Security tax was $998.25. This year, the maximum burden has jumped to $1,577.67. Next year a $397.38 increase in Social Security taxes is scheduled. Even if there are no additional increases for the next 35 years, it would mean that today's young person would have invested $734,885 in principal and interest by the age of 65. Of course, no one knows what benefits Social Security will pay in the future. No one can say what requirements may be imposed upon beneficiaries or what the minimum age of retirement may be—65 or 85. Courts have ruled that the government is under no obligation ever to pay anyone anything; it can change requirements for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benefits whenever the politicians so please. Witness the recent suggestion by the Social Security Advisory Council that the basic retirement age be increased to age 68. If it chooses to raise the age to 70, there is nothing you can do about it. Your payments to Social Security, unlike payments for any kind of private investment or insurance plan, legally entitle you to nothing.

If you do not like the way things are going, you could call or write your congressman. This would generate an automatic, computer letter in which he will say: "Thank you for writing. I'm glad you could share your views on this important subject. I hope you won't hesitate to contact me in the future if you have any other ideas or suggestions that I can put to use in doing a better job of representing you." Then, whether you believe the letter or not, nothing will happen. The IRS and the bureaucracy will continue on their merry way. Inflation and taxes will continue to go up, and unless you are one of the lucky bureaucrats yourself, your income will continue to go down. The congressmen will shed crocodile tears over this. But by and large they will do nothing, because they are beneficiaries of the system, not its victims.

Each congressman now costs American taxpayers an average of almost $750,000 per year. In addition to their lavish salaries, congressmen benefit from the world's most incredible pension plan, free mailing privileges, free medical services for themselves and their families, subsidized haircuts, and many other perquisites besides. The House and Senate have their own gymnasiums, which include indoor swimming pools, paddle ball courts, steam baths, whirlpools, and an array of exercise equipment. In the Senate gymnasium, four professional physical therapists with salaries totaling $82,000 a year soothe the aching backs of the senators, while a masseuse is employed by the House.

The staffs of the House and Senate have grown by 70 percent in the last decade, while the cost of their salaries has grown by 270 percent. While the high-priced staff stays in Washington, dreaming up new laws and answering the flood of complaints about old ones, congressmen enjoy an almost unlimited ticket to travel in luxury at taxpayers' expense.

Congressmen traveling abroad automatically get $75 a day for expenses, no questions asked. But that is just the beginning. Many congressmen can dip into their own special slush funds, provided at taxpayer expense. For example, former Rep. Wayne Hays, who was nicknamed the Marco Polo of Congress because of his constant traveling, controlled a special travel purse of $25,000 annually in appropriated funds, for which he did not have to account to anyone.

You would think that such a fund would suffice to finance several junkets. But the way congressmen travel, it could barely pay the dinner tab. For example, when a group led by Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill of Massachusetts went to visit the Sphinx, it decided to follow in the footsteps of Cleopatra by partying on a barge in the Nile. After boozing it up on the barge, the congressmen went to a reception and dinner at the Cairo Sheraton Hotel. The total tab for drinks and dinner: $3,000. This was considered a normal expense for congressmen "in carrying out their duties."

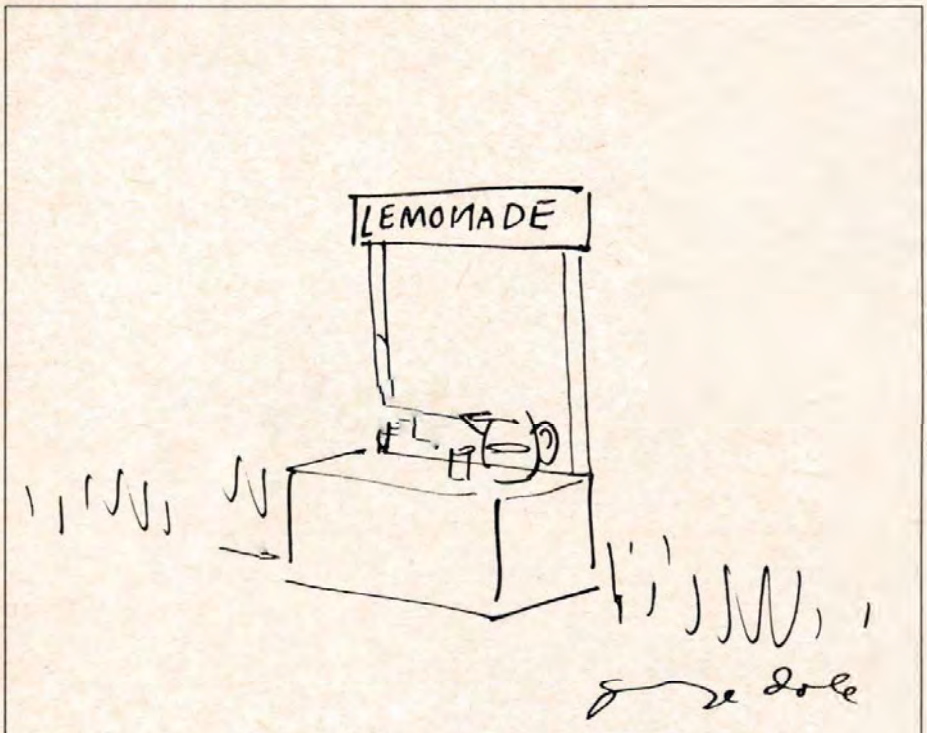
Even the limousine fares for a weekend trip can match what some taxpaying families pay for transportation for an entire year. When one New York congressman visited his daughter in London for a few days several years ago, his limousine bill, paid by the American taxpayer, came to somewhat more than $1,100.

These are just a few of many examples to demonstrate that congressmen can go anywhere they want, stay as long as they want, spend as much as they want, and send the tab to you. Congressional "fact-finding missions" typically turn out to be nothing more than jet-set vacations to ancient Incan ruins at Machu Picchu, safaris through Kenya, or visits to the Taj Mahal (all actual examples).

The prevailing congressional philosophy seems to be "Get what you can while you can, and the devil take the hindmost." Even defeated congressmen keep their hands in the taxpayer's pocket as long as possible. Eight members of the House of Representatives whose terms expired on January 3, 1979, pocketed $53,405 worth of stamps during their last days in office. These stamps weren't needed for official business, because congressmen can mail letters for free for up to 90 days after leaving office. The law gives congressmen one way to pocket surplus expense-account cash—by buying stamps. They can then resell.

The Congress continues to raise taxes, spend more than it takes in, and print money. This makes you poorer. In fact, it all but guarantees that you will *never* be able to accumulate capital. When the so-called progressive tax rates combine with inflation to boost you continually into a higher bracket, much as Alice discovered in her Adventures through the Looking Glass, you have to go faster and faster to stay in the same place. Such is the system of high taxes. It is not good for you, but it makes a whole array of congressmen, bureaucrats, and special interests fat and happy. Though the majority is clearly harmed in the process, the majority continues to tolerate its own undoing.

What does it all mean? One of the twentieth-century's great men, the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset, surveyed the human prospect and concluded that the only explanation for what he saw is that man is the "absurd animal." The fact that tax time has come around again and that we continue to pay proves that Ortega was right. O+



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ROBERTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

and a need to win. Racing is serious business to them; it's their livelihood—their lives, actually. But they have a powerful edge over most other men: they are doing exactly what they want to be doing. Each of them is, to some extent, as Carruthers says of Roberts, "just like a big kid having a fun vacation."

They have two subjects of conversation—motorcycles and women—and 95 percent of the time it's motorcycles. Before a race they're all tense. No one has much to say. Roberts walks to the starting grid, looking even smaller than he is, his shoulders pulled forward by his tight, one-piece leather suit, his forward-leaning riding boots pitching him into an unnatural gait. Under one arm he's got his bubble helmet with the dark-green eye panel. Knobby and Trevor clear the way through the autograph seekers. They keep wiping nonexistent grease off the fiberglass shell. The stewards start blowing their whistles, clearing the grid. Thumbs up from Knobby, from Trevor. Now Roberts. There is a send-off from Kel Carruthers: "Good luck, pal."

The motor home had crossed into Switzerland a while back. Now as we crested a gentle hill, we got our first glimpse of the hulking Alps, still crowned in late spring with patches of snow, the gauzelike mist softening their features and making them like figures in an impressionist painting.

"Mountains, huh?" It was Roberts talking. "We hit mountains," he said, "and it's all over for speed. Fifty. That's it."

We missed another turn. Roberts pulled over to let a line of trucks past and then muscled the motor home around. Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge were asking, "Is it so hard to be friends when it was so easy to be lovers?"

We were on the north side of Lake Geneva now, looking down great, swooping valleys of green across the glassy, blue water, toward the mountains, arching up against the sky. "I wish I had my playbike here," Roberts said. "This country is just right for it."

"Son of a bitch," Sparky said. "That's pretty."

We got into Evian shortly before noon. There was Bernard Cahier in his Levi's and his Gucci loafers, a denim jacket, a silver buffalo-head belt buckle with turquoise studs. His blonde wife, Joan, a Long Beach, Calif., transplant, was on the terrace of their villa, setting out plates on a table next to a low wall with tulips and pansies marching along the top. The air was crisp, and you wanted a jacket when you moved out of the sunlight.

I walked across the lawn with Bernard. He'd been a sports car racer before his hair began to go silver. He was president of the International Racing Press Association and a consultant to Goodyear. He seemed to know everybody in racing in Europe and the United States.

"He's loosened up a lot," Bernard said of Roberts. "His first year in Europe he was very tight. There were reports in the European press of him being very cold. Buster Keaton, they called him, because he never smiled. I said to those guys—there was a big race at Paul Ricard—I said, 'You give me twenty-four hours, and I will tame him. I will change Kenny Roberts.' So I had dinner with him, and I told him his reputation. He got the message right away, and he was entirely different. People have a lot of admiration for him. He's a tough cookie."

On the way into Italy from Switzerland, we stopped at a highway toll booth. Roberts pushed a wad of bills to the clerk. "You want more," Roberts asked. "Here, have some more."

The clerk did not speak English. But that didn't matter to Roberts. He doesn't speak any of the languages of Europe.

> Something inside Roberts seems to operate like a gyroscope: no matter how far over he leans the motorcycle, he usually pops back up.

When he approaches a German or an Italian or a Frenchman, he speaks English just as he would to you or me. He doesn't raise his voice, like some Americans abroad, or slow his speech and stretch out the words. He just talks normally. If the person gets it, fine. If not, well, he just goes on.

In the restaurants he doesn't bother with menus. In Germany he eats Wiener schnitzel; in Italy it's pasta. In France he especially likes the bread and the pastries.

On one of his first trips to Italy for an international match race four years ago, Roberts crashed in practice. He only sprained an ankle, but before he could recover from this, an ambulance crew had scooped him up and was speeding to the hospital.

"I kept saying, 'Take me to the pits,' " he recalled, "and they kept saying, 'Sí, sí.' They laid me down, and they wouldn't let me up. We got to the hospital, and they put me in a bed and started taking blood. 'Hey,' I said, 'all I wanted to do was go to the pits.' "

Finally, Roberts leaped out of bed and started doing jumping jacks. "Hey, look, I'm okay," he told the medics. "They looked at me and gave me a piece of paper to sign. Then I had to find somebody to take me back to the track."

Road racing is the fastest form of motorcycle racing. The road racers don't crash as frequently as other types of motorcycle racers, but when they do, it is often serious. They smash their equipment. They break bones. Death is never far away.

One of the riders whose style most influenced Roberts, Jarno Saarinen, a former world champion from Finland, died in a crash in Italy a few years ago, and this summer, Tom Herron, an English rider who was one of Roberts's closest friends, died in a road race in Ireland.

I wondered whether Roberts ever got scared during a race. "You can't think about getting scared," he said.

Before the race in Germany he'd had a bad case of the fidgets. He'd just finished wrapping slick tape around the knees of his leather suit so that they would slide smoothly along the pavement, and there was nothing left to do. He fiddled with the Velcro strip at his neck. He opened and closed the zippers on his sleeves and the long one running up his belly. He kneaded his biceps. He tried to go to the john, but nothing happened. "You want to go," he'd said that afternoon, "but you can't, like your nerves are fucking you up." I reminded him of that.

"It was probably the pressure of winning rather than being scared," he said. "Because when you're on the bike, you're in command. You're commanding it to do what you want it to do, using all your brains and muscles. You're not scared of your own ability."

Is Kenny Roberts afraid of anything?

"Yeah," he said. "I'm scared of the dark. My dad scared the shit out of me when I was little. He pretended he was a monster."

For years the best two or three motorcycle racers in America were pleased with annual earnings of $20,000 or $30,000. Kenny Roberts thought he deserved more. And, to everyone's surprise, he got it. By 1975 his income had reached $300,000. Last year, his first year abroad, he collected close to $500,000. Bob ("Hurricane") Hannah, who rides motocross or steeplechase events on rough, dirt tracks, is believed to be the second-highest-paid American motorcycle racer, with an estimated income of abut $275,000. Jay Springsteen, the current grand national champion, is thought to be third, with earnings of probably $120,000 this year.

"I make money because I went out and got the name to make that money," Roberts said.

He will not provide a breakdown of his income, but besides his salary from Yamaha, he gets appearance money at all the road races, sometimes running as high as $30,000 for one event; as much as $50,000 each from his half-dozen in-

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dividual sponsors, such as Bell Helmets and Champion spark plugs; and from $2,500 to $5,000 for personal appearances at motorcycle shows.

"I know the advertising value of my name," Roberts said. "Most riders think winning races is the advertising. But it isn't. I pay an advertising agency more than most riders in the American Motorcycle Association make.

"I'm in show business," he continued. "I go to a race; I make a good showing. If I don't, there's a pretty good reason why. I work for my sponsors."

Roberts's most lavish possessions are a $175,000 house that he just moved into, on the edge of the Oakdale, Calif., golf course, and his $42,000, yellow 308 G.T. Ferrari. He also has a two-tone brown Ford sports van, a bass fishing boat with a radar outfit, and eight motorcycles—none of which is set up for use on the streets.

He has not done well with investments. A motorcycle-frame-building company that he had his father run for him went on the rocks. He bought a handful of $100,000-plus homes but failed to profit. Now he's got a tax consultant managing his money, and his mother and stepfather, Walter Masterson, a referee at motorcycle races, are looking after a block of more than 40 apartments, which he bought for about $1.4 million.

Roberts campaigned for better pay and safer conditions for motorcycle racers in this country, and now he's doing so abroad. Before tens of thousands of spectators this summer, he refused the trophy for winning the Spanish Grand Prix when he learned that the promoters intended to pay him less than they had promised. In Belgium he refused to ride on a newly paved surface that was oozing oil, and several of the world's best competitors joined the protest, reducing the Grand Prix to little more than a contest of locals.

At first, Kenny Roberts's mother, Alice, didn't want her little boy racing motorcycles. But she became a supporter after she saw that he was going to do it anyway.

"The only time I worried," she told me, "was when he moved from novice to junior and went to the bigger bikes. I worried until I saw him go handlebar to handlebar with another top-grade rider, and then I figured he can handle himself, and I shouldn't worry about him."

Roberts was born at 5:05 P. M. on New Year's Eve, 1951, in the Modesto City Hospital, the second son of Alice and Melton ("Buster") Roberts, an employee of the municipal water department who was sometimes called upon to operate the backhoe. He was a small baby, five and one-half pounds, and the doctors thought his arrival might have been brought on by the car accident his mother had been in a week earlier. They never called Kenny a "premie," his mother said, but he was blue at first, and he spent ten days in an incubator. For the first three months he was home, his mother fed him enriched homogenized milk with an eyedropper.

"He didn't even whimper for three months," she said. "Then he started putting on weight. He was a chubby little guy, and he laughed at everything. As he got older, he loved to pick on his brother and his father and me. After he got everybody tore up, he'd get on his bike and take off. He can't stand peace and quiet. He's just a tormentor. He was happiest when he was getting somebody mad from teasing them."

Roberts was an "outside boy," who felt that he was being punished when his mother made him stay in the house. He never liked watching television. He didn't care for school, and he had a hard time learning to read. His brother, Rickie, two years older and now a Denver policeman, was just the opposite. The two boys fought a lot. Only recently have they become friends.

"I'm not a finish rider," Roberts would tell anybody who asked. "I don't like to ride around to finish. I like to win."

At 13, Roberts began working with a man who trained Tennessee walking horses and Morgan trotters, and, his mother said, "everybody thought he'd be a jockey." Then Rickie Roberts got a 50 cc Honda. He wouldn't let Kenny ride it, and there wasn't money for a second motorcycle. So Kenny made one himself out of a lawn mower engine and a bicycle. Finally, he got a little secondhand Honda.

A neighbor named Merrill Miller saw Kenny speeding around the backyard one day and said to his mother, "That kid ought to be on a race track."

"Merrill," Mrs. Roberts remembers saying, "shut your mouth."

She needn't have been so protective. For Kenny wasn't interested in even going to watch a motorcycle race. One Sunday, though, after some coaxing from Merrill Miller, Roberts rode his pony over to the field where the bikes were running. "He watched for a while," Mrs. Roberts recalled, "and said, 'I could do that.' The next I knew, he was racing."

In the early years Mrs. Roberts used to take a little eight-millimeter camera to the races and make home movies. "He would take them into his bedroom and study where he did this and why he didn't do better, just like a football player," she said. "He'd almost wear the films out, studying them over and over."

Roberts set up his own race course on the family's three-acre lot. "He used to practice from the time he got home from school," his mother said. "After dinner he'd turn on the floodlights and go back out. He'd unload his bike after a race on Sunday and go out and practice again. He'd practice on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, then tear the bike down Thursday, tell his dad what parts he needed, put it back together and race Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

"When he came home from winning the world championship," she said, "he went right down to the track in Turlock and started practicing."

The track in Turlock, on property owned by his father-in-law, is a copy of the dirt course at the Houston Astrodome, where the first national-championship event of the season is held. "The race in Houston was in February," his mother said, "and he would start in October, practicing almost every day."

When Roberts was 19, he went to a birthday party and met Patty Rapp, 17. Two years later Roberts decided it was time to get married. "Kenny's not one for formality," said James C. Doyle, a Pan American World Airways pilot who sponsored his first professional races. "But Patty wanted something. So Kenny and his family and me and she and her family drove to Reno and went to a chapel, and he bought a corsage."

"It was December ninth, I believe. Or was it the twentieth?" Roberts said one day in Europe. "I'm not very good on dates. People always rescue me. Everybody knows how forgetful I am. I don't remember too much stuff unless it's racing. I save all my brain for racing."

During a break in racing in Europe this summer, Roberts went home to Modesto for a couple of weeks. One weekend, when he was off in the mountains with Patty and some other friends, she told him that she was tired of his being away so much. She'd found another man—he worked at road paving—and she wanted a divorce. That was on a Saturday. They got back to town Monday night, and by 10:00 A. M. Tuesday Roberts had a lawyer drawing up an agreement.

She got custody of the children, with visitation rights for him whenever he is in town; half of the proceeds from the sale of their first home, which went for about $150,000; the $70,000 worth of antiques in the house, including the beautiful $5,000 juke box; her Toyota; and $1,500 a month for the three children.

A few days later Roberts went back to Europe and won the Yugoslav Grand Prix. "When he gets on that motorcycle," his mother said, "he don't think about nothing else." O+

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

but they strike anyway. They criticize the lawlessness of other citizens, and then they go out to the airport and hand out pamphlets accusing New York of being "Fear City"—when they themselves are the guardians of the safety of the city. They try to skim over the taking of graft and the corruption among their own members, those things revealed by the Knapp Commission. And they skim over their own code of honor, which is the same as the code that exists among thieves. So when somebody like Serpico tries to tell the authorities what's going on, he is isolated, ousted, and has to go to Switzerland for a while and perhaps even change his appearance so he can't be recognized.

Penthouse: You spend a good deal of time talking to people in the streets. What do you learn from them?

Wright: They tell me some of the things that cops do—like take their money if they're found gambling. Stop them and search them—not just pat them down but search them because they're "suspected of having weapons." Totally illegal. Or the police go out and round up all the kids in a playground, for no reason, and they're bound to find a roach or a joint. It's unconstitutional to invade privacy like that without a probable cause, but if the police need an arrest, that's a cheap, easy way to get one. They tell me that when a policeman wants to put in some overtime, and his tour is from 8:00 A.M. until 4:00 P.M., he'll purposely make an arrest of some kind at three in the afternoon—a "collar of necessity"—knowing it will take five or six hours to process the arrest and bring the defendant down to criminal court. I understand they get about fifteen dollars overtime pay.

When you look at all this, you can't help concluding that the criminal justice system is more criminal than just. The people also tell me that the cops *watch* them but *protect* white property. If a kid is asked, "When you have your confrontations, your riots, why don't you go downtown to Tiffany's and Saks Fifth Avenue?" And they say, "Are you kidding? Cops *guard* those places. They *protect* those places. They just *watch* us."

Penthouse: Does it ever seem strange to you to always be taking the black man's side, when you are half-white yourself?

Wright: When I was younger, my big problem was that I identified with the white side of my family. I wanted to be white. I wouldn't run the hundred-yard dash, because Negroes did that. I was going to run the mile and do cross-country. I didn't like watermelon—to this day I wouldn't be caught dead with one. I played hockey. Black guys don't do that. One of my roommates once said to me, "You know, Bruce, if you had a bag over your head, we wouldn't know you were

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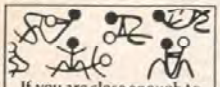

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colored." He thought he was paying me a great compliment.

But at some point I started identifying with the black side of my family. Even at my age it's impossible to forget things that happened forty, fifty years ago to a young black man, such as working in a summer camp as the only black and being fired because I wouldn't call the owner's son *Mr.* Donnie. I can't forget the signs in Harlem that said No Colored Tenants Wanted. In *Harlem*! I'm a member of the New York Pioneer Club. Track and field. But right now it's impossible for me not to know that the New York Athletic Club does not take black members.

Penthouse: What was your experience in the army?

Wright: I was in Camp "Mother" Rucker in Alabama. Or Fort "Mother" Rucker, I guess. It was tough in those days. The major came to us one day and said, "I thought I told you to make your mess kits shine like a nigger's heel." Subtle stuff like that. I got thirty days in the guard house because I wouldn't put out a fire. Truman's old outfit, the Thirty-second Infantry, set the woods on fire with artillery shelling. They wanted the blacks to put the fire out. I told the captain I wasn't going to do it. With all the Negroes who had been lynched on those Alabama pines, I didn't care if the whole damned forest burned down.

Penthouse: What happened when the infantry became integrated?

Wright: We received a memorandum from Allied Headquarters. It read, "To our Negro troops: You may now volunteer to fight at the side of your white brothers who have borne the brunt of the combat." I can play it back like a tape. It's etched in my mind. But I volunteered. A lot of us volunteered, even some officers. But when they saw how many noncoms and officers were going, they changed the rules. They said we could be integrated, but only as privates. Well, you'd be surprised at the number of black officers and noncoms who gave up their rank to fight with the white men.

Penthouse: Was the integration effort a success?

Wright: Well, you know, after we were all trained, a delegation of some of those blacks went to the commanding officer, and do you know what they wanted? They said, "We'd rather be in a platoon by ourselves." We were ready to kill them.

As for the success of the effort, Eisenhower promised that we'd never be segregated again if we'd volunteer for the infantry. But as soon as the war was over, we were taken out of our integrated outfits and put in combat engineer battalions, digging ditches for sewer pipes. The same work Nazi prisoners of war were doing. So I said, "Fuck, no!"

I wrote a letter of protest to Eisenhower. Then about twenty-five of us black men took a jeep from the motor pool, and a white guy named Albert Von Hartzog volunteered to drive to Allied Headquarters and deliver it. He was a tough guy, a gangster from the streets of Harlem—we called him Hot Dog. Before we left, I was in the car with all the men, reading them the letter I'd sent Eisenhower. Some major came along in a jeep and started honking his horn. Hot Dog mouthed off, "Motherfucker! Why don't you keep off the motherfucking horn? Can't you see my man is reading a letter?" The major turned purple, and the honking got worse. The next thing I knew, those twenty-five guys surrounded that jeep and lifted it in the air, the engine roaring and wheels spinning. If they had set it down right away, someone would have gotten killed. But the major, who was from Virginia, was impressed by the loyalty of those men. He later invited me to sit in on a court-martial and give him some advice, since I had had a year of law school.

Penthouse: Did Eisenhower reply to the letter?

Wright: He did not. So, after a while I just left. AWOL. For eighteen months. I went to Paris and had a wonderful time. My father had said to me, "Son, if you ever get to Europe and you don't go to Paris, you're no son of mine." Since I had no doubts about my parentage, I went to Paris. Eventually the army caught me, sent me home. But I was discharged honorably. They couldn't have dealt with what would have come out if they'd court-martialed me.

Penthouse: Were you gratified by the advances made in the fifties and sixties in civil rights?

Wright: Yes, there was a time when things looked good. The time when Thurgood Marshall, then an attorney, was God and the nine old men of the Supreme Court of the United States his disciples. They listened to him.

But now it's different. Marshall now sits on that court in splendid and isolated misery, except for Justice Brennan and an occasional agreement by Justice Stewart. It's a Nixon court, another legacy of that man that we can't forget. Having been relieved of its Papist fears by the death of Kennedy through the American lynching assassination, the American electorate hastened to restore its Mayflower allegiance by electing Richard Nixon. Unlike other traitors such as Benedict Arnold, Nixon continues to be honored by pensions, Secret Service protection, and a California seaside estate improved by tax dollars. Nixon said, after his first election, that he owed the Negro voters nothing. He then introduced preventive detention to Washington, D.C., to contain what he believed to be black crime. He said there must be "punishment without pity." Then he made busing a national crime and helped make the banked fires of prejudice flame again.

Against that kind of background, it was easy for White America to conclude that, as some legends say, "the niggers have too much." And so Affirmative Action came into this world of American prejudice rather like a diseased baby needing artificial respiration but being smothered instead.

Penthouse: You blame the Nixon court for most of this?

Wright: Look at this example. There was a kid named Francis in Louisiana, a few years ago, who was sentenced to the electric chair. They put him in the chair, pulled the switch, but by some mistake only a few hundred volts went through him. It seared him. It didn't kill him. They put him in the infirmary to heal him so they could bring him back and do the job right. His lawyer got a writ of habeas corpus. It went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, and the court said, in its wisdom, that he was condemned to die and that he hadn't died, so they should do it again. And they did it! Strapped him in that chair for the second time and killed him. His lawyers argued that this was a violation of the Eighth Amendment's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment. The court said no—that wasn't cruel, that wasn't unusual. But that's a typical Nixon Court decision.

Under our present system of jurisprudence, one who is charged with a crime is presumed to be innocent until proven guilty beyond all reasonable doubt. What a lovely and crucial fiction! For example, here in New York, a sixteen-year-old Puerto Rican youth was arrested and charged with participating in a holdup. He was placed in jail at Rikers Island. The next day he committed suicide. Then investigations began. It was only then that they discovered the lad spoke no English—he'd only been in New York for two months—and he'd not participated in the holdup at all. But the presumption at his arraignment was that he was guilty. If presumed innocent, you have the benefit of being paroled instead of facing bail the size of the national debt. You need to be free and out of jail in order to line up your witnesses, confer with your attorney, visit the scene of the alleged crime, and prepare a proper defense.

The reason for so many of the riots and dissatisfactions in the jails in New York is that they are so full of blacks and Puerto Ricans who have not been convicted and are simply awaiting trial. They are there because some judge has presumed them guilty and they cannot afford bail. Yet the United States Supreme Court, led by Justice William Rehnquist, recently ruled that this was okay! It said that there is no presumption of innocence while you are in jail awaiting trial and that the presumption only starts when you actually go on trial. That's why Thurgood Marshall is so angry and speaking out about it.

I think the criminal justice system has been a secret society for too long. And somebody should speak out about it, because if we don't, it will remain a secret society and get progressively more secret. A congressional committee made a study a few years ago about prisons in America and said that if more people knew about what went on in prisons, there would be an outcry of rage against these conditions. So let's not have any secrets in the judiciary, either.

Penthouse: When you were offered a judgeship by then Mayor John Lindsay in 1970, how did you react?

Wright: I said, "I don't have the money to buy a judgeship." And Lindsay said, "You don't need any money."

Penthouse: Do most judges get appointed that way?

Wright: Sir! Are you suggesting that there are judges who have *paid* for their judgeships?

Penthouse: The going rate in New York City is supposed to be about $42,000.

Wright: Let me tell you a story. When Judge James Watson was on the bench, I was sort of his protégé. One night we were in his study, going over some papers, when a delegation from Tammany Hall walked in. They looked at me, suspiciously, and then retreated with the judge to the next room. I heard voices. Loud and soft. The judge came back, tears in his eyes. He went to the scotch bottle. He said, "You know, Bruce, Mayor O'Dwyer says it is now time to have the first black Supreme Court Justice in New York. And they've selected me." I assumed his tears were tears of joy. But then he said, "But I don't have a hundred thousand dollars. I've had to educate my four children. I haven't even paid the mortgage on my house yet."

Later he told me that when O'Dwyer was told that Judge Watson didn't have the money, he said "Give it to X," who was then a state assemblyman. When O'Dwyer was told that the assemblyman didn't have the money either, O'Dwyer said, "Oh, hell, give it to him anyway. At least he's a Catholic."

I would say that, traditionally, black lawyers haven't had easy access to one hundred thousand dollars, which may be one reason there's such a scarcity of black Supreme Court justices.

Penthouse: What about the Symbionese Liberation Army?

Wright: Oh, those people weren't radical. They were demented. That group had no right to the term radical. Now the Puerto Ricans are true radicals. They tried to kill Truman. They fired into the House of Representatives and wounded several congressmen. The blacks have never done anything like that. If we were really radical, we would blow up the goddamned Washington Monument. Washington was a *slave owner!* How could he be called the father of our country, by adoption or otherwise? We'd blow up Thomas Jefferson's monument, too. He

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BLACK HOLE TECHNOLOGY—Want unlimited power? Transportation at nearly the speed of light? They're available if you can work out a few engineering details—and if you can get there. Some of the world's best physicists have figured out how to turn scientists' fantasies into reality by harnessing SS433, a black hole about 30,000 light-years toward the center of the galaxy. Jonathan Post articulates the possibilities in the April *Omni*.

FUTURE ARTS—According to laser artist Barron Krody, the ultimate development in art may be the elimination of media and art museums. What will take their place? Direct brain stimulation, which will enable you to see, feel—even taste, if you want—all types of colors, sounds, and shapes. And it will all take place in the comfort of your home. Technology has invaded the arts, and they'll never be the same again. Read why in this month's *Omni*.

THEY HAVE NOT SEEN THE STARS—Frustrations and delays have plagued the space shuttle, but as Ray Bradbury reminds us, the value of the shuttle may not lie only in its economic rewards. It does something more, he writes in the April *Omni*: It gives us a sense of that vast cosmos before us that only man can detect. Only man? Not so, claims Carl Sagan. Other animals sense the stars, too, but for different purposes than man will in the future. Bradbury's meditations and Sagan's insights provide thought-provoking reading.

INTERVIEW—ESP, spoon-bending, dowsing, psychic photography, astral projection, acupuncture, karate, God, Santa Claus, a modest proposal for revoking Ph.D.'s, and a personal offer of $10,000 to anyone who can demonstrate any paranormal power—all these are subjects of our April interview by *Omni* editor Scot Morris with magician, escape artist, "professional charlatan," author, lecturer, and cofounder of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, James Randi.

SCIENCE FICTION—Award-winning author Theodore Sturgeon leads off this month's *Omni* fiction with the startling conclusion of "Why Dolphins Don't Bite." John Morressy brings us "The Last Jerry Fagin Show," with its guest star, Twelve, an alien who learns what it means to be upstaged. John Keefauver translates a lurking fear into reality in "Giant on the Beach." And Kevin O'Donnell, Jr., brings us the tale of "Marchianna," a robot who cares.

owned slaves, too!

Penthouse: What are your relations with other black judges?

Wright: One of my stunning fringe benefits is that my judicial colleagues do not speak to me. My black colleagues, for the most part, have resented an article I wrote for *Judicature*, in which I described my brothers of the black robe and black skin as a rather timid and autistic caucus. I have had occasion to condemn my white colleagues as insensitive racists.

In my federal action against my superiors who administer the courts, there have been examinations-before-trial of witnesses. One of those was Cyrus Vance, now the secretary of state, who was head of the City Bar Association. Examination of him, under oath, revealed that the black judges wanted me removed from the criminal court. The highest-ranking black judge in the state wanted me removed from the criminal court. The highest-ranking black judge in the state also personally urged my prosecution before the committee that judges the judges.

The one lesson I have learned on the bench is that Negroes who believe that they are the black bourgeoisie will never do anything they believe might somehow offend the establishment. I assume that black judges are so timid, quiet, and buttocks-kissing because they form such a lonely and slim number among judicial officers. The principle reason, however, is probably that they do not wish to jeopardize their nearly $50,000 per year in salary and their fringe benefits, including long vacations and exalted status in their locality, like having special license plates and sycophants fawning over them with the term *judge*. That black judges have remained so mute is a tribute to their hunger to seek approval in the eyes of those who have the power to promote them and ensure their serene tenure. Unhappily, that kind of respectable timidity does nothing to gain them respect, either as scholars in a superlearned profession or as human beings and persons of individual distinction.

I have also come to believe that, because the black judges in New York are so universally opposed to some of my misadventures in White Wonderland, the white administrators and their black servants have felt that they can prosecute enthusiastically any black judge who emerges from the herd as an individual.

Perhaps all this suggests a kind of paranoia to you, but as P. Jay Sidney, the black actor, says, "Any black man in America who is not paranoid is sick."

Penthouse: Isn't this part of your thesis that blacks are hopelessly fragmented into opposing groups?

Wright: Yes. In effect, blacks have been holding their breath for over three hundred years, waiting for the white world to become civilized. In the interim, we have developed all kinds of black tribes. We have blacks, mulattoes, high yellows, urban peasants, black bourgeoisie, the

good hairs, the really poor, the welfare users. Too many blacks are smug and complacent. They've got it made. They've got the Cadillacs. They've got places in the country.

Remember what Peter De Vries said about these people? He said the next book written about the suburbanization of the blacks would have to be entitled *Uncle Tom's Cabin Cruiser*.

You know, blacks buy Cadillacs and cabin cruisers because in a poor society you can only have status. Can blacks make enough money to live in good neighborhoods, send their children to the finest schools, join fancy clubs? No. So they buy status objects. And then we are regarded by white people as well-dressed monkeys in a sociopolitical zoo, and whites act as though they are never quite certain whether we will piss through the bars or not. I'm not so sure that this country is not set on a course that will one day, sooner or later, return the black man to slavery.

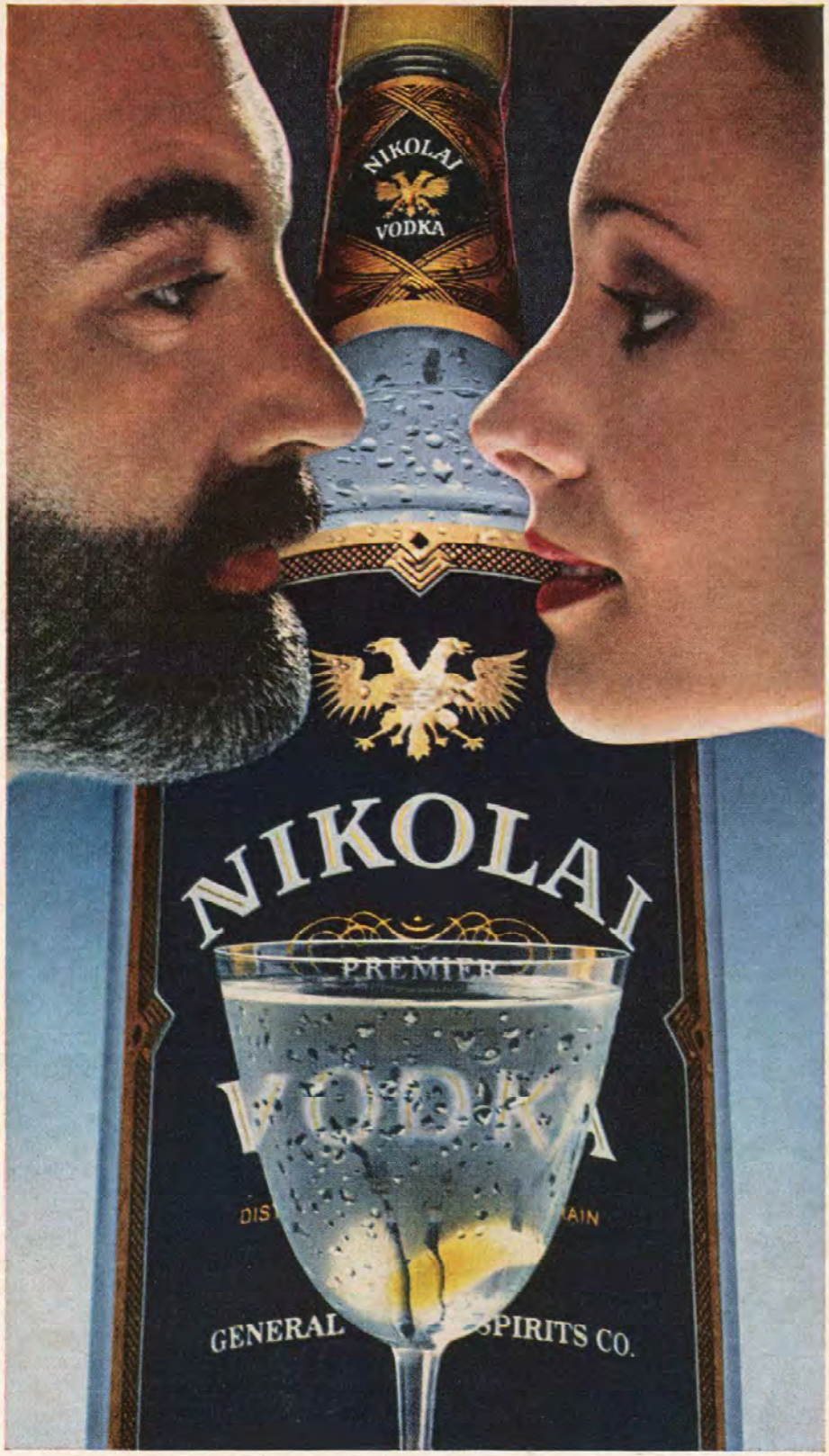
Penthouse: Do you mean a literal return to slavery?

Wright: Yes, I honestly do. Just as the Jews fear a reprise of the Holocaust. Let me tell you a story. I was at a party at Bob Patterson's house not so long ago. His dad was the secretary of war under Truman. I was engaged in conversation with a retired Columbia professor when, to my astonishment, a man I later discovered to be a partner in the law firm of Lord, Day, and Lord interrupted. I never knew his name. He looked at me and said, "If we ever have slavery again, I'd like to own *you*." The gentleman was not kidding. There was no smile on his face, no twinkle in his eye as he regarded me. He *meant* it. His martinis had become truth serum.

A lot of them meant it, in their hearts. So when I say I worry about the repeal of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution, I mean I *worry*. But when I make speeches to black people and warn them about this, they're not worried. They're not worried about the drive for a new Constitutional Convention. They just laugh. They say, "Old crazy Bruce, at it again." Sometimes when they laugh, I think of the gypsies, locked in the boxcars, singing happily, headed for Dachau. They didn't know where they were going either.

Penthouse: When you come to the end of your distinguished and controversial judicial career, how would you like to be remembered?

Wright: Well, in J. P. Marquand's novel *Wickford Point*, the heroine wanders through one of those places you find only in New England and California—a dog graveyard. And she reads one gravestone that bears the legend "Suzy, a Good Bitch." And the heroine thinks, *I hope they can say that about me*. Well, I'd like my epitaph to read: "Bruce, a good son of a bitch." I couldn't ask for more than that.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

Instead, Rod was to become more distant. A lot of moodiness crept into our relationship, but on these occasions I would not pander to him in the way I had done with Sellers. I just kept silent or went out to have tea with my girl friends. I thought maybe that we should just take a rest from one another, instead of living out of each other's pockets.

It was the summer of 1977, and I thought of my home in Sweden and of the little timbered seafront house at Smadalarö that I had bought from my grandparent's estate. I mentioned to Rod that I might take a holiday there with the children at a time when he would be virtually imprisoned in the studios recording a new album. He agreed. "It's what you need, Poopy," he said. "The holiday will do you good."

I went through London on my way to Sweden and bought some beautiful wallpaper to redecorate my house. I also ordered some new furnishings. The local Swedish people warmly greeted my arrival. It was as though I had never left them, but I don't imagine that it dawned on them that I had not been to the house for ten years. The house had been taken care of by my family.

I returned to Los Angeles at the end of July.

It was good to be back, and Rod was bursting with news about the double album he still hadn't finished. But he looked tired and drained, as if he had been working too hard, and in our first few days together I noticed a decline in his virility. Normally we made love every night of the week. Now he pleaded tiredness and preferred to sleep.

When Alan Carr throws a shindig, it's like the ball of the year. Lobster, caviar, and champagne become incidental items on a budget that must exceed those that lesser producers might attempt to make a movie on. I had been back in L.A. a few weeks, and to get over my misery, I decided to attend Carr's latest extravaganza. I put on something chic, an ankle-length, white, lacy gown. I looked terribly angelic, or so Maggie said when we drove over to Alan's breathtaking house in Malibu.

All evening I had been making apologies for Rod's absence. Of course, he was supposed to be there with me, but there had been another business hitch he had to attend to.

When George and Alana Hamilton came through the door, we all kissed and greeted one another. George clearly wasn't going to be hemmed in by Alana, whom he was in the process of divorcing, and he took the first opportunity to sidetrack her. He drew me aside. I thought, "Here comes the old charm," having heard from the grapevine that he was already fancy-free and impatiently counting the days to his divorce. But I was totally unprepared for what he was going to say.

"Fancy Rod going out with Liz," he said, grinning. "I never thought you two would bust up . . . "

I was totally bemused.

"But we haven't busted up, George," I said.

He shrugged.

"Sorry, Britt. Then I must have got it all wrong. But I heard that Liz was driving his car and staying up at the house. In fact I saw 'em together only last week."

"Liz who?" I cried.

"Liz Treadwell. Until a couple of months ago she was my girl friend, and I just thought it was kind of funny that my ex-girl friend should be going with your ex-guy; that's all. I wouldn't have mentioned otherwise. I really thought you knew, Britt. Everyone else in town does."

I had never heard of Liz Treadwell before, and as George was talking, I felt myself growing colder and colder. I put down my glass of champagne. It tasted bitter. When I got home, the house was empty. It was just after 1:30 A.M. I picked up the telephone to call Rod at the studio. I was now burning with torment. I had to know the truth. I dialed the number but then slammed the receiver down. No, I would wait for him to come home. I did not undress. I flopped on the bed in my evening gown. The minutes dragged like hours, but I could not sleep. My ears were glued to the drive. I thought I would hear Rod's car come through the gates.

> I wasn't interested in the money. "If I take one penny off Rod, I won't see him again," I said. "I loved Rod—and I still do. It's not the money I want. It's him."

I got up and started walking round the house. Every suspicion that lurked in my mind became a fresh nightmare to me. Rod had gone to New York just a few days before to sign for a film with Elton John. Why had he not allowed me to go with him? Why had I never been able to go to the studio since my return from Sweden? I could not satisfy myself with any kind of answer. Why hadn't Rod made love with me every night? Was it because he was sleeping with this woman Liz? So my anxieties piled up like a pyramid. It was now daylight, and I crossed the patio to the staff cottage that Tony Toon occupied. I banged hard on the front door and finally roused him.

"Where is Rod?" I demanded to know. "What's happened to him? He did not come home last night, and I'm worried. He didn't even call . . ."

Tony drowsily scratched his thinning pate. "He's okay," he said. "Things went on late, and they all went off to the Hilton afterwards for drinks.

"They all got a bit pissed, that's all, and I think Rod put his head down there for the night."

I expressed my displeasure.

"Well, Tony," I snapped. "He's never done that before. So you had better find him fast. I have been worried all night about him. There might have been an accident. Someone should tell me."

Little more than an hour later Rod's car crunched up the drive. Rod got out with Peter Buckland, his tour manager. I waited for them in the living room, and Rod wandered through, looking suitably sheepish and feigning his little-boy-lost act. "I'm sorry, Britt. I got drunk and fell asleep . . . we kipped down at the Hilton," he said, word-perfect from Tony Toon's briefing.

There were more apologies before Rod turned with Pete to go down to the swimming pool. It was a beautiful, sunny day, and they obviously intended to laze out on the patio. They had gone only four or five paces when I summoned Rod back. "Oh, Rod, I would like to talk to you about something else," I said, my stilted words conveying it was a private matter. We went up to the other patio at the back of the house, and Rod was distinctly unnerved. His chin rested on his chest; his shoulders were drooped. I did not keep him in agony for too long.

"Please tell me about Liz Treadwell," I invited him quietly. "I hear that you have been having an affair with her and that she has been living in this house and driving your car . . . "

Rod slumped into a terrace chair.

"How did you find out?" he said.

I ignored his question. My heart was pounding.

"Have you slept with her?" I asked.

He nodded guiltily.

Neither of us spoke for several minutes.

Then he took a deep breath, as if preparing to say something.

"I'm sorry, Britt. It all happened while you were away in Sweden. You know what it is like . . . "

I had tried to remain calm and collected, but I could not restrain myself any longer.

"What about the pact we made, Rod?" I said, my anger rising. "We both promised we would never sleep with anyone else. You said you would never have that kind of need."

Rod's sallow face was white with shame; his eyes and hands were twitching. He might have been a cowering dog on the carpet taking his punishment, and

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I could almost hear him whimper.

"Do you love her, Rod?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"Then you've got to make a choice. You can't have us both," I said.

"I can't make a choice," he murmured.

"Then you'll have to, Rod," I said.

Rod looked up. "Who told you, Britt? Who did you hear it from?"

"George Hamilton. I bumped into him at last night's party."

Rod's lips tightened. "The rat," he hissed. "Why doesn't he mind his own bloody business."

I defended George. "Rod," I said, "I am going to give you a week to make up your mind what you want to do."

"Okay," he said slowly. "Maybe I should move out. We've taken a house on Mulholland for the band. They've got plenty of spare bedrooms there."

Rod took some things from his wardrobe and tossed them into a suitcase. I heard the car engine roar into life. He was gone.

I broke down and cried. I felt hurt, cheated, betrayed. Our whole future together, our hopes, our dreams, were shattered. I was totally dejected. But no more than when I learned that Rod's affair with Liz Treadwell was continuing and that she was living with him in the Mulholland house, which, he had told me, had been rented for the band. I also learned that she had accompanied him on his trip to New York.

My love and respect for Rod crumbled like parched earth beneath my feet. There was nothing left except for a burnt-out shell. I lunched with George Hamilton, who saw the mental anguish I was suffering, and he sent me to his shrink.

"You are going to need help to get over this, Britt," he said.

Pouring my heart out to the shrink led not to salvation but to even deeper depression. My psychiatrist was really qualified to be a nutritionist; so he put me on a liquid-protein diet and fed me vitamin pills. That wasn't all. His son, a lawyer, suggested that I should remind Rod of his obligations with a $12.5 million lawsuit.

As I had formed a professional as well as personal partnership with Rod, he felt I was entitled to half the proceeds that had resulted from our joint efforts. Besides, under California law the question of a woman in a live-in relationship claiming half the community assets was under debate.

By now I was like a piece of pulp. I was in a state of confusion and distress. Maggie thought I had taken leave of my senses, and she wouldn't talk to me. To make matters worse, the shrink advised me not to communicate with any of my old friends because I could not trust them.

It was as if I had been programmed. On the night the writ was served on Rod I actually drove a private detective in my car to the studio. When Rod appeared at the studio door, the detective intercepted him and handed him the court document. A flashbulb popped; a lurking photographer got a better picture than he had anticipated of Rod leaving the studio with Liz Treadwell.

Billy Gaff called to see me the next morning. It was like a sovereign sending an emissary to straighten things out. In normal circumstances I might have expected Tony Toon, but I suppose that a writ for $12.5 million necessitated a top-brass assignment.

"Britt, you can't do this to Rod," Billy said. "You've got to drop it. You don't have a leg to stand on."

I was vaguely amused. "Billy, stop squealing. I gave up my entire life for Rod. I sold my London flat. I moved all my belongings here. We built this home together. He asked me to marry him, and now you're saying that I should get lost?"

Billy clasped his hands. "Look, Britt, he knows that he has done wrong. We've all told him that he has been a fool, but the fact is he still loves you. It's all finished with the other girl. She didn't mean a thing to him. Look, can't we get you back together? He's willing to come down here now and move right back in with you, and you can start with a clean sheet. If only you can forgive him. Come on, Britt, you know what he's like. He didn't do this to hurt you deliberately. He just got carried away."

I began to soften. Billy was persuasive. After all, I knew that Rod had screwed scores of groupies before I came on the scene. Why did I have this complex about infidelity? I wanted to be the understanding woman and act rationally. Maybe I could bend the rules and give him a second chance.

Rod came back to the house that afternoon. We were like two different people. The atmosphere was almost formal, and it was as if we were skating on ice, hoping to keep away from the cracks.

"Why did you drop that writ on me?" Rod finally rustled up the courage to ask.

"Because you hurt me and told me lies," I said.

We kissed, but there was no fire, no passion. And we slept together for three nights before we lay coldly with our backs to each other.

On the second morning a white card tumbled out of Rod's wallet onto the bed cover. The number seemed vaguely familiar, but I could not understand why. I passed on the information to my shrink, whose network of contacts traced the number to the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, and discovered that Liz Treadwell was staying there in a suite reserved by one of Rod's associate companies.

So their affair was not over. Another

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1. To enter, fill in this official entry form, or, on a 3"x 5" plain piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address and the answer to the official contest question. The question can be obtained by dialing Johnnie Walker Red's national toll-free number 1-800-223-0353. New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-522-5630. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week, from March 1, to April 30, 1980, or if you wish to have the question mailed to you, write: "Call Johnnie Walker Red" Question, P.O. Box 85, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. The information needed to answer the question may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may also be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope, no larger than 4-1/8"x 9-1/2." Mail to "Call Johnnie Walker Red" Hot Line Contest, P.O. Box 8650, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842. Entries must be postmarked by May 3, 1980 and received by May 10, 1980. 3. Winners will be determined in random drawings, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries, conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. 4. First Prize: $25,000 in cash. 500 Second Prizes: Johnnie Walker Red Decorator Telephones. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the execution of an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. 5. Prizes are non-transferable—only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes as offered. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 501 prizes (valued at $54,975) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. 6. Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and Virginia, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. 7. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. 8. A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 204, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. 9. The Official Entry Form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

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Saks, New York, N.Y.
Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Ill.
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New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 594-7866

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MALE
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 279-3790

Belk Stores, throughout Southeast
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JORDACHE ENTERPRISES
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Lord & Taylor, New York, N.Y.
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ugly scene broke out between us.

I was not eating. I had hardly touched a thing for six weeks, and I was down to 96 pounds—20 pounds below my usual weight. My shrink-cum-nutritionist said I was suffering from anorexia nervosa and he prescribed a different set of vitamin pills for me.

It was my thirty-fifth birthday, and 50 pink roses and a bottle of Guinness arrived at the door, together with a card that read, "Drink this and fatten yourself up, girl—Rod."

Rod was again on tour with the band, and insiders were telling me that his affair with Liz Treadwell had finally blown apart. I might have guessed myself when the telephone started buzzing again with calls from Rod, telling me that he loved me and that he had made a mistake, and expressing his willingness to resume our relationship the moment he got back into town.

"I can never leave you, Poopy," he said.

I began to believe him. I even waited in at nights for his calls. I also started eating again, and I ordered my lawyers to put a hold on the court action.

One night Rod called, saying he was coming home and asking if I would cook him dinner. He was in the Midwest somewhere, and he was going to charter a plane. I felt butterflies break out in my stomach, I was so excited. I got the house looking like a new pin. I cooked liver, one of his favorite dishes, and I made sure that all the wines he liked were in the fridge, including sauterne, for which he had a particular passion. I set a table with candles and flowers.

When Rod came in, our love instantly exploded, dissolving all the hate, hurt, and revenge that had filled our veins for two months. We made love with all the fervor, the passion, and the tenderness of our first night together. Suddenly the storm clouds had gone. We were together again, talking like a couple of kids in the small hours as we replanned our future.

"There will never be anyone else. Not now, Poopy," said Rod.

Soon after dawn he had to go. He had to catch the charter plane for Chicago.

"But don't worry, Poopy. I will be back," he said, affectionately nipping my ear.

Two weeks later I had to go to Sarasota, Fla., to work on the television film *The Great Wallendas*, based on the lives of the famous circus family. Rod had called twice, but now there was silence.

Friends on the set hid the newspapers from me, but a couple of rags fell into my hands. The gossip columns were full of Rod and fresh affairs. I called Los Angeles, and my shrink had already verified the reports.

Again I felt sickened. How could I go on trusting Rod the way I did? Didn't his word count for anything? I could not believe that he was still that immature.

But somehow I found the strength to face Billy Gaff, once more playing his role as Rod's emissary in a fleeting visit to Sarasota. "Rod is willing to settle out of court," Billy said, coming quickly to the point. "You can have two hundred thousand dollars now and get it all over and done with."

I tried not to grimace, but I knew my lawyers were seeking $12.5 million. They could not have been asking for an amount like that without reasonable grounds.

Nevertheless, I wasn't interested in the money. Billy's jaw sagged when I told him. "If I take one penny off Rod, I won't see him again," I said. "I loved Rod—and I still do. It's not money I want. It's him."

Billy talked of a "fresh" agreement, and I outlined the details of the way I felt that agreement should be. He flew back to New York. Later he telephoned me to say that Rod had agreed with it and that the lawyers would be instructed to set it up.

At that point I should have known that any possible hope of a reconciliation with Rod would only cause me further heartache, but I allowed myself to be swayed into it.

Unfortunately Rod's attempts to put things back on an even keel had a superficial ring about them. He was under the impression that I would accept any form of behavior that he cared to throw at me. I wasn't going to be forced into becoming a housekeeper.

Rod, although citing his need to repair our relationship at Carolwood, would openly flout any commitment he made. There were three concerts at the Forum in Los Angeles. He allowed me to go only to the third, and the whole evening was ruined by a floozie he brought into the house and perched at our cocktail bar in the lounge before we had even left for the gig. Rod said the girl was a friend of his secretary, Doris Tyler, but of course she wasn't. I was humiliated.

I strongly suspect that she wasn't the only floozie that Rod was associating with. There were nights when he would not come home, and I knew that he had gone to parties at Billy Gaff's house. Rod was back into the whole groupie thing, and he really thought that I would accept it all without so much as raising an eyebrow.

All I wanted to do was escape. I had a total nervous breakdown. Maggie Abbott urged me to change psychiatrists; so I consulted Aaron Stone, who was Warren Beatty's shrink. The fees were $100 a session, and I went every day for a whole month. My sanity was worth it.

When Rod went on tour, a certain measure of peace prevailed in the house, but our relationship was still in a transitory state of agony. There were calls from Jamaica and then from Rio de Janeiro, suggesting that I should fly out to talk over our future. Rod even sent airline tickets

for me to take Victoria and Nicholai to Rio, but he did not ring through to confirm the final arrangements. When he eventually phoned, I told him, "Go fuck yourself."

I thought that might be the end of it, but one night Rod flew back and walked casually into the house while I was throwing a dinner party to mark the television screening of *The Great Wallendas*. I almost fainted when he said he had flown all the way back from Rio especially to see my television appearance. Again, we could have made a fresh start. I remember how on Valentine's night we were very much in love and went out to dinner at Le Dome together, but it was not long before Rod blotted his copybook once more.

Somewhere in the middle of it all, Bianca Jagger rang and asked for Rod. I recognized her voice when she asked, "Is he coming to Spain?" Maybe Bianca had heard about our problems. I hung up. I didn't care what her motives were.

I had finally reached the point where I could not physically or mentally cope with the situation. I telephoned my old love, Lou Adler, and asked if he could help.

Poor Lou. Whenever I was in trouble, I always telephoned him, but I didn't have anyone else to turn to. Lou had never let me down, and he didn't then. He put the Stone Canyon house at my disposal. But the day I actually moved out of Carolwood my heart filled with sorrow and a deep sense of loss. I loved that house so much that when Rod once threatened to go on to Bermuda for tax reasons, I told him, "I can't leave Carolwood. I want to live out my life here."

Rod could not understand it. "It's only paint and wallpaper, bricks and mortar," he said. "We can always start again. We can build another home."

I felt hurt because Rod didn't have the same sentimental thoughts about the house that I did. I could never start again. I thought Carolwood was the loveliest house in the world, and I still do. There will never be another house like Carolwood. And we had made it our home together.

Now I was finally leaving. I fought back my tears.

I had engaged a packing firm to box up the clothes and some of the china, art books, and odd things that belonged to me. Rod lingered around the house that morning, and he asked, "Are you really going?" I tried not to look at him for fear I would burst into tears.

"There's no option, is there? This is what you want me to do, isn't it?" I asked.

Rod didn't answer. That streak of cowardice within him kept him silent. Instead he bitched about the packing men as they wandered in and out of the house. It was too late for him to make the last, desperate plea that hung on his lips; so he took sanctuary in his room.

There were no good-byes.

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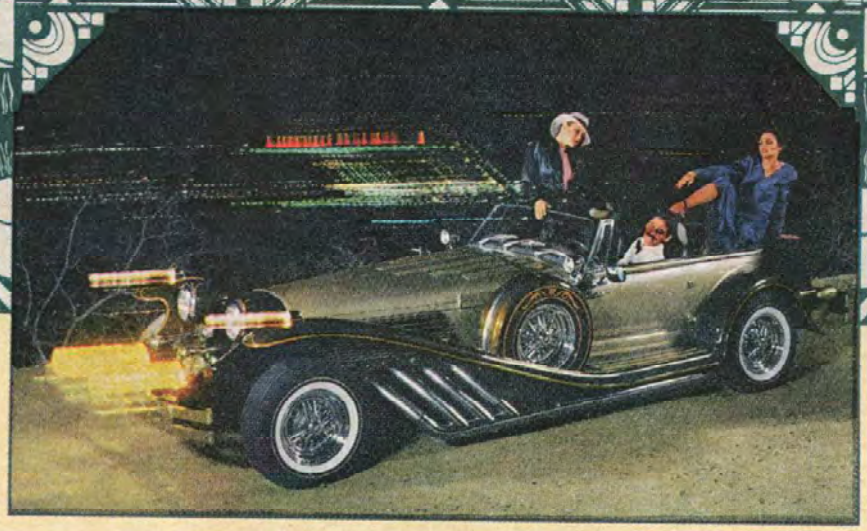

America's most expensive touring car is
a dreamobile that handles even better than it looks.

A DIAMANTE IS FOREVER

BY RICHARD JOHN PIETSCHMANN

It took 12 years of doodling on more cocktail napkins than Bill Mathews cares to remember before he perfected his Diamante—before he came up with what he believes is the perfect American-made grand-touring automobile. So he figures that $85,000 isn't a Krugerrand too much to pay for what he gives you. After all, Mathews starts with a *brand-new* Caddy Coupe de Ville, strips it to its best features, builds on a classic and classy body, and then adds the extra details that he calculates a luxury-car buyer will appreciate. Like Recaro seats reupholstered in Connolly English leather, solid walnut dash and console, marine teak running boards, bronze trim, 12 coats of hand-rubbed acrylic lacquer, and matched Blaupunkt stereo sound system. And if all that doesn't quite do it, Bill will cheerfully sell you the few options he offers: sheared vicuna ($1,000) or beaver ($1,500) carpeting or a nice, big chinchilla lap robe ($2,500).

So it's highly appropriate that the Diamante was named for the Italian word for "diamond." "I wanted to build the proverbial better mousetrap," deadpans Mathews. "Make that a gold-plated mousetrap. No, make that a *solid gold* rodent elimination system."

But don't for a minute get the idea that this long, sleek, flared-fender hunk of conspicuous consumption is designed merely to attract covetous stares while parked in the driveways of 1,000 millionaires (Mathews intends to manufacture only 500 each of the four-place phaeton and the two-seater roadster). Sure, this is a vehicle loaded with status value and with an envy quotient right at the top of the chart, but make no mistake about it—the Diamante is a sweetheart of a refined touring car.

Bill Mathews wanted to make the best; so he started with the Coupe de Ville, which he admires as the best that Detroit turns out. The Caddy contributes its reliable, easily serviced engine and drive-train. The power is a 425-cubic-inch V-8, attached to a Turbo 400 automatic transmission, which is good for 16 to 17 miles per unleaded gallon on the highway. Power steering and brakes (front discs), fuel tank, steering column, air conditioning, and power windows (no flapping side curtains for this sophisticated baby) are also retained.

Major surgery is performed on the Caddy frame in the 15,000-square-foot Mathews Motor Coach factory in Newbury Park, Calif., 40 miles from Los Angeles. Outside of the front suspension and frame, it's all new from the ground up. The wheelbase is lengthened by 15 inches, the center of gravity lowered, and the rear end improved with new leaf springs, shock absorbers, and an antisway bar.

What emerges is a hand-tuned version of a solid Caddy, but one with an exterior like a Vegas showgirl who has an advanced degree in obscure literature. It's exotic but not fragile, and while it's hardly a high-performance sports car, this lovely will cruise all day at 110 mph. Most pleasing of all to Bill Mathews, however, is how his Diamante handles. Weight distribution is a dead perfect fifty-fifty; and with the lowered center of gravity, the handling characteristics are just plain wonderful for a car that is 206 inches long, weighs 4,075 pounds (200 less than the Coupe de Ville), and is equipped with power steering and automatic transmission.

"It took a lot of thought, a lot of design, and we're very proud of the results," admits Mathews production manager Rob Hoberman about the unexpected handling exhibited by the Diamante. "We tried *not* to reinvent the wheel when we built this car."

Bill Mathews is a Californian who looks like Kenny Rogers with ten years and ten pounds subtracted. Now 38, he's been in the automotive business since he was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 226

Photographs by Earl Miller / Women's fashions by Glenn Laiken's Alandales, Westwood, Calif.; Man's formal wear by Tuxedo Center, Hollywood, Calif.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

breaks her daughter's heart trying. She is a short, dumpy woman who has lived alone since her husband passed away some ten years ago and never leaves the house except to go to church or to our house for a visit. She is a very proper lady who would never say or do the wrong thing. Naturally, my wife, Laura, worships the ground her mother walks on.

Several months ago, Mom called and asked me to come over and relight the hot-water heater in her basement. To my surprise, the heater was already lit when I got there. Mom came to the top of the basement stairs and called out that coffee was ready. I looked up to thank her and found myself looking right up her dress. No sign of any panties, and I saw everything she has. I honestly thought it was an accident and looked back down again. A few days later she called and asked me to go to the store for her. When I entered the house, she was sitting on the couch, her knees spread apart. Again she was wearing no underwear, and again I saw her hairy old snatch. She grinned when she saw me look, and this time I knew that it was no accident.

She uses the word "fuck" now in nearly every sentence but never in the presence of her daughter—only when I am alone with her. When she talks, she stands very close to me and speaks almost in a whisper. She once asked me how often I fuck Laura, and I playfully told her that it was none of her business. She said that it had been a long time since she had been fucked but that she can still remember how good it feels and knows how much she misses it. She also asked me if I had ever kissed a girl on the pussy, and again I told her that it was none of her business. She said that Laura told her that I kiss her on the pussy, and I playfully called her a liar again, knowing Laura would never tell anyone that. Mom said that no one had ever kissed her down there but she would sure like for someone to do that to her.

She is growing bolder, too. Before I stopped going over there alone, she had gotten to the point where she would pinch my backside if I was facing away from her. I have told her to behave, but she ignores me. Even my wife has commented on how friendly her mother seems to be getting all of a sudden. It's so embarrassing.

I cannot tell my wife of her mother's actions because it would kill her. I don't want to fuck the old lady. But my wife is planning on taking a vacation to visit her younger sister for a week, and Mom has eagerly offered to stay with me and take care of the house while she is away. How can I get out of this domestic mess without coming out and telling my wife why I don't want her mother to stay with me when she is gone?—J.G.

Simply tell the old lady to lay off with her funny approaches. If that does not help, threaten to tell her daughter about her advances. When your wife goes away, just tell her that you don't want her mother staying there when you can have the house to yourself. Your mother-in-law seems to be too young to be going senile, but she does seem to be showing tendencies of an overactive libido, which is sometimes found in older people (who, for instance, start chasing after their nurses or caretakers). Why not find her a suitable partner her own age?

ONCE WAS ENOUGH . . . FOR HER

I'm 29 years old and have been married for six years. Sex between Michelle and myself has always been good, although she has never really gotten into oral sex, something I enjoy very much. It has always taken a good deal of coaxing on my part to get her to blow me or let me eat her pussy. I've also tried to talk her into possibly swapping with some of our close friends or even just joining in for a little game of strip poker, but the answer has always been no. That is, until this past New Year's Eve.

We went to a local inn for dinner and dancing with two other couples, Tim and Susie and Dave and Jane, who were our closest friends. Tim has always been interested in swapping, but he had also met a dead end with his wife. When we had brought up the subject to Dave around Christmas time, Dave had indicated his interest in Susie and said he was game, although he doubted Jane would get into it. So when we went out on New Year's together, we weren't too confident of our chances of getting the girls to play around with us.

We had a good time dancing and drinking, and around three o'clock in the morning we headed back to Tim's house for breakfast. Soon after we arrived, Tim started a fire in the fireplace. Jane soon fell asleep on the floor, and Michelle fell out on the couch. Susie fixed us breakfast. After we ate, we went back into the living room, where I reclined on the floor next to Jane while Tim made room for himself next to Michelle on the couch. Susie changed out of her dress into a housecoat and lay down next to Tim. So the scene was set, although I was doubtful that anything would really come of it.

Warmed by the fire and feeling the effects of all we had drunk, we were all soon asleep. Then I was awakened by a sound next to me, and looking out of the corner of my eye I saw that Dave was rubbing Susie's back while she lay on her stomach next to me. I was surprised that Susie was letting Dave go as far as he was, and I was equally surprised that Jane turned on her side and allowed me

"It appears to be feeding time for the cabin-class passengers."

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to rub her tits while she pushed her ass up against my hard on. I then glanced up at the couch to see if Michelle was awake and saw that Tim had moved his hand up under my wife's dress while she was lying back with her eyes closed. I doubted that Michelle was so drunk that she didn't know what was happening, and I could hardly believe that she was going along with it—far enough to let Tim feel her pussy. Just then I saw Dave begin to slide Susie's panties off, and this was when I thought she would speak up and end the whole thing. Instead, glancing up at Dave, she lifted up her ass while he slid the panties off. Then she turned on her back as Tim buried his face between her legs and had the time of his life.

Soon we all had each other's wives undressed. While Tim and I were still sucking pussy, Susie had moved around and was furiously sucking Dave's prick. After he came in her mouth, I watched her play with him until he was hard again. Then she let him turn her around, lean her over the coffee table, and slide his prick up her ass. While he fucked her ass, she rubbed her pussy with her own hand until they both came and fell back to the floor. Jane, meanwhile, was squeezing my head tightly between her legs as she came, and then she allowed me to straddle her and pump my prick in her mouth until I came. The four of us just then lay back and watched Tim fuck my wife. The whole scene was totally unreal and an incredible turn-on.

About an hour later Dave got up and went over to Michelle. She told him that Tim was her partner and that she didn't want to be gang-banged. Dave sat down next to Susie again and pulled her head into his lap so that she could suck him off. I moved over and started fucking Susie from the rear. The sensation was terrific, especially since Michelle would never let me do this to her. Tim came back into the room and started rubbing Michelle with a vibrator while he put Vaseline on his prick. Next thing I knew, Michelle had draped herself over the couch and Tim was fucking her in the ass. I couldn't believe it! That was the end of our little orgy, and we all showered and went home.

As we drove Dave and Jane to their house, we didn't talk much. But after they had gotten out, Michelle shocked me by saying that what happened had happened and I shouldn't expect her to do anything like that again. She said that I had pushed her into it and that she hoped I had enjoyed it, because it was our "last fling." She claimed she only did it because "everybody else was doing it."

We still go out with our friends, but although they have gotten it on together twice more since then, Michelle has refused to participate. She also has said that she'll leave me if she ever finds out that I joined in on something with the other couples. She has also refused to have anal sex, which really angers me, since I watched Tim give it to her but good.

At this point I'm climbing the walls. Our sex life seems totally lacking, and the only way I can get hard is thinking about that night. I still love Michelle very much and don't want to break up, but I need that type of thing. She will admit that that group swing was the biggest turn-on she ever had and that she's never come as many times as she did that night. But she still refuses to do it again. None of us can figure her out, and I don't know what to do with her. Help!—P. D.

Perhaps you've seen too many Doris Day movies, but who ever told you marriage would be easy? It isn't. Your wife may just leave you if you participate with your friends or try coaxing her into another orgy. That's her privilege, after all.

How much do you love her? Maybe not enough to "make up" for your sexual needs. You write that she admits that it's "the biggest turn-on she ever had and that she's never come as many times as she did that night." From this I take it that not all is lost with regard to your wife's thoughts on orgies. Patience may be the best solution. Eventually, she'll probably come around. How to hurry that process along? Give her some porno books that involve orgies. You can be reading them, and she'll no doubt find them around the house. Porno movies involving orgies—they almost all do involve group sex—might work, too.

You've been at only two other orgies that Michelle refused to participate in. One out of three is not a bad average for a beginner, is it?

By the way, have you ever tried something a little less adventurous? A nice fourway or threeway may be more your wife's speed.

"You can still chase women. Just don't catch any."

LATIN LOVE

When you live in one of those tiny Latin countries, you get used to knowing in the back of your mind that just about anything can happen. But what I'm going to tell you about really blew my mind.

I was on vacation and went up to the Mayan site at Tikal with Alberto, a close friend. I had already been there a number of times, and I know the place pretty well. We were having a nice time, alternating between inspecting the Mayan temples and the bodies of assorted tourists, especially the American chicks, who have this thing for us Latins, bless them!

Tikal can get tiresome after a couple of weeks, and we began to spend more time with the ladies than with the Mayan spirits. One day we were sitting in the sun, watching a new batch of tourists get off the plane, when there appeared an incredibly luscious blonde in skintight, faded jeans that made us both catch our breath. What a dish! I remember I mumbled, "That one I've got to have," and Al-

berto laughed and said that I was only doing some wishful thinking, since she surely would go more for his dark Latin looks. (I look more Scandinavian than Latin, with my light skin and light brown hair.) We laughed and then sighed as she ambled across the runway to the Jungle Lodge with a huge gringo, who had the build of a football player. We trekked up to the main plaza with no way of getting her off our minds.

Later that morning I was coming down the steps of the Temple of the Great Jaguar when I caught sight of her at the tail end of a tourist group at the Acropolis. I told Alberto about it, and he reminded me about the huge guy with her. Did I still want to try it? I got a sinking feeling in my gut but went off anyway. I had to get another look at her.

I could hear the monotonous voice of the tour guide somewhere within the maze of walls, and when I turned a corner, I almost ran into her. Up close she looked even better, and I noticed that she looked bored. The football player was farther ahead in the group; so I asked her if she would like a personal tour of the place. She said that she was with a friend. I said, "No matter. Come on, let's go," and incredibly, she left with me. We did a round of places where they don't take the tourists, and as we talked, I got hornier every second.

We had lunch in the jungle with Alberto. His face went sour when he noticed that she obviously preferred me, but he very diplomatically left us alone. We looked at another couple of temples, though we were really looking for places where we wouldn't be found, as we were by now doing some heavy necking. When I mentioned that I had a room at the Lodge, she looked wistful and said that she had to leave with her friend on the afternoon flight. I said okay and told her that I would be waiting for her the next day. She took a long look at me and smiled.

But I was really surprised the following morning when Alberto found me and told me that someone was looking for me. She had come back! I found her in the Main Plaza, and she asked me if I still had that room at the Lodge. We left Alberto staring at her beautiful ass. She told me that she had left her friend in the city (I was grateful) but that she had to get back on the afternoon flight. So we had to put the day to good use.

As soon as we closed the door, she began to take off her clothes. I couldn't help staring at her body. I've been around a lot, but I've never found such a perfect body on any woman of any age. She must have been in her early thirties, but her body was ageless, with the feel of a young girl's and the passion that only experience (lots of it) can bring. We began to screw slowly, softly, exploringly. She was slow to come, but I felt like I had all the time in the world for her. We changed position enough times to put the

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Kama Sutra to shame. She held my balls as we fucked, and I held whatever I could get my hands on. I was getting the ride of my life! We came once, again, and then again. Her nipples would grow hard and she would moan softly and push herself against me. Her cunt was so juicy, her tits so firm, and her ass so tight that I lost sense of time.

When we finally lay back to rest, my cock actually hurt. She put her head on my shoulder and said that she had never been laid like that before, that usually she didn't even come close to an orgasm, and that with me she had had so many that she had lost count. I told her that while my cock hurt, I still had a hard-on. She smiled and took me in her mouth, and soon rockets and dynamite were exploding through me. Still my erection continued. So we began to fuck again, taking the time to try all the possibilities. Eventually we were both so tired that we had to stop. I was wondering at my good luck when she suddenly began to dress. I asked her why, and she said that she had to catch her plane. I looked at my watch and realized we had been screwing for close to five hours!

Xaviera, I could barely walk as we went up to the runway, where we said good-bye with just one small kiss. To tell the truth, I was sort of glad to see her go—I'm sure I wouldn't have lived through another couple of lays with her.

Still, a couple of years have gone by, and I still remember her as the best lover I've had. And the most beautiful body. It's hard for me to screw any other girl without having a flashback of her image. The memory of that five-hour fuck will never leave my mind.

To a foxy blonde lady somewhere in California, muchas gracias!—P. D.

I'm vacationing in Mexico this winter, and I hope to meet a Latin lover as fine as you! Escaping the cold European winters, I've visited many Latin countries and must say that the men are better lovers than your average European male.

Maybe some of my readers can tell me about their holiday fucks. I'm always eager to learn of new, tropical places I've not yet explored.

A HAIRY PROBLEM

A lifelong fantasy of mine has come true. I go absolutely insane when I see a woman with a full growth of hair under her arms. My girl friend is aware of my fantasy, and during the winter months, when she can wear long-sleeve blouses, she doesn't shave. She has a tremendous amount of dark hair under her arms, and when we fuck, she also gets turned on by this excess amount of hair because she knows how much it excites me.

I am constantly trying to get a glimpse of female underarm hair, but since the majority of American females shave, I am rewarded very infrequently.

Recently I saw a porn movie starring a blonde named Beverly who had a glorious patch of blonde underarm hair. For about an hour and a half I slowly whacked my seven-inch sausage until I drained my balls all over the theater seat in front of me.

One issue of Penthouse *showed a girl who was unshaven, and I'll treasure it forever. Are there any foreign magazines that specialize in my hairy fantasy? Do you know of any places that I can travel to to see more hair?*—L. O.

Since most men do not find hairy armpits and bushy pussies to be that kinky, I doubt that you will run across specific magazines that portray females with only those attributes. If you look hard enough, especially among the European publications, you might be able to find women depicted with a heavy hair growth. Lately the trend is the balder the better, and in most pics little is left to the imagination of the reader, since the vaginal lips are hardly ever covered with really bushy hair and the clitoris is staring you in the face, along with vaginal lips that are spread wide open.

Whatever turns you on, I guess. Many German and Italian girls do not like to shave their arms or legs. So maybe on your next trip to Europe you ought to go shopping around over there.

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When the testosterone accumulation increases to too great of an extent, the hair's growth cycle becomes so very short that only "fuzz" (or less!) is grown! The dormant cycle has taken over. If that's what has happened, or is happening to you, Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel is the remedy.

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After 10 weeks of Biotin Treatment.

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The average person's hair loss (male and female) is between 50 and 100 hairs per day. That's not really very many. Are you losing more than that? Are you finding hairs on your pillow? On your suitcoat? Are too many hairs coming out in the wash? You had better get Biotin Solution to work on the problem right away!

In the intensive research done with Biotin, in addition to proving Biotin able to catalyze hair growth in dormant scalps, Biotin brought excessive hair loss under control in 9 out of 10 cases!

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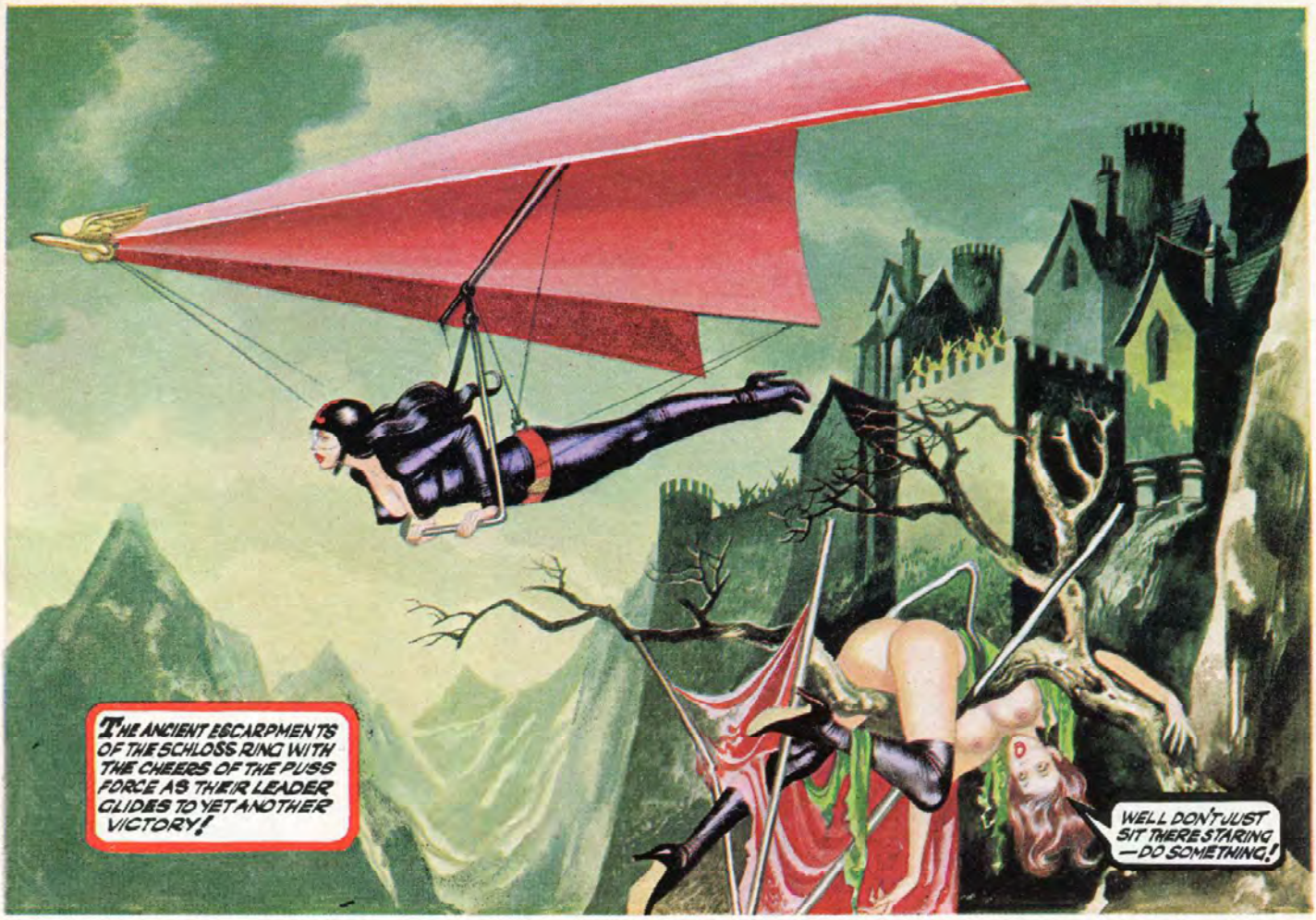
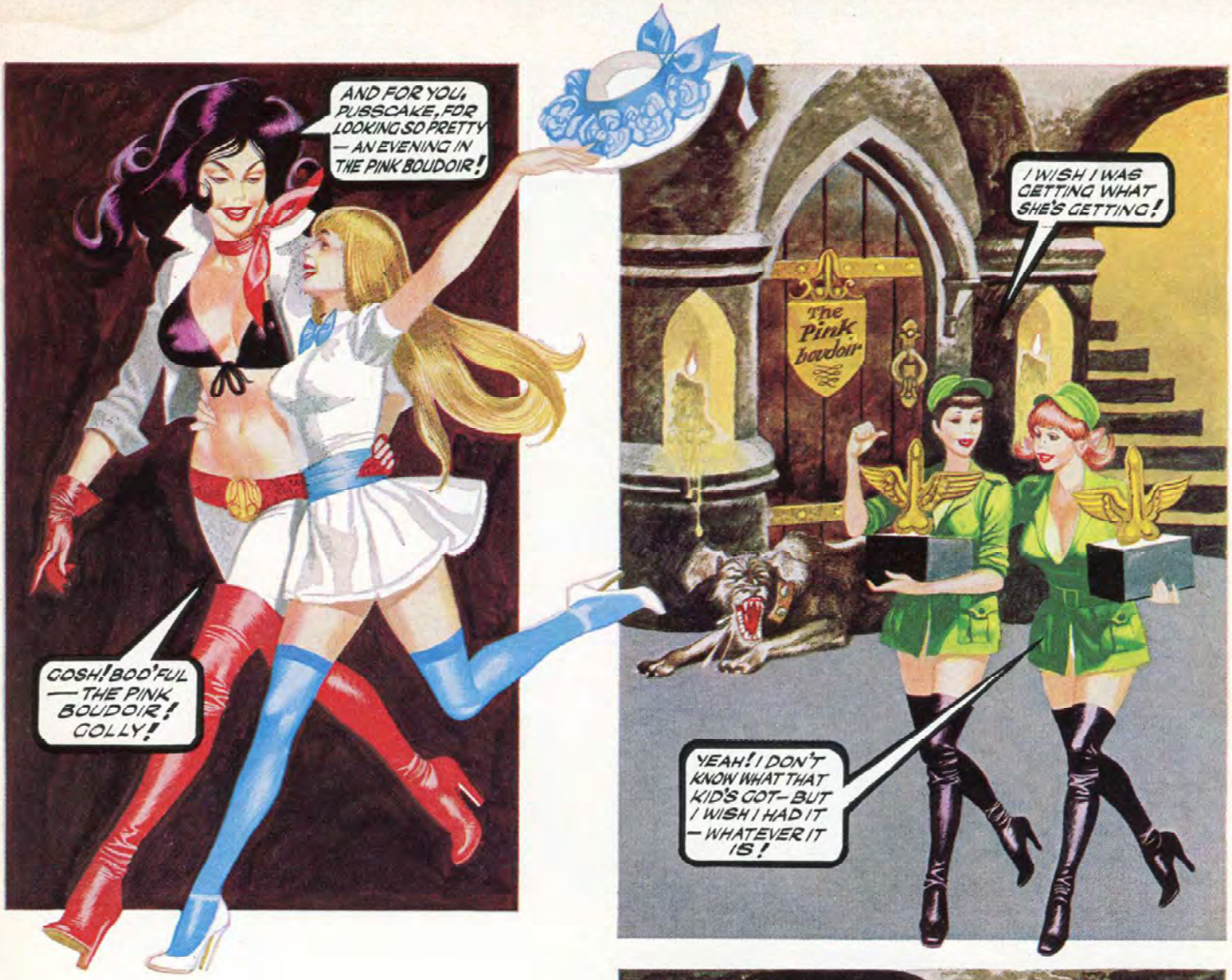

THE ANCIENT ESCARPMENTS OF THE SCHLOSS RING WITH THE CHEERS OF THE PUSS FORCE AS THEIR LEADER GLIDES TO YET ANOTHER VICTORY!
WELL DON'T JUST SIT THERE STARING —DO SOMETHING!

AND ANOTHER!
IT'S NOT REALLY AN OLYMPIC GAMES AT ALL!

AND ANOTHER!
IT'S JUST AN EXCUSE FOR BOO'FUL TO DEMONSTRATE HER PROWESS!
AN' WHAT MAKES IT SO UNBEARABLY BORING.....
....SHE WINS EVERY TIME!

BUT OUR HEROINE IS NO FOOL! SHE KNOWS THAT GOOD LEADERSHIP REQUIRES THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LESSER MORTALS...
WELL DONE, MEN! YOU HAVE COVERED YOURSELVES IN GLORY THIS DAY! I'M PROUD OF YOU!
TO PRESENT THE AWARDS MAY I INTRODUCE—FROM GERMANY, THAT MAN WHO IS DESTINED TO PLAY A MAJOR ROLE IN EUROPEAN POLITICS IN THE 1980'S...ER.....
WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
HELMUT SCHMIDT!
FRANZ.....
MMPHHH!
JOSEPH....
MMPHH!
STRAUSS!
VELL DONE, PRIVATE PARTS! I.....
WE!
... HAF MUCH PLEASURE IN PRESENTING YOU MIT YOUR AVARD UND EIN VEEKEND PASS TO HAF YOUR HAIR DONE BY VIDAL SASSOON!
... UND FOR YOU, PRIVATE PEACHES, YOUR AVARD.....
... UND EIN VEEKEND COURSE IN DIPLOMACY FROM HENRY KISSINGER!


AND FOR YOU, PUSSCAKE, FOR LOOKING SO PRETTY — AN EVENING IN THE PINK BOUDOIR!
GOSH! BOD'FUL — THE PINK BOUDOIR! GOLLY!
The Pink boudoir
I WISH I WAS GETTING WHAT SHE'S GETTING!
YEAH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT KID'S GOT — BUT I WISH I HAD IT — WHATEVER IT IS!

AND FOR YOU, GRUD — A BUCKET AND MOP!
WHAT'S SO FANTASTIC ABOUT BEIN' ABLE TO RUN FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE?
OR SWIM FASTER? AND WHO THE HELL WOULD WANT TO?

I KNOW, GRUD — I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT THE LOSERS OF THIS WORLD SHOULD GET THE PRIZES!
Abandon Hope all ye who enter herein!
AFTER ALL — THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE TALENTED HAVE ALL LIFE'S ADVANTAGES ANYWAY — WITHOUT HAVING THE PRIZES AS WELL!
LET'S GO CHEER OURSELVES UP BY TORMENTING A FEW OF THE PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEONS!

OH WHAT SUPER GAMES WE PLAYED!
YES, THEY WERE GOOD! I'VE WORKED UP QUITE AN APPETITE! RING DOWN FOR SOME LUNCH, PUSSCAKE!
IF A TEDDY BEAR COULD SPEAK— MAN! THE TALES I'D TELL!
WILL THAT BE ALL, COMMANDER!
WELL DONE, SOLDIER! BUT I DO LIKE TO SEE THE LUNCHEON FATIGUE UNIFORM WORN WITH A LITTLE MORE FLAIR!
YES—THAT'S BETTER!
SUDDENLY!
CHOKE! GASP!

BOO'FUL'S BEEN POISONED!
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT!... ER ...I MEAN.... WHO HAS DONE THIS DASTARDLY THING?

HAS GRUD RUN AMOK!
WHAT'S GOING ON!
HAS THE WAR STARTED?
THERE'S A SUBVERSIVE IN OUR MIDST!
SOMEONE'S TRIED TO POISON OUR LEADER!
I'LL KILL HIM!
TEAR HIM INTO SMALL PIECES!
WITH MY BARE HANDS!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

WHO COOKED LUNCH FOR THE MOSTRESS?
BUT WHAT HAVE I DONE?
GRUD! LOOK!
?
JUST LOOK AT THAT STORE CUPBOARD!
HE'S GOTTA BE OUT OF HIS MIND!
THERE'S ENOUGH THERE TO KILL AN ARMY!
Dehydrated
FARM FRESH
Vegeta
Chicken an' MUSHROOM FLAVOURED SOYA PIECES
Simulate Caviar
fatfree
Just heat
genuine
Pizzas
Spanish Burgun
KWIK MIX
Momma's Cookie POWDER
FREEZ DRIED
Coffee

A FEW DAYS LATER.....
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUSS IS ABOUT! I NEVER HAD ANY COMPLAINTS AT THE SHMILTON!
HE'S GOT AS MUCH SEX APPEAL AS A BATTERY CHICKEN!
STRIP THE BARBARIAN OF ALL HIS INSIGNIA!
FLOG HIM AND DRUM HIM FROM THE SCHLOSS!
SIGNED - WANDA VON KREESUS, COMMANDER!
PIF VON K
CANDYFLOSS, AS ADJUTANT GENITAL OF THE PUSS FORCE, SUPERVISES THE PUNISHMENT PARADE IN THE ABSENCE OF THEIR BELOVED LEADER.....

I WANT THE STORE CUPBOARDS CLEARED AND ALL THAT RUBBISH BURNT!
SHALL I DISTRIBUTE IT AMONGST THE PEASANTS ON THE ESTATE, MOSTRESS?
I WANT THEM TO WORK — NOT TO SIT AROUND STUFFING THEMSELVES WITH INSTANT FOOD! BURN IT!

I'VE GIVEN UP TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF LIFE! IT'S A NUT HOUSE!
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

notice or care what we're doing."

Then the girls came back, with sinister smiles on their faces. They sat down, and Danielle whispered in my ear that she had a surprise for me. I asked her what it was, and she told me to look under the blanket. I looked and saw her jeans were opened and a blonde beaver looking straight at me. She then rubbed my aching cock. I smiled at her and looked over at Tim. His head was under the blanket; so apparently Marie had a present for him, too.

I quickly stuck my head back under the blanket and between Danielle's legs and licked every inch of her wet pink hole. I bit gently on her labia and then circled my way inside. Meanwhile she unzipped my pants and played with my nine-inch prick. Soon she had me coming, and I shot my load on the blanket. I kissed her clitoris for the final time and then asked her if she wanted to leave the game early. "You bet your dick I do!" she cried.

We zipped up and told Tim and Marie that we were going back to my room and asked if they'd like to join us. They said they would and readjusted their clothes. I folded the blanket and found that I wasn't the only one who'd shot his love juices. "Good job, Tim!" I said. Tim responded, "I didn't do it all alone!" We smiled and left, anticipating things to come.

We hurried back to the dorm as fast as we could and quickly undressed. I locked the door so that no one would disturb us and turned around, seeing three naked bodies, each perfect in every way. I couldn't believe how great Marie looked. Her muff was expertly trimmed, and her dark skin was very enticing. I glanced over at Tim, who was swelling with a giant hard-on. When I saw him in the shower, I never realized how big and thick he could be. In his soft state, he looks pretty small. His dick was almost as big as mine but much thicker. I would estimate his cock to be as thick as a small Coke bottle.

After a gasp, I turned all my attention back to my blonde bombshell. She said, "Why don't we put the beds together?" We did so and jumped in, not wasting any time. Danielle and I directly emerged in a 69 position while Tim went right for Marie and pumped away.

I licked my lover's thighs, being careful not to touch her love nest. Gently, I blew over her pubic hair and finally made the attack. I chewed on her outer lips as she took my full length down her throat. She was definitely a pro. Then she started to shiver, and my body went stiff as we came together in a mutual orgasm. I then mounted her doggy style and slowly worked my way in her box inch by inch. She was meeting my thrusts with violent bangs against my tightening, sperm-filled balls. Her tits were bouncing back and

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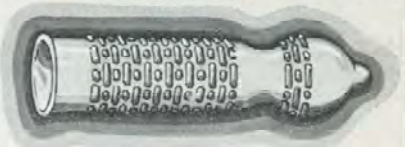

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forth, and I cupped them in my hands, pulling as if I were milking a cow.

I looked over at my roommate and Marie fucking away. She turned her head, staring at me with lust in her eyes. I quickly withdrew my still-hard cock out from Danielle's dripping cunt and stuck my dong inches away from Marie's lips. Tim pulled his veiny hard-on out of her box and wet his cock head with spit on his fingers as he prepared to butt-fuck the dark-skinned angel. I interrupted him while he was fondling his swollen shaft and told him to fuck Danielle for a while.

Marie immediately began to suck the head of my purple rod and wrapped her tongue around it. I stuck my finger in her cunt and worked in two, and then three, fingers into her love tunnel. She came three or four times before I lowered my snakelike tongue deep into her. By now she was sucking on my tingling peter like a mad whore. I told her not to make me come, because I wanted it to last a little longer.

I pulled out of her mouth and lay flat on my back to rest awhile, but that horny bitch mounted my cock for the ride of my life. She rode me up and down, up and down, for what seemed like eternity. Suddenly, I felt more stimulation on my nipples and balls. I looked up and saw Tim massaging my hairy chest, and Danielle was sucking my hairy sack of balls. She then jutted her wet tongue into my brown hole, and Tim started sucking on my erect nipples. I couldn't believe how great I felt. Just think: three sex-crazed people playing with my sweaty and shiny body. It was pure ecstasy!

Marie was still pumping harder and harder on my rod as my ass muscles tightened for the climax. I let out a moan of pleasure, and Marie quickly jumped off her pony and let my sperm squirt into the air and onto my chest and pubic area. The three of them then started rubbing my jism into my skin and licking my body all over.

Danielle and Marie turned their attention toward each other and began rubbing their breasts and hot clits. They touched each other with their sweaty hands and went into a lesbian 69, rolling off the bed onto the floor. Meanwhile Tim was working his way closer to my best part. He blew my cock, which quickly sprang to attention. He looked at me, and I smiled. I took my throbbing member in my hands and rubbed the head all over Tim's smiling face. He engulfed it with his mouth and tried to deep-throat it but choked.

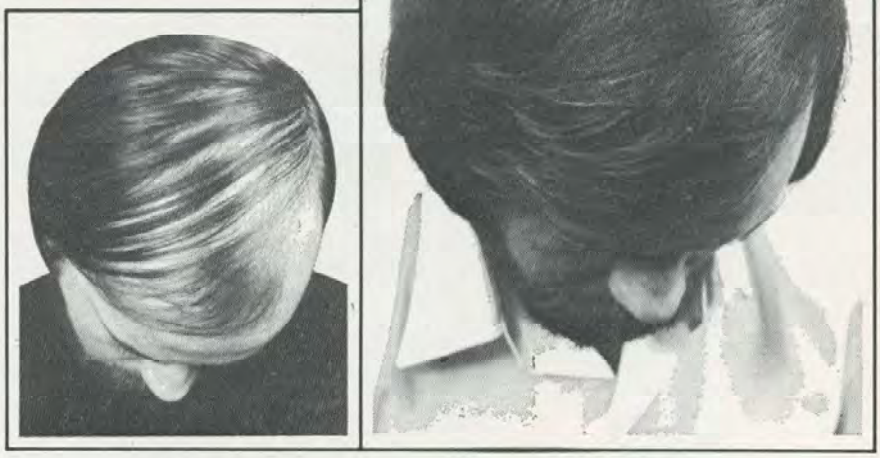
Tim threw his legs forward and snuggled down to where his lovely, thick pecker perched on my face. I wrapped my legs around his head, encouraging him to suck harder. He pumped his member, almost gagging me. I could get his mushroom head only into my mouth, but I wanted more. I licked up and down his huge tool and grabbed the monster with both hands. I jerked him off and milked out every drop of come. Tim stuck his middle finger up my behind and rubbed my hard cock underneath the glans. He pulled his dick from my mouth and threw my legs over my head. I suddenly felt—like an undiapered baby—a draft where the sun don't shine.

I knew what I was in store for and yelled, "Fuck me up the ass, please! C'mon, stuff that porker up me." As he started mounting me, the pressure of his body on mine brought my dick closer to my lips. I reached for the tip, and a trickle of come dropped off into my mouth. Tim shoved his horse cock with powerful force into my hole. He tried to work his whole fuck stick in my stretched hole, but I could take only about five inches. I returned the favor and did it to him. Amazingly, he could take my full nine inches without too much trouble.

After a full afternoon of sex, we were so tired that the girls had to leave on their own. But I learned that sexual satisfaction, both straight and gay, is great. Tim and I still see the two girls once in a while and have fucking marathons with them, but we get a lot of other girls, too. We always get it on together, too. That means changing our sheets a couple of times a week, but who cares?—*Name and address withheld*

Dandruff? Thinning? Balding?

Hair Growth is Possible according to reports on scientific experiments.



BEFORE AFTER

Actual un-retouched photographs by an independent photo studio of a test subject before and after using a Hair & Scalp Specialists product.

Professional, health and medical publications have reported on successful results with **several** substances that have not only **stopped hair loss** and dandruff but have actually **regrown hair.**

A recently reported test of 600 men, one hundred of whom were practicing doctors, revealed the following fantastic results: 85 to 90% of the patients diagnosed as suffering from hereditary baldness **stopped further balding within 6 to 8 weeks** after using an applied solution.

Further reports state that up to about 75% of certain test subjects **grew new hair.**
New hair was described as hair naturally colored, of **substantial density,** and at least **three quarters of an inch long.**

Healthy Hair Growth Requires More Than One Solution

Other researchers of hair loss and balding have reported on several substances that are vital for the growth of healthy hair. Among these substances are **zinc, biotin,** and the **nucleic acids RNA** and **DNA.**

Reports on the benefits of the nucleic acids RNA and DNA are numerous. They give new hope even to those who have had hair loss problems for **longer periods of time.**

Towards A 100% Solution

Among some of the exciting new reports concerning hair growth are the following:

- The regular use of a certain oil can stop sebum caused **itchiness, dandruff** and **excessive hair loss.**
- Nucleic acids RNA and DNA can stimulate inactive or **"sleeping"** hair roots.
- Zinc is necessary for the nucleic acids RNA and DNA to do the job of creating the protein which hair is made of.
- An ingredient when applied daily **grew new hair** on the majority of certain test subjects within six months.

With more and more scientists worldwide involved in the research of substances to help with problems of hair loss and balding, we are certainly approaching the point of a **100% solution.**

The Two Major Problems

In the past the problems appear to have been two-fold:
first, a lack of scientific information and
second, the lack of combining the various ingredients documented to be beneficial for healthy hair growth.

Among such ingredients are the nucleic acids RNA and DNA, biotin, jojoba and zinc.

The above discoveries are great news for those suffering from problems of hair and scalp such as thinning hair and balding but the good news doesn't stop there.

A Solution to the Two Problems

Based on the above reports the Hair & Scalp Product Specialists have made available to the general public—with **no prescription** necessary—two products that **contain in high potency amounts ALL of the ingredients previously mentioned in relation to hair and scalp problems.**

Why Two Products?
The above mentioned reports show conclusively that there is more than one cause for the problems of hair and scalp. They also show that hair and scalp problems can require more than one solution.

The First Product

Product No. 1 is applied to the scalp on a regular **basis before shampooing.** It contains an ingredient that has been reported to stop **itchiness, oiliness** and **dandruff** due to sebum deposits as well as **help fight irritating scalp bacteria when used on a regular basis.** It has been reported to **stimulate blood circulation** and help **stop excessive hair loss** due to sebum.
In other words, this first product has been designed to aid in creating a more favorable condition wherein **hair follicles can grow and regenerate at a healthy pace.**

The Second Product

Product No. 2 is applied directly to the thinning or bald areas of the scalp.
It contains the ingredients reported to **stop further balding within 6 to 8 weeks** in 85 to 90% of the patients **diagnosed as suffering from hereditary baldness** —and—
When applied daily **grew new hair** on up to about 75% of certain test subjects **within 6 months.**

A 100% Guarantee

The hair and scalp specialists' products are by no means magic elixirs or one-time cure alls.
As the above reports show no single product no matter how new or sensational can guarantee positive results in 100% of the cases as different hair problems require different solutions.
However, with these two products as we have combined all of the above mentioned ingredients, we are so confident that you will be 100% satisfied with your results that the Hair & Scalp Product Specialists **CAN** and **DO 100%** guarantee the following.
When used **together** on a **regular basis** the two products were designed to contain the ingredients reported to:
Help STOP itchiness, oiliness, and dandruff caused by excessive sebum—to help STOP sebum produced excessive hair loss—to grow new hair on up to about 75% of certain individuals suffering from hereditary baldness within 6 months...and...STOP further balding in up to 85 to 90% of the individuals tested within 6 to 8 weeks.
In order that everyone with a hair and scalp problem tries these two fantastic products for at least 6 to 8 weeks, we further guarantee that if you are dissatisfied for any reason, or if our products do not **work for your individual hair and scalp problems to your 100% satisfaction,** return the container at any time for up to a **full 12 weeks** from the time of your purchase for a full refund.
In this way you are 100% assured that you pay **only if they work for you.**

To order both products fill in the order form below.

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A hair-raising experience

Not long ago I had a very wild sexual experience that I would like to share.

I go to a unisex hair stylist, and consequently I have a female barber. This barber has the best body and the biggest tits that I have ever seen. Last week, when I was in for a haircut, a dream came true. We were talking while she was cutting my hair, and I noticed that her nipples were getting very hard. This, along with her very tight pants (you could see her cunt folds), really turned me on.

No one else was in the store except for the two of us; so I decided to try and have some fun. I casually brushed my hand over her cunt to see what she would do. She just smiled. So I placed my hand right over her luscious cunt. She jumped, but then, all of a sudden, her hands were down my pants and my hands were down hers. I then persistently sucked away on her huge tits. We were soon all over each other, kissing, petting, and not leaving one part of our bodies unsatisfied.

I decided to have a little fun with some of the barbering stuff lying around the shop. First, I gave her cunt a trim around the edges, and then I shampooed it. Then I took a blow dryer and blew her cunt hair dry. She was so turned on by the air blowing on her cunt that she kept on groaning in ecstasy. After I dried her, I was so hard that I couldn't control myself and stuck my cock right in her welcoming cunt. I madly pushed in and out of her as she screamed wildly.

We came in simultaneous orgasms and just lay, panting, on the floor, exhausted from our very exciting workout. After a little rest I took some cream that was on the counter and spread it over her ass hole. I then took my eight inches and shoved it up her. This had to be the most exciting thing that I had ever done. I just kept pushing in and out as she crouched there, on all fours, rocking back and forth with my rhythm of humping her. After this stimulating experience, we finished up by fondling each other for two hours straight.

That had to be the most exciting haircut ever, and we both agreed I should get one more often.—*Name and address withheld*

Frisking the friskies

After reading a story from a female MP in your August *Penthouse*, I'm now a believer. I once thought your letters were fictitious, but I know that story is true; so I decided to relate this one to your readers. I'm an MP stationed in a small town in Southern Bavaria, Germany. On our swing shift we usually have from three to five patrols, two of which are overlap patrols. On this particular night I was working overlaps with my female partner, whom we'll call Peggy. I was driving, making the usual rounds of all the clubs and prostitution areas (it is legal here), and then checking out all the make-out areas.

Near the end of the shift, I was checking the Stuttgarter Strasse. For Thursday night there were a lot of whores out besides the regulars I knew. Those hot pants, short skirts, and high-heel clogs made my mind start to dwell on Peggy; so I decided to check her mind out and began asking questions—what makes women become whores, do they have feelings with each man they have between their legs, do they come, does each woman like to be sucked and licked and what does it feel like, does sucking a man off stimulate them? As I looked at her, I could tell she was thinking about the questions and an experience. By this time we had reached one make-out area. This one I normally didn't check because it is so close to the housing area and golf course.

Since it was Peggy's first night I decided that taking her down this tank trail might lead to something for me. Suddenly, I noticed a reflection as I passed by an open area. I switched off the lights, backed up, and saw a green-plated (U.S.A.) vehicle. We called in to the desk to let the desk sergeant know we would be out of our vehicle, checking out this car. He told us to make it quick because of the shift change. We turned on our

flashlights and went over. As we got near the car, I told Peggy to go to the other side of the car and flash her light in the backseat as I flashed mine in front. We flashed our lights and saw nothing; then, checking the backseat again, I saw a startled face under a big ass. I said, "Fellow, you have got to get out of the car with your girl." When they sat up in the seat, it was two girls who had been in the 69 position. Peggy told them to get dressed, and I asked them for their ID cards and units. I told Peggy to search them. The girls were crying because, as you know, the army discharges lesbians and homosexuals.

Suddenly, I thought Peggy was taking a little too long to search, and I noticed her fingers up one girl's snatch, and I said, "What the hell are you doing?" She said she was checking for foreign objects, and I said, "Bullshit, they just finished sucking each other off." Then she said to me, "I'm turned on, asshole. I go both ways." One girl looked at her and said, "I'll do anything. Don't take me in." Then she leaned over and gave Peggy a long, deep kiss. The other girl, taking the cue, dropped to her knees and to my zipper. The whole scene had already turned me on, but when the night air hit my magic wand, it throbbed as she took it into her mouth and hooked her teeth on the ridge and pulled gently, trying to get my balls out of my underwear.

I looked at the other girl and Peggy and could see hands on breasts. I watched as the girl undressed Peggy; then I felt my pants being pulled down. She began to suck my balls, and I couldn't take it any longer. I had to put the magic wand into this bitch; so I reached down and picked her up, tonguing her deep as I did so. I told her to take off her clothes as I was taking off my boots. I felt a wet tongue running over one ass cheek and then the other. I looked up to find Peggy and this other girl licking my ass, up and down the crevice, then in between my thighs and balls. Then the other girl came back and started sucking my nipple. I was weak and couldn't stand as they licked all the strength from my body. I let myself be placed on the ground, because that girl's mouth nibbling the underside of the wand took all my attention. I couldn't hold it any longer. I had to get my magic wand into that warm canal. I rolled over and noticed that the other girl had Peggy pulling up grass as she licked and nibbled at Peggy's snatch. Her moans made my wand harder as I entered deeper into her snatch while she sucked on my shoulder and neck and tongued me deep. I fucked her hard and slow while I watched Peggy eat this child out.

Suddenly, I felt myself coming, and so did my love mate when I pulled out and stuck the wand in her mouth and watched her suck all the magic out of the wand and smile. I then got up and went over to play with Peggy's ass, sticking up in the air. I was fingering her brown hole when I heard a motor and turned to see the other overlaps coming. I laughed, because I knew what was happening. We had never called back in; so the desk had sent out a search party. I called in, saying that I had had radio trouble. By the time I got back to the parked car, Lars and Mark were throat deep into my "prisoners," and Peggy was standing by her clothes, scared, when I told her it was okay and kissed her deep and long. I started to finger her and suck her neck as I leaned her against the car and pushed the magic wand home and slowly drove her to heaven. After I filled the moat with magic from the wand, I told her we had better get dressed. As we were doing so, I watched Lars while he ate the girl I had been with and I wondered if I should tell him he was strictly secondhand. Mark was nearing orgasm with the other girl. I turned my "prisoners" over to the other patrol and left with Peggy. We spent the remainder of the night parked on a hill overlooking the town.—*Name and address withheld*

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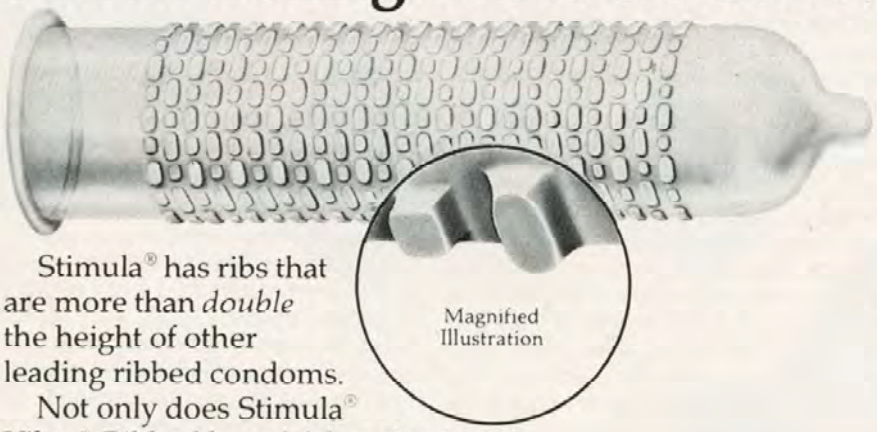

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me most about her is that she is always seeking ways to look better. She is aware that how she looks affects our sexual pleasure. Not only does she arouse me, but I can also see she gets equally excited. Lately, she has been wearing very pretty and sexy underwear. So, for her birthday, I decided to get some very expensive fashion lingerie for her.

More often than not we went shopping together for clothes, even for her underwear. I always felt a bit uncomfortable in those lingerie departments and would wait for her in the menswear section. When I decided to surprise her with some lingerie, I knew it would be a trying experience.

I chose the most expensive women's store in the city and proceeded to the lingerie department. Instead of fingering the displayed merchandise, I thought it best to ask for help. Behind the counter stood two gorgeous females. This was going to be harder than I thought! I asked the blonde for help while the brunette waited on someone else. This girl had a body as good as my wife's. I was getting a hard-on as I stammered something about a gift for my wife. She sensed my embarrassment in talking about such private things, and she was easy on me. I told her I was interested in a camisole, a teddy, a few brassieres, and panties. She commented on my generosity, and I said my wife deserved the gifts. She also gave me a look that almost made my cock burst through my pants. She asked me for my wife's size, and then she said: "That's a coincidence—I am the same size." To that I said, "I wouldn't doubt it," leering right back at her. Since I wanted to get the best, she led me back to a separate, more private room. She explained that this was where their preferred customers came to look and get fitted. I joked that I didn't think I would need a fitting. The blonde left for a while as I looked around. Everything was so beautiful and sinfully sexy. I picked out some things that I liked and was about to pay for them at the counter when the blonde returned. The brunette was with her. Katie (the blonde) said, "We are alone now. No one will bother us," closing the door behind her.

So here I was, alone in a private room with two gorgeous girls. Thoughts of infidelity raced through my mind, and judging from the looks I was getting, these girls didn't exactly find me unattractive. Katie said, "I see you've picked out something. You know, there's a store policy that lingerie can't be returned. So I suggest you make sure of the size." I said I was sure. She ignored me, saying, "Since I'm the same size, I'll try them on, and we'll be sure." I said okay, figuring she would go to a fitting room. Instead—and I couldn't believe this—she started slipping her wraparound off. With her skirt around her ankles, she started unbuttoning her blouse. Meanwhile, Judy (the other girl) stood and watched, smiling. Katie said, "Why don't you get her something like this?" She was wearing this stunning teddy with a deep neckline and transparent lace bodice. My hand unconsciously went to my dick, stroking it. I didn't know what to do, but I wasn't leaving before I enjoyed one of these women. Katie started unzipping Judy's dress, and soon she, too, stood before me in her underwear. She wore a bra and panties, but they were lace and very brief. Judy's body was slimmer, but her tits were mesmerizing. Katie took the lingerie I had chosen and some more off the racks and went behind a dressing screen. I couldn't wait for her to return.

Meanwhile Judy sat next to me, telling me to relax because all their favorite customers "get the best service." She rubbed my cock as she talked. It was difficult to keep my hands off her. At last Katie came out from behind the screen, dressed in a camisole and panties that I had chosen. She said, "They fit perfectly. It always pays to make sure." Whereupon she kissed me. Judy changed into some different panties to show them off. But Katie had to make sure they were "the right size." After some more changes, it was apparent that they would ruin all the panties, since their cunts were somewhat wet.

I had taken off my jacket and tie by

then. Katie didn't bother with the screen anymore. She changed right in front of me. She told me to help her take off her underthings and put on something different. As I was about to do this, Judy undid my pants and pulled them off. I tore off my shirt and started kissing the naked Katie and working my way down to her lovely triangle. Judy had slipped my bikini briefs off and started nibbling on my stiff cock. We all fell to the floor, which by this time was strewn with expensive lingerie. I descended to Katie's juicy cunt and tongued away for more than half an hour. By this time Judy had brought me off, swallowing all the come. I switched to Judy, Frenching her as Katie sucked my cock. I wanted to fuck Katie before I came again—she turned me on so much! I guess she reminded me of my wife. She came more than once as I pumped my dick into her. As I pumped, Judy's breasts filled my mouth. She was straddled across Katie's mouth so Katie could enjoy her cunt.

Judy's breasts were remarkable. Once I saw them, I couldn't take my eyes off them. Despite their size (36C), they didn't need a bra. They were lily-white, soft, perfectly rounded mounds. One could not resist tracing their high-riding curves, and that's just what I did. Her nipples were the size of a quarter, dark, and standing up proudly, and she loved it as I gently bit them. We hugged each other afterwards, and I savored the feeling of her hard nipples and warm, fleshy mounds pressing into my chest. Her gentleness was most attractive. I could have held her for hours. I felt I could fall in love with her very easily. Meanwhile Katie was caressing either one of us as we carried on. Occasionally, I would kiss her deeply. Her tongue was acrobatic. I could not believe this was happening to me. It was all so dreamlike. I would've done anything with or for them if they asked.

This went on for quite a while as we tried every combination. I was so sexually high I can't remember all the details. The girls got it on alone, too, as I watched. There's something about one girl fondling another girl's breasts. They seem to enjoy it much more.

Exhausted, we all retired to the bathroom, where we washed one another. Both girls paid particular attention to my balls and cock. I helped dress each of them afterward. Even this was a turn-on—to pull on their lingerie, to smooth it out, to tuck in their breasts. They loved it. We left the store (I don't know how they left the department alone all this time) and had a drink.

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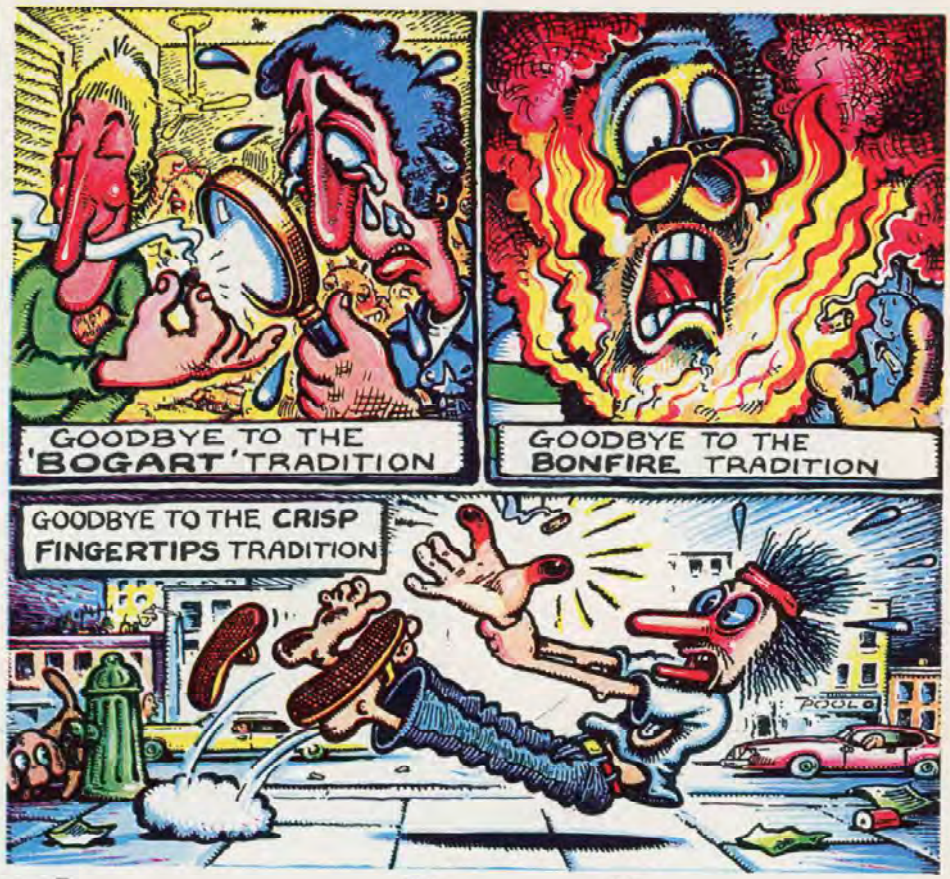

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After I gave my wife the gifts, which she loved, I told her the whole story. She was so turned on that she did her own version, trying on all the underwear. She forbade me to touch her until she finished. We had our best love session that night. You can bet I won't ever again be reticent about buying lingerie.—*S.C., Buffalo, N.Y.*

Delicious deception

I would like to share with your readers an experience I had. I'm a 20-year-old male who has always had a desire to get dressed up in women's clothes and go out in public.

Recently, I really outdid myself. I put on a pair of bikini panties and a bra, and I used foam rubber for my tits, which gave them the feel of real ones. I then put on a pair of jeans, a wool sweater, and a shag wig. I had to admit that I really did look good and quite undetectable. I then got in my car and started driving around town. Not being able to pick anybody up, I decided to stop at a bar for a drink.

I went in and sat at the bar, and a rather good-looking guy named Bob came over and bought me a drink. I was very nervous and finished my drink and told him I had to leave. I got up to leave, and Bob walked me to my car, asking if we could get together again. I told him I was from out of town and was leaving in the morning. With that he started to kiss me good-night. There I was, standing there kissing him. Our tongues were in each other's mouth when I felt his hand starting to rub my thigh.

At this point, I didn't know what to do; so I told him to stop, because it was that time of month for me. Bob did stop but was not satisfied, and neither was I. He asked if we could sit in my car and talk for a while, and I said okay. We talked for a while, and he started to kiss me again. This time he started to move his hand under my sweater, which I again stopped, and I said he should just play with my tits through the material of my sweater, because they were tender. Not wanting to cause a scene, he did just that, and we continued petting each other.

I knew by then that it was too late to try to get away. So, while we were kissing, I began to rub his crotch and felt a very large cock. By this time, I was really excited, and I started to unzip his jeans, but I had my one arm around his waist and my other hand was trying to get his zipper down. Bob sensed the problem I was having and held the top of his jeans as I pulled his zipper down.

I then put my hand inside and felt his cock through the material of his underwear. By this time I was so excited that I couldn't stop. So I unsnapped his jeans, and he helped me pull his pants and underwear down to his ankles. I was on the floor of my car, and his cock was only about six inches from my face. Without being able to control myself, I pulled him closer to me until I could kiss the tip of his cock. When I started kissing and licking his cock, I sensed he wanted a blowjob. So I took all of it in my mouth and started to suck it. By the way he was moving, moaning, and groaning, I could tell that he was close to coming and started to suck harder and faster until he finally came. I could feel his warm semen in my mouth and throat. It was delicious and didn't taste as bad as I thought it would.

He got dressed and kissed me good-night and left. I don't think he ever did realize that I was no lady. The whole experience was very exciting to me, and I hope to have more.—*Name and address withheld*

Tight squeeze

My wife and I recently had an experience I cannot recall ever reading about in your magazine. So I'm going to share it with your readers. I must confess that if I had read about such an adventure in your magazine, I would have thought that one of your readers was letting his imagination get the better of him.

My wife, Joyce, and I prefer anal sex, even though by any standards I am very well endowed: my penis erect measures 11 inches long and is almost 7 inches in circumference. Needless to say, it took some time and gentleness on my part be-

fore Joyce was able to accommodate me, which she does, up to the hilt.

About three weeks ago we were both nude, sitting in our living room, watching some late-night television, and smoking some dynamite weed. We were both high as kites, and Joyce's hand began to stray over my crotch. My fingers weren't exactly idle either. Joyce has a great body. I was rubbing my fingers over her juicy clit, enjoying watching her squirm. Her pussy is shaven in a unique way. She leaves two narrow, furry patches on each side of her crack, and the hair is very long. Just the sight of these two furry strips can turn my prick to stone.

Soon Joyce's head sank to my lap, and she began to lick the engorged head of my organ. She can't get it in her mouth when it's erect, but she more than makes up for this with her fantastic tongue technique. After a couple of minutes of this, I asked her to lie back on the couch and began to tongue her crack with my tongue, all the while gently rubbing her cute little brown ass with my fingers. Her hips began to move, her breath got faster, and she began to moan. "Stick it in, Mark. Fuck me in the ass."

I carefully rubbed some cold cream into her hot ass and spread some on the head of my dick. Joyce lay on her stomach, spreading her legs as wide as possible, and I slowly began to inch my throbbing hard-on into her. She loved every inch of it and moaned and twisted her hips, all the while telling me that she wanted all of me in her.

Suddenly, my cock was halfway in; I felt her sphincter muscles contract. Joyce's eyes opened. She was not in pain. She merely said, "No more, Mark, that's all I can handle." But when I began to withdraw, I couldn't! I was stuck! Apparently, the head of my dick, which is bigger than an average-sized lemon, couldn't get past her constricted sphincter.

We didn't know what to do. We both tried to relax, figuring that either her muscles would relax or my penis would become flaccid, but it remained firm. I was totally stuck. It was sort of a funny situation. We both had read that this sort of thing sometimes happened to dogs, but not to people!

After about 15 minutes Joyce finally got an idea. "Stand up and carry me into the kitchen." I was puzzled, but I hoisted her and myself up, still stuck up her butt, and we hobbled into the kitchen. Talk about being carried over thresholds! "To the icebox," Joyce then said.

She opened the freezer-compartment door, took out the ice tray, and removed a couple of cubes. "Hold these on your balls. If this doesn't work, we'll have to cut it off with a sword!"

Dubious as I was, I held her 102-pound body up with my left hand and then, grimacing, held three ice cubes against my swollen balls. In about five seconds my prick shrank, and it popped out of

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Joyce's sore ass with a little plop.

"Wow," she said, patting my relaxed member. "That was something!" Then she carefully rubbed her sweet behind with her fingers and said, "I'm so opened up that I'll bet if you shined a flashlight in my mouth, the light would come out my ass!"—*Name and address withheld*

Save water . . .

I am currently a college sophomore at a small, upstate New York college. I have had my share of sexual experiences, but last month I had an experience that most people only dream about.

It was the last day of classes before Thanksgiving break. My ride home wasn't leaving until later that evening; so I thought a hot shower would refresh me for the long ride ahead. Little did I know how right I would be!

I was lathering my head with shampoo when I heard the bathroom door open and close. This surprised me because I knew everyone else on my floor had already left for home. I recognized the voice as that of the maid informing me that she was just going to give the floor a quick scrub before going home. I paid no further attention and continued with my shower.

However, as the sound of her scrubbing came nearer to my shower stall, I found my thoughts drifting back to her. She was young, in her mid-twenties, with a slim, attractive figure. She had a tight ass, and her breasts filled her smock nicely. When I thought that I heard her leave, I turned off the shower and reached for my towel on the hook. I was surprised to find that it was gone, and then I noticed the maid sitting in the far corner of the bathroom, clad in only her panties and my towel, which was wrapped around her top. In a sexy voice, she beckoned me to come and get my towel if I wanted it.

Not needing any more encouraging, I lunged after her. She avoided me the first time, but I caught up with her, and she pulled me into the shower stall and turned the warm spray on. I kissed her mouth, our tongues darting in and out. She reached down and grabbed my now erect organ and started to take me in her mouth. She sucked me until I shot my wad, every gooey drop of it, into her mouth. As we collapsed on the floor, I began to squeeze her milky-white breasts, which glistened in the shower. Her silver-dollar nipples became erect as I pulled and squeezed them. She moaned softly as I played with her tits while at the same time inserting my finger into her now soaking love box. She started to moan louder and louder as my fingers probed deeper and deeper. By now my prick, again on the rise, was offering to replace my fingers. She readily agreed to my suggestion that we continue this in my room; so we gathered up our belongings and proceeded to my room. In moments we were deeply involved in hot lovemaking. She obviously knew what to do in a bedroom. Her warm juices flowed freely around my cock, and soon I was nearing an explosion. The mighty orgasm sent us both rocking. Before long we fell asleep in each other's arms.

I awakened an hour later, and my partner soon woke to my caressing hands. With less than an hour to go before my ride was to come, we took a shower together, doing nothing more than playful petting. We got into our clothes and went our separate ways.

I have been back here at school for two weeks now, and I have yet to see her. It all happened so fast that I don't remember if she even mentioned her name, but after all, it doesn't really matter. She sure *maid* my day!—*Name and address withheld*

Skin tight

Recently I read of the value of wearing ball-tight Levi's in "Forum." I never realized other men got the same horny feeling that I get from wearing tight jeans. In fact, I was happy to read of the guy who shrunk them so that his bulge was out there for all to see. I go a step further. I get a new pair and then with very fine sandpaper rub the bulge just enough to take some of the blue out. Then I put

them into the washer and, without drying them, squeeze them on and give another sandpaper number to them. I rewash them, dry them, and barely get into them.

After that I take a swim in them and for the rest of that day sit around so that they almost dry on me. Then I go for a horseback ride and let them dry the rest of the way. By then the Levi's have molded to every part of me. They bulge, and the knees wrinkle just right. When I get off the horse, I'm not only grafted to them, but they look as if I were walking around in my skin. My girl does the same, and we have taken "shrink" parties together. She has a tremendous ass and gets her Levi's so tight that I almost have a perpetual hard-on, which makes the bulge bigger than ever. Then, too, the use of the fine sandpaper makes a highlight on the bulge in a lighter blue. As you wash them in the future, this fades more and more so that the highlight really shows all.

I went into a bar with my girl not long ago and was groped by two women and one man. The man said he'd noticed what I had as soon as I came into the bar and couldn't wait to get his hands on me. I told my girl that this guy was rubbing me; so she just put her hand over his, and they both started to rub. No wonder the bulge is a light color. We three started talking all the while they rubbed me. I finally decided to tell them I needed to get more comfortable. Well, we had a van outside, and so we all went to it. He had a mean-looking pair of Levi's on, too. The three of us ended up in his van, which had a good bed in it.

We smoked a puff or two, all the time playing with each other. I actually enjoyed stroking his bulge as much as he did mine. Jeri, my girl, said she'd like us to force our cocks to tear the fucking jeans. Believe me, they almost did. I couldn't take it any longer, but Jeri wanted to make us bigger. So Dave and I lay down on each side of her while she tormented me. Dave started to strip and actually jumped over to strip me. I was nude in no time, with Jeri taking my boots off. Right away Dave went down on me while Jeri stripped. I was then able to eat her cunt while Dave was giving me head. He still had his clothes on, and his Levi's were so damn tight that we couldn't undress him.

So we stopped a moment until he got stripped. My cock is big, but his was not only big but also thick. Jeri had a hell of a time getting it all in her mouth. I continued eating her, but Dave had a rough time getting on my cock. So I just lay back, eating Jeri, while Dave was fucking her mouth and doing a slow jack-off. It was possible for Dave to suck my balls and ass while I was jacking. As we got more excited, everything happened. Dave shot his wad, Jeri was gushing all over my mustache and hair, and I was shooting buckets.

We got somewhat cleaned up and forced ourselves back into our boots and

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Levi's. Then we went back into the bar, hoping to get another girl. We ended up with a guy who said he was 18 and looked like a superstud in his ball-tight jeans. We all went to Jeri's place and had a "battle of the bulge"—to see who had the biggest. Jeri was the judge. Mine, being lighter in color, looked bigger, but as she played with the three bulges, we all got bigger and bigger. She sat on the floor, and we three men stood around her. She then fought to get our rods out of our Levi's and proceeded to suck each of us. We started to strip each other.

Jim, the kid, wanted us to butt-fuck him. It didn't take a second asking. Jeri got her camera and recorded on film as raunchy a butt-fuck scene as you can imagine. While Dave butt-fucked Jim, I ate Jeri, who was taking the pictures. While I butt-fucked him, Dave ate out Jeri. Finally we had another puff or two, and then the three of us guys daisy-chained each other for Jeri's picture-taking spree.

We stayed with her all night. I was the only one to fuck her. After all, she's my girl. Dave and Jim were too busy with each other to care. Just watching them getting it on gave me such kicks that I must have fucked Jeri three times within two hours. We ended up with Jim and Dave giving me a blowjob at the same time. We've seen Dave since then but not Jim, which is too bad.—*Name and address withheld*

The dome christening

I am a member of a fraternity in a large eastern university, and the supply of *Penthouse* magazines is never at a lack. The letters always seemed to leave me skeptical, but, after my current experience, I had to write.

The university is erecting a magnificent domed stadium—the first of its kind in this area. One evening, while I was walking back to my house from the law library, I decided to examine the partially built structure. After wandering around the site, I noticed two people eating and drinking on the semicomplete seats. It was very difficult to see them at first, but on closer inspection I noticed that they were very attractive young ladies. They must have seen me looking at them, for they asked me over for a beer. After a long night of studying, I was more than delighted to join them, and I sensed they were of similar feelings.

When I sat down and began to engage in some light conversation, I noticed that both girls were feeling pretty good. Then one of them pulled out a joint. We smoked it and continued to talk. The girls had been eating a picnic dinner, and one of them pulled out a banana; she peeled it seductively and began eating it. Her intentions were obvious.

Eventually, the conversation turned to sex. One of the girls commented on how fast the dome was being erected. I laughed and said to myself that wasn't the only thing that was being erected quickly. The first girl, Laurie, was a shapely brunette whose jeans looked as if they had been painted on. She laughed shyly and gave me the sweetest kiss I'd felt in a long time. The other girl, Wendy, was a bit on the petite side but unquestionably attractive. Wendy smiled as she gently began rubbing the insides of my legs and quickly moved to my bulging crotch. The feeling was incredible, and I lay back in disbelief.

Wendy then unzipped my fly, and out popped a very stiff and ready eight inches. She bent down and began massaging my cock with her delicious mouth. As I arched backward, Laurie was on the row behind me, undoing her designer jeans. I commenced tonguing her juicy love box while my aching member was being engulfed by Wendy's wet mouth. There I was, right on the 35-yard line, having the absolute time of my life. After about five minutes, I shot into her mouth, and Laurie came all over my face. But this was only the beginning.

Soon I had Wendy's pants off and was violently thrusting my hard cock into her busy triangle. Laurie began caressing Wendy's nipples as I fucked away. Soon, Wendy was sent into ecstasy. Not to deny Laurie any longer, I virtually ripped her pants right off and plunged my still-hard member into her steaming pussy.

After Wendy had regained her composure, she pulled out a jar of honey from the picnic box they had brought. I couldn't believe it! She smeared it all over her dripping, wet canal and pushed it right into my face.

As I sucked and fucked for all I was worth, we heard a noise behind us. As I spun around, I saw a security guard flashing his light toward us. The girls immediately began pulling on their clothes. I was shooting my load as I was pulling out, and it went all over Wendy's clothes. I pulled my pants up, grabbed my books, and sprinted out one of the exits. To this day, I haven't seen them again, but I'm still looking. Very soon I plan on buying season tickets right on the 35-yard line!—*Name and address withheld*

Home remedy

My husband and I have been married for four years. We are very broad-minded, and anything goes in the bedroom. Last year my 18-year-old brother, Bill, came to stay with us for a month while my parents went on vacation abroad.

While Bill was staying with us, he became sick. So I suggested he should have an enema. Although he was shy, he agreed to let me give him an enema. In the process he got a beautiful erection. I was amazed to see the size of his uncut prick. It really turned me on.

Later, when my husband came home from work, I told him how turned on I was over Bill's dick. After supper my husband suggested giving Bill another enema that he could watch. So we went to Bill's bedroom and told him we would have to give him another enema. We went into the bathroom, and I filled the bathroom sink up with soapy water. Then I got out the bulk syringe, instead of the enema bag. Bill pulled off his underbriefs and bent over the bathtub, and I greased up his ass hole and inserted the black neck of the syringe. I squeezed the bulb empty and filled it again. About the fourth time I put it up his butt, I worked it in and around and in all directions. Then I had Bill stand up, and there was that beautiful dick standing right up. After he sat on the toilet and expelled all the water, I took him to his bed, and he lay down on his back. My husband came in with my double-dong dildo. I took it and raised Bill's legs up to his chin and then shoved it up his ass. He got so hot that his dick was dripping. Finally, I grabbed his joint and jerked him off. Boy, was it beautiful—like a delicious piece of fruit!

Bill now lives with us year-round, and we are really happy and close. I hope others can be as fulfilled as we are.—*Name and address withheld*

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THE EMPEROR'S PETS

Mario Tursi

The Making of *Caligula*—The long-awaited Penthouse production of *Caligula*, based on the astonishing history of ancient Rome's most notorious emperor, is now being seen by American audiences. Since the project's inception in 1976, numerous newspaper, magazine, and television reports have made *Caligula* the center of cinematic controversy, consternation, and international intrigue. But it is safe to say that the true story behind the making of this movie has remained hidden until now.

Caligula has been a subject that has defeated the best efforts of our greatest filmmakers for decades. The monstrous emperor has both horrified and fascinated the world for almost 2,000 years, but the man and his era were never portrayed truthfully or even adequately until Bob Guccione decided to strip away romanticized legend and re-create the atmosphere of ancient Rome with painstaking authenticity and frankness. The film depicts detail by detail the incredible decadence promulgated during Caligula's reign—including incest, sexual perversion, lesbianism, and the orgiastic pleasures of a resplendent, "floating" brothel established by the emperor and featuring the wives of Rome's leading senators. Such an ambitious production required a literal cast of thousands, the work of hundreds of artists and artisans, and a budget that exceeded $17 million.

Naturally, what went on behind the scenes of this unprecedented epic is equally fascinating and sensational. In the May issue of *Penthouse*, Bob Guccione publicly recounts for the first time many of the explosive developments that took place among the film's highly talented and temperamental cast, which includes Malcolm McDowell, John Gielgud, Teresa Ann Savoy, and Peter O'Toole. Along with this candid interview, *Penthouse* will present a lavish 24-page pictorial on the making of *Caligula*, highlighting many spectacular moments of the production—both on and off camera—and featuring the pick of the Penthouse Pets. It all adds up to a fascinating preview of a movie that will certainly remain one of the most controversial "landmark" films of all time.

Also in May—The terrible truth about criminally negligent chemical-waste-disposal policies that have systematically contaminated our drinking water and created thousands of life-threatening dumping sites throughout America; a fantastical yarn by novelist Gino Sky about a cosmic cowboy who finds his pickup truck reincarnated in the arms of a beautiful goddess; and, for sports enthusiasts, New York Yankee batting coach Charley Lau's inside tips on how to hit the perfect baseball.

DIAMANTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 197

a kid—his daddy was a Duesenberg and Auburn mechanic. A couple of years ago he ran production for the Clenet, another high-priced luxury specialty car. But finally the desire to build the car he'd been planning for so long forced him to leave and start putting together his Diamante, the prototype of which was completed in January 1979. It was an immediate hit at auto shows. The orders began pouring in, and the Diamante was on its way.

When we first saw it, we knew why it had been reported to blow brain circuits. The design is a blend of classic with contemporary, with a whiff of both the Duesenberg and the classic Mercedes SSK. At first, the hood seems 40 feet long, accentuated by the high-stepping front fenders with the thick side-pipes bulging underneath. From the zippy grille design to the sophisticated teardrop taillights, the Diamante is pure visual sizzle.

Driving the car confirms that it's as awesome beneath that fiberglass-steel-aluminum-Kevlar skin as it is beautiful. Even though we got our hands on an early model (actually, it was the seventh one made) that had better than 8,000 miles on it, it was true, steady, and quiet on the freeway, and it tracked well and cornered virtually flat on the twisting mountain roads. It isn't a Ferrari, and you wouldn't want to drag-race in it, but it was a pure pleasure to drive. After a short time, when you've gotten used to the long hood, you find yourself jamming into turns to see what happens. And what happens is very little. It's difficult to get one of those big front headlamps to dip at all, which is a tribute to Bill Mathews and his team and their dedication to making a big, sexy machine handle as well as it looks.

There are small nits to pick, of course. The accelerator and brake pedals are much too close together in the cramped foot compartment, but production manager Hoberman says the company is changing that (even on models already sold). There is also a discomforting blind spot when you're driving with the convertible top up, but there's a port window in the hardtop that eliminates this problem. And changing a tire requires an engineering degree (and perhaps some help) because of how securely the two spare enclosures must be bolted to the car's sides.

Oh, well, with a vehicle like the Diamante you give a little to get a lot. There are enough instruments to please an F-4 pilot, even if the trunk is just about spacious enough for four six-packs. The Diamante is in no respect an ordinary sports touring car, and not only because of that price tag.

(Currently the Diamante is available only from the factory: Mathews Motor Coach Corporation, 948 Tourmaline Drive, Newbury Park, Calif. 91320; 805 499-2678.)

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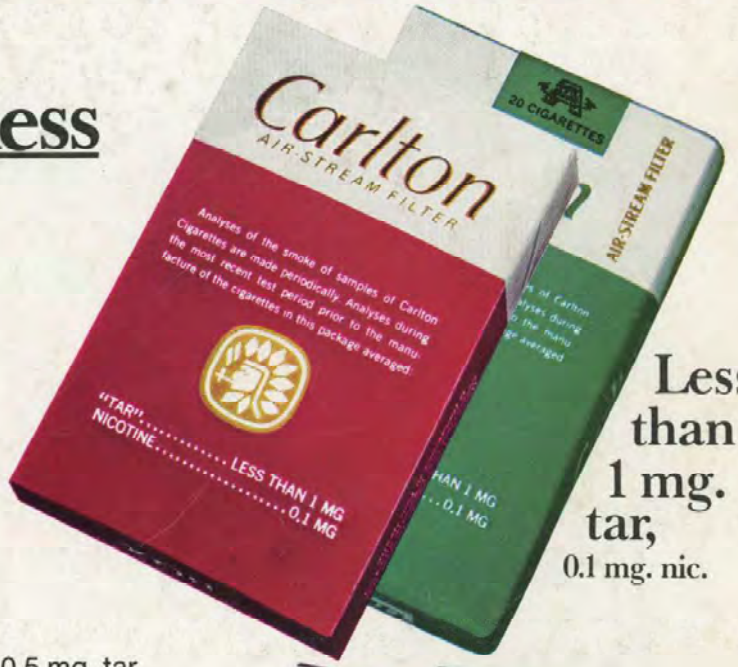
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Only 5 mg. tar, 0.5 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MISS ANNIE HOCKERSMITH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH